

DA
306
C69C69

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



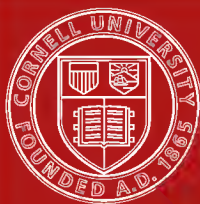
BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
OF THE SAGE ENDOWMENT
FUND GIVEN IN 1891 BY
HENRY WILLIAMS SAGE

Cornell University Library
DA 306.C69C69

Story of a Devonshire house /



3 1924 027 932 262



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.



— 8 Inceat
— Coleridge —

THE STORY OF A DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

BY

LORD COLERIDGE, K.C.



LONDON : T. FISHER UNWIN
PATERNOSTER SQUARE • MCMV

E.V.

EA

DA
306
C69C69

A.359118
S
FILIO DILECTISSIMO

PATER PIUS

Sage

[*All rights reserved.*]

OTTERY ST. MARY

Here is the hallowed home,
By Love from Earth's vain conflicts hither led
The lifted hills I roam,
Or track the sweet stream, bickering o'er its bed,
Which hasteth by to rest
Its fretted waves on Ocean's welcoming breast,
Where the great Heavens bend o'er
The gray and purple chequered House of God,
And loved ones, here no more,
Have left their bones beneath the quiet sod.
Above the solemn swinging, swinging bells
Their descant rich upraise,
While Nature's dreaming, dreaming beauty dwells
With Peace, and Prayer, and Praise.

I DESIRE to thank Miss Edith Coleridge and Mr. E. H. Coleridge for permission to publish letters, etc., of Henry Nelson Coleridge and Samuel Taylor Coleridge respectively, and Mr. J. D. Coleridge for drawings used for the purpose of illustration.

COLERIDGE.

THE CHANTER'S HOUSE,
OTTERY ST. MARY.

Contents



CHAPTER I

	PAGE
REV. JOHN COLERIDGE	II

CHAPTER II

OTTERY ST. MARY	21
---------------------------	----

CHAPTER III

JOHN AND FRANCIS SYNDERCOMBE COLERIDGE	23
--	----

CHAPTER IV

WILLIAM COLERIDGE — LUKE COLERIDGE — WILLIAM HART COLERIDGE — GEORGE COLERIDGE — SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE	52
--	----

CHAPTER V

JAMES COLERIDGE	62
---------------------------	----

CHAPTER VI

THE CHANTER'S HOUSE	73
-------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII

JAMES DUKE COLERIDGE—EDWARD COLERIDGE	81
---	----

Contents

CHAPTER VIII

	PAGE
BERNARD FREDERICK COLERIDGE—LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN IN THE GREAT FRENCH WAR	89

CHAPTER IX

FRANCIS GEORGE COLERIDGE	116
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X

HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE	138
----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XI

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE	151
---------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE (<i>continued</i>)	167
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII

DARTMOOR PRISON IN 1812	182
-----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE (<i>continued</i>)	187
--	-----

CHAPTER XV

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE (<i>continued</i>)	198
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE (<i>continued</i>)	218
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE (<i>continued</i>)	259
--	-----

CHAPTER XVIII

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE (<i>continued</i>)	277
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE (<i>continued</i>)	302
--	-----

INDEX	319
-----------------	-----

List of Illustrations



THE LORD COLERIDGE, K.C. (<i>Photograph by Beresford</i>) . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY ARCHES, EXETER, IN WHICH THE REV. JOHN COLERIDGE WAS MARRIED IN 1753, AND COLONEL JAMES COLERIDGE IN 1788 . . .	<i>Facing p. 13</i>
OLD COLLEGE BUILDINGS, OTTERY ST. MARY, IN THE LATTER HALF OF THE 18TH CENTURY . . .	„ 20
From a contemporary water-colour drawing : in the foreground is the Rev. John Coleridge mounting his horse.	
ANTIEN STOCKS IN THE CHURCHYARD, OTTERY ST. MARY . . .	„ 22
THE RT. REV. WILLIAM HART COLERIDGE, D.D., 1789-1849, BISHOP OF BARBADOS AND THE LEEWARD ISLANDS. (<i>By T. Phillips, R.A.</i>)	„ 54
MRS. EDWARD COLERIDGE (ANN BOWDEN). (<i>By J. P. Briggs, R.A.</i>)	„ 56
INITIALS CARVED BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE IN 1789 ON THE ROCK AT PIXIES' PARLOUR. ALLUDED TO IN THE INTRODUCTION TO THE "SONGS OF THE PIXIES" . . .	„ 59
COLONEL JAMES COLERIDGE, 1759-1836. (<i>By Edward Bird, R.A.</i>)	„ 62
PHOTOGRAPH OF A LETTER FROM SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE TO HIS BROTHER COLONEL JAMES COLERIDGE . . .	„ 64
LADY PATTESON (FRANCES DUKE COLERIDGE) . . .	„ 66
COMBESATCHFIELD, THE SEAT OF MRS. BROWN (DOROTHY AYER TAYLOR)	„ 68
THE CHANTER'S HOUSE, OTTERY ST. MARY . . .	„ 73
THE CONVENTION ROOM OF OLIVER CROMWELL AT THE CHANTER'S HOUSE	„ 75
CADHAY HOUSE AND BRIDGE, FROM THE GROUNDS AT THE CHANTER'S HOUSE	„ 77

List of Illustrations

THE REV. PREB. JAMES DUKE COLERIDGE, D.C.L., 1789-1857. (<i>By J. W. Wright</i>)	Facing p. 81
REV. EDWARD COLERIDGE, LOWER MASTER AND FELLOW OF ETON COLLEGE, 1799-1883. (<i>By Mrs. Carpenter</i>)	83
BERNARD FREDERICK COLERIDGE	89
Reduced photograph of an outline drawn from a shadow.	
SCOTCH PINE PLANTED BY BERNARD FREDERICK COLERIDGE ON THE TERRACE AT THE CHANTER'S HOUSE IN 1805	113
FRANCIS GEORGE COLERIDGE. (<i>By G. Richmond, R.A.</i>)	116
MRS. HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE (SARA COLERIDGE). (<i>By Miss Jones</i>)	143
JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE IN 1829 (1790-1876). (<i>By Mrs. Carpenter</i>)	151
THE HILLY FIELD, FROM A WINDOW IN THE CHANTER'S HOUSE	164
PIXIES' PARLOUR, OTTERY ST. MARY, ALLUDED TO BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE IN HIS "SONGS OF THE PIXIES"	167
THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, OTTERY ST. MARY, FROM THE NORTH-EAST	187
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, 1772-1834. (<i>By R. Dawe, R.A.</i>) <small>A contemporary portrait hitherto unpublished. The artist drew the head as a sketch for the full-length figure, but finding himself unable to reproduce it, he placed it on a larger paper and added the figure to it.</small>	191
THE SIMCOE VASE	196
THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, OTTERY ST. MARY, FROM A WINDOW IN THE CHANTER'S HOUSE	198
HEAD WEIR: SCENE ON THE RIVER OTTER	209
LADY COLERIDGE (MARY BUCHANAN), 1787-1874	265
LADY COLERIDGE (MARY BUCHANAN) IN 1829 (1787-1874). (<i>By Mrs. Carpenter</i>)	276
REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE, 1764-1828, MASTER OF THE KING'S SCHOOL, OTTERY ST. MARY. (<i>By J. Keenan</i>)	292
LOWER TERRACE WALK AT THE CHANTER'S HOUSE	295
MRS. BROWN (DOROTHY AYER TAYLOR), 1755-1831. (<i>By J. Keenan</i>)	299
THE HON. MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE, 1790-1876. (<i>By Mrs. Carpenter</i>)	302
THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE, P.C., D.C.L., AT THE AGE OF 82, 1790-1876. (<i>By Jane Fortescue Lady Coleridge</i>)	314
NORTH AISLE OF THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF OTTERY ST. MARY	315

CHAPTER I

REV. JOHN COLERIDGE

I HOPE that this account of the family of Coleridge will have interest for others than those for whom it was originally written. I have been urged to push out my small bark upon the public waters ; and if to rescue from oblivion the thoughts, the doings, the hopes, the fears of those who have gone before us is a pious act, I must plead such piety as an excuse.

From 1600 downwards the Coleridges jostle one another in the parish registers of Dunsford, Drewsteignton and Doddiscombesleigh in Devon. They were a numerous clan, humble in position, yeomen, tillers of the soil, small traders. Occasionally one of their body would occupy a somewhat higher station. In 1624, Humphrey Coleridge owned "Wallon," a freehold estate in Drewsteignton ; and in 1698 Richard Coleridge died possessed of "Farrants," still a freehold estate in Dunsford, to which his son Richard added the freeholds of Whitemore and Goosemore, in Doddiscombesleigh. Nicholas Coleridge, of Dunsford, a freeholder in the reign of James I., was granted in 1643 the goods of Scipio Heywood, who had forfeited them to the Crown by reason of his committing suicide,

Rev. John Coleridge

on payment to the Chief Almoner, the Bishop of Winchester, of the sum of £70 for distribution among relatives after payment of debts. The value of the estate was £463, a large sum in those days.

Another of the family, William Coleridge, of Doddiscombesleigh, suffered a loss of £140 by fire, perhaps equal to £1,400 of our present money. His case was recommended to the clergy by the Bishop of the Diocese, and on June 14, 1691, a collection was made for him in Crediton Church. Alas for the generosity of the congregation, for the sum collected only amounted to ten shillings!

Finally one John Coleridge, who had married a Drewsteignton girl, Mary Wills, migrated to Crediton and became a weaver, and there on January 21, 1719, a son John was born, named, as was then customary, after a brother who had died in infancy in 1716. Early marriages were then common, and John was only eighteen when he married Mary Wills. If John's grandfather were, as I believe, the John Coleridge who married Sarah Ealeb at Dunsford on October 30, 1694, the bridegroom on this occasion was only sixteen years of age when he entered the holy estate. They all followed the Divine command to increase and multiply, and the only barrier to the western world being overrun with Coleridges was the formidable mortality among the children. Medical ignorance, and insanitary conditions of life killed out all but the hardiest of their race.

John Coleridge the weaver failed in business, and young John his son, who had been one of the scholars at the Grammar School, Crediton, and had obtained



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY ARCHDEACONRY, ENKHUIZEN.

Marriage

there an Exhibition of the yearly value of £6 13s. 4d. walked off at the age of fifteen to seek his fortune. As he sat by the wayside weeping, a gentleman, a neighbour, took compassion upon him and like a good Samaritan settled him in a neighbouring town, the name of which is not known, as usher in a school. Here he became an industrious student, married his first wife Mary Lendon, of Crediton, and by her became the father of three daughters. He gained some local repute, for we find him from 1745-1748 holding a schoolmastership at Clysthydon founded by the Rev. Dr. Hall. He saved a little money, with the result that he determined to complete his education, and in his 31st year, as a married man, went up to Cambridge, matriculated at Sidney Sussex College in Michaelmas term, 1747, and was admitted sizar on March 18, 1748. On June 13, 1749, he was appointed Master of Squire's Latin School at South Molton, and on September 29th, in the same year, he was ordained deacon, his title being a curacy at Mariansleigh. In 1753 he combined with his mastership at South Molton a lectureship at Molland, and in the same year, his first wife having died, he married Ann Bowden, the daughter of Roger Bowden, at the little old church of St. Mary Arches at Exeter.

He was by this time a learned and accomplished scholar. He had taught himself the Hebrew language, at Cambridge had become a friend of Dr. Kennicott, and had assisted that learned man in the publication of his edition of the Hebrew Bible. In 1760 he obtained the headmastership of the King's School at Ottery St. Mary, being shortly afterwards

appointed Vicar of that important parish, then in size the second largest parish in the county.

He was a modest, able, original-minded, learned man, though perhaps somewhat dreamy and impractical. Self-taught, and working in isolation, he hammered out for himself methods which were often odd and clumsy, and which, although suited to his own practice, were not perhaps adapted to general use. Such men, however, often put forth suggestions useful to future workers. The school which he served was one of the many local schools which flourished temporally under vigorous headmasters during the period from 1750 to 1850, and ceased to occupy the same prominent position in the country when the public schools grew into predominance about 1840-1860. He occasionally sent letters on scholastic points connected with Biblical lore to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, whose editor described him as "our ingenious contributor," and was the author of the following works :—

- 1759. A Short Grammar on the Latin tongue.
- 1768. Miscellaneous Dissertations on the xvii. and xviii. chapters of Judges.
"Sententiæ Excerptæ," which we are told
"has the approbation of many schoolmasters,
though it was a juvenile production."
- 1772. A Critical Latin Grammar, "for youth somewhat advanced in Latin learning."
- 1776. "Government not originally proceeding from human agency, but from Divine institution; a Fast Sermon on the breaking out of the American War," a Sermon preached at Ottery St. Mary on December 13, 1776.

His Dissertations

The Dissertations were published, as was usual in those days, by subscription, and it is curious to observe that the subscribers included not only such well-known names as Francis Buller, the celebrated Judge, whom he brought with him from South Molton to Ottery St. Mary as a pupil; Lord Courtenay; John Duke, the Member for Honiton; Dr. Elliston, the master of his old College at Cambridge; Dr. Kennicott; Sir Stafford Northcote, Bart.,¹ who then lived next door at the Warden House; the Rev. A. M. Toplady, author of "Rock of Ages," then incumbent at Harpford, a neighbouring parish; Sir George Yonge, Bart., one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and builder of the factory at Ottery St. Mary; and others: but the names of apothecaries, joiners, collectors of excise, attorneys, surgeons and merchants, whose co-operation must have been called forth rather by esteem for the author than by interest in the work.

From the Critical Latin Grammar, a quaint work but full of learning, we cull the following Advertisement, which shows how cheaply a sound education could be had in those days:—

"The author teaches the Latin and Greek Languages at Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire, with any Branch of Mathematicks if desired. He teaches this Critical Grammar, Notes excepted, which he refers to as occasion requires. What other Books he teaches may be seen at the End of his 'Dissertation on Judges,' to be had at Mr. John Bowdon's in Threadneedle Street at the corner of Swithin's Alley, not far from the Royal Exchange, or from Mr. Score, or Mr. Gregg at Exeter; or from the Author at Ottery St. Mary, Devon.

¹ Sixth Baronet.

“He Boards and Teaches at Sixteen guineas per year. A Writing Master attends for those who chuse it, at Sixteen shillings per Year, and a Dancing Master (at present Mr. Louis, of Exeter) once a Week, at Two Guineas per Year.”

I hope that the simple device therein disclosed was successful, and that parents rushed to buy the “Dissertations” from which alone, apparently, could they gather what books their sons would be taught. There they could read that, in order doubtless to give his unremitting attention to each boy, he was willing to confine his application to the instruction of twenty boys.

“His general method is to teach—

“I. His Critical Grammar (Notes excepted) and Verbs in Eton way; Sententiæ; Corderius without translation, because the lad may translate; and for exercises, either translate Latin into English, or Turner's Examples to Accidence into Latin. Then he proceeds with Phædrus' Fables; some select Colloquies of Erasmus, Martial's select Epigrams, Ovid's select Epistles, and Terence; and for exercises, translation from Latin authors, or into Latin from Pantheon, Roman Antiquities, or Roman History by way of question and answer. At this time boys begin their Eton Greek Grammar, and learn to make Latin verses and themes with other translations. I then put into their hands Græcæ Sententiæ; ‘Moral Sentences in Poetæ Minores’; two of Isocrates' Orations to Demonicus and Nicocles; Apollodorus' Fabulous History; Lucian's Dialogues; and in Latin Eutropius, Justin, Cæsar's Commentaries, Ovid's

His Mode of Teaching

Metamorphosis; with the Geography of each explained by Cellarius; after this Hesiod, with Virgil's Georgics, Theocritus with Virgil's Eclogues, Homer with Virgil's Æneids; Pindar and Horace with a Satire or two of Juvenal and Persius. If the boy's age admits of it, then he reads a few Greek Comedies from Aristophanes, Tragedies from Euripides, with a few select orations from Cicero, Cicero's Epistles, Pliny's Epistles; or indeed any good author.

"If the boy learns figures, then I use Ward's introduction to Mathematics, Euclid, Use of the Globes, by Watts, Emerson's Trigonometry and Mathematics, La Hire's Conic Sections, Keil's Astronomy, Rowe's and Emerson's Fluxions, and Newton's Principia, with Martin's Philosophia Britannica."

"N.B.—I read Greek according to quantity, as to length in the long or short vowels, and observe accent in height by a quick elevation or sharpening of the voice without extension on an acute accent. A man who plays on a harpsichord, spinnet, or organ, will easily conceive that a sound may be heightened and not lengthened, and *vice versa*, and have a just idea of reading conjointly by quantity and accent.

"As the author is willing to confine his application to the instruction of twenty boys, he proposes Sixteen guineas per annum for boarding and teaching, with one guinea to the writing-master, and two guineas entrance."

"Vale prælum" (sic)

"Hic cœstus atque arma repono."

To this quaint and modest advertisement, one of

Rev. John Coleridge

his grandsons, Edwin Ellis Coleridge, Vicar of Buckerell, appends the following note:—

“Well done, old Grandpa! Much profit you made of it all. You were as simple as a child, I have heard, and as learned as Solomon.”

And his son, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, writes in 1825 of “My father, that venerable countenance and name which form my earliest recollections and make them *religious*.”

He took a large part in local matters as parish records show. Some of the scholastic works which belonged to his modest library became the property of the Church Corporation, and have mostly mouldered away.

De Quincey records in his “Literary Reminiscences” a diverting anecdote indicative of the extreme simplicity and absence of mind of the old Vicar, which the reticence of the age forbids my repeating. The incident in a slightly modified form is related in Gillman’s life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. F. P. Gillman, further retailing what fell from the poet’s lips about his father, says:—

“He was better fitted for the apostolic age, so primitive was he in his manners and uneducated in the fashions and changing customs surrounding him. His companions were chiefly his books and the few scholars he had to educate. To all around him he was extremely kind and amiable, and greatly beloved by the flock over whom he presided as a pastor. For each individual, whatever his rank, he had a kindly word of greeting, and in sickness or distress he was

His Absent-mindedness

an attentive friend. His richer and more educated neighbours visited him and shared the general pleasure and amusement excited by his simple and peculiarly absent manners.

“It is said of him, that on one occasion, having to breakfast with his bishop, he went, as was the practice of that day, into a barber’s shop to have his head shaved, wigs being then in common use. Just as the operation was completed the clock struck nine, the hour at which the bishop punctually breakfasted. Roused, as from a reverie, he instantly left the barber’s shop, and in his haste forgetting his wig, appeared at the breakfast table, where the bishop and his party had assembled. The bishop, well acquainted with his absent manners, courteously and playfully requested him to walk into an adjoining room, and give his opinion of a mirror which had arrived from London a few days previously, and which disclosed to his astonished guest the consequences of his haste and forgetfulness.”

From the oaken pulpit in the church at Ottery St. Mary would flow quotations from the Bible in Hebrew, which the gaping congregation, on the assurance of the preacher, believed to be the very words of the Holy Ghost.

By his first wife he had three daughters, and by his second wife he had a numerous progeny, eight sons, all of them of marked talent and character, and endowed with a rare gift of easy and correct composition—one of them Samuel Taylor, a poet of genius—and one beloved daughter Ann, who died at the early age of twenty-three in 1791, the beauty of

Rev. John Coleridge

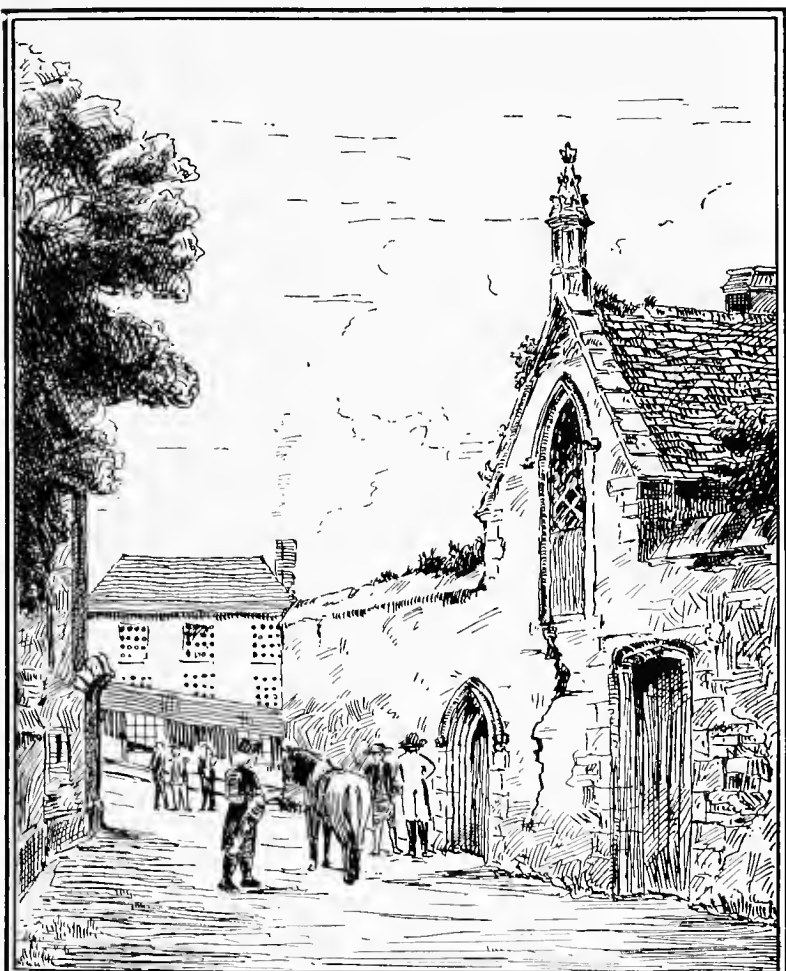
whose character is enshrined in the homage paid to her by her brothers—


“In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.”

It was difficult for a poor country schoolmaster who had raised himself in the world by industry and talent to keep his family at the level to which he had attained. But he furnished them at small cost to himself with a liberal education, the best weapon wherewith to fight the battle of life, so that his sudden death on October 14, 1781, did not leave them wholly unprovided for. His bones lie in the church, in front of the altar, a little to the left, facing east, “buried in the chancel with Parson Gatchell” (Vicar 1695–1713). So runs the register of burial.

In 1849 the great slab which covered up his dust, deep cut in Latin as the old scholar would have wished, was removed by the “restorers” to the entrance to the Lady Chapel to make way for modern pattern-work in tiles, a feat illustrative of the mournful words of old Sir Thomas Browne :—

“Our fathers finde their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors.”



OLD COLLEGE BUILDINGS IN THE LATTER HALF OF THE 18TH CENTURY, FROM A CONTEMPORARY WATERCOLOUR: IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE REV. JOHN COLERIDGE MOUNTING HIS HORSE: 

JDC 405

CHAPTER II

OTTERY ST. MARY

OTTERY ST. MARY, which thus became the home of the family, lies on the left bank of the river Otter in a broad pastoral valley, bounded on either side by the East and the West Hill. The site is one favoured by nature. Men settled here from early times, for we trace the mill and millstream back to the days of Edward the Confessor. This colony would have little to distinguish it from other small agricultural western towns were it not that John de Grandisson, Bishop of Exeter, founded here a collegiate body 1340-1370, and utilising much of what was left of the church built by Bishop Bronescombe in 1259, reared the beautiful fabric, which is still one of the glories of Devon, and which has done much to form and mould the history of the town and the character of its folk. Henry VIII. dissolved the College in 1545 and despoiled it of much of its wealth. With the crumbs which fell from the rich table he founded the King's Grammar School, which took possession of the antient College buildings.

Away over the West Hill lie the open moors with heather, gorse, and pine self-sown. To the east a

Ottery St. Mary

great ridge, off-shoot of the Black Down hills, confronts you, elsewhere seamed with combes and goyals, but presenting an unbroken line towards the town. In these wild uplands the badger yet digs out his holt, and the wheeling buzzard circles in the still blue sky. Between the hills runs down the Otter, through the elm-clad valley, hasting past red cliffs to join the sea, with the kingfisher and water-ouzel darting over his enamelled stones. The clanking heron, which still breeds in Salston woods, flaps away, borne on his slow-moving wing, from the presence of the intruder on his sacred haunts, while at night the otter leaves her scent upon the banks.

The great temple dominates the little town, in colour glorified by the passing of the years. In the churchyard may be seen the time-worn stocks, and the bells, "the poor man's only music," still ring out to call the worshippers to praise and pray, silver bells when they announce a birth, golden bells when they proclaim a bride, iron bells when they solemnise the hour of a departing soul.

Amid these scenes the Coleridges were bred, and by these surroundings their characters were moulded.



ANTIEN STOCKS IN THE CHURCHYARD, OTTERY S. MARY.

CHAPTER III

JOHN AND FRANCIS SYNDERCOMBE COLERIDGE

Par nobile fratrum

EIGHT sons, John, William, James, Edward, George, Luke, Francis Syndercombe, Samuel Taylor, and one daughter Ann, formed the cluster of olive-branches which grew up round about the Vicar's table at Ottery St. Mary.

John, the eldest, born at Upton Pyne in 1754, was named after his father and grandfather. He set forth at the age of sixteen to seek his fortune in the Indian army. To leave home and family for India meant, in those days, too probably a final separation. The short life of this noble young fellow seems to have been spent in the unselfish pursuit of the interests of those he left behind. In 1781, when he had been eleven years absent, his father died, and for the next and last five years of his short life, all his care was for his orphan brothers and sister and his widowed mother. The money which he made was sent home to provide for them, his only fear being lest they should think he had not done enough. He summoned his younger brother—Francis Syndercombe—to his side; he bought a commission in the army for his brother

John and Francis Syndercombe Coleridge

James. Nothing is more touching than his love for his only sister whom he had never seen but as a baby in arms. The rumour that she, his absent, unseen idol, might be sent from home into the world to gain her livelihood, and to stand behind a counter, filled him with horror.

He died of fever in May, 1786, on the threshold almost of life, in the neighbourhood of Tillicherry, and no one knows where lies his tomb.

In striking contrast to John's simple, modest bearing, we see Francis, his younger brother by nearly sixteen years. Handsome, vain, fantastical, yet industrious and virtuous, he looks up to his elder brother as a parent, while John loves him as a petted son. He died in 1792 at the age of twenty-two.

*Letter from John Coleridge, Bankypore, near Patna,
to Rev. John Coleridge, Ottery St. Mary.*

"January 1, 1771.

"DEAR FATHER,—I wrote you several letters about a year ago, but have not had the Pleasure of receiving one from you, which is the only thing that Perplexes me at present, as I am always anxious after hearing of your Welfare, but as Miscarriages often happen in conveying letters at such a Distance, I must console myself with hoping for the Best.

"The Cadets here are formed into a Corps by themselves, termed a Select Picquet of Gentlemen Cadets, commanded by Capt. William Thomson. I joined the same the 1st of May last, which has been Cantoond here ever since. By accounts lately received

The Natives at Monghyr

from Calcutta there is a Promotion of 5 Lieut. fire-workers and 35 Ensigns, and I have the good fortune to find my name amongst the latter, after carrying a firelock as a Cadet since my arrival at Bankypore. . . . I imagine by this time my brother William is a noted Orator, but I hope not a Cheating Lawyer."

William, as we shall see, became a clergyman and schoolmaster.

John Coleridge to William Coleridge, Ottery St. Mary.

"MONGHYR,

"September 29, 1774.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I have embraced with pleasure the first return of the ships of this season to inform you and the rest of my friends of the continuation of my welfare. I left Calcutta about the end of April last, and in a month after arrived here, where I have remained ever since. You have no doubt heard of Monghyr, famous for its wild, romantic situation, and especially for its being the Montpelier of the East. About two miles from the garrison there is a Hotwell in which the water continually boils; the Natives esteem it sacred, and flock hither from all parts of the country to receive a Holy Sprinkling, as they imagine it has the Virtue of cleansing them from their sins. . . . You desire that I will send you the Persian characters, in answer to which, if you want to learn that language, you have only to have recourse to Mr. Jones's Persian grammar, being much better for your instruction than anything that I can write, being at present entirely ignorant, not only of the Persian, but

John and Francis Syndercombe Coleridge

of the Malabar language, in both of which you hope I have made great proficiency.

“We have had a Brigade for some months past up the country with Sujah Dowla, for whom it has conquered the Rohillas in a pitched battle in April last, since which there has been no insurrection in their country for the attainment of their former possessions. The Brigade at present is at Pattergur Fort, near the Thibet Hills. There is likewise an army of Rohillas about 20 miles from them. By the several ships of the season that have arrived I have not received a single letter. There has been of late a great reduction in the army, so I don't expect to be a Lieutenant for these some years.

“Present my duty to my Father and Mother, my love to my brothers and sister, and I am, dear William, with sincere affection, your affectionate Brother,
“JOHN COLERIDGE.”

John Coleridge to his Father, the Rev. John Coleridge.

“RAMGWR,

“February 25, 1777.

“DEAR FATHER,—I had the happiness to get your favour of the 15th of December, 1775. Indeed it gives me a great pleasure to be informed of the recovery of our Family from that severe disorder which you say reigned through all England. . . . I hope by this time the rebellious Americans have been totally vanquished by the superior force of His Majesty's Arms, and that matters are amicably compromised for the mutual interest of King and Subject.

British Help to Sujah Dowla

“ I imagine by this time you must have received my letter, dated about 5 months ago, mentioning my being promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. I must now undeceive you in your opinion that promotion is obtained by interest, one only meeting with Preference according to the general rise, fixed by invariable rules, upon which some instances of infringement have happened in former times, but in all likelihood such will never be seen again.

“ I have the pleasure to inform you that promotion in the army will be quicker now than for many years past, as a great many of our Officers are appointed to the command of the Troupe of the Nabob of Oude ; as I would wish to be one of them, I have signified the same to some friends in this Country, who I believe are about to apply for me ; should I succeed, you may depend upon having the most early intimation of it, being an establishment more lucrative than the Company's within the province, so if everything answers agreeable to expectation, I may soon have the happiness to see you reap the advantage as well as myself. In future, should you not hear as often from me as you have right to expect, I beg you won't impute it to want of Duty in me, but to the casual miscarriages that often attend such long passages.

“ I now conclude with my sincerest wishes for your health and welfare, my Mother's, sister's, and my tribe of Brothers (to make of your own phrases), with all other friends and relations,

“ I am, dear Father,

“ Your dutiful and affectionate son,

“ JOHN COLERIDGE.”

John and Francis Syndercombe Coleridge

The death of the Rev. John Coleridge at Ottery St. Mary in 1781 was sudden, immediately on his return thither from Plymouth, whither he had gone to take his little son Frank in order to enlist him as a midshipman under Admiral Graves. Frank was then eleven years old. The ship under Captain Hicks went to India and lay off the Bengal coast, where accidentally the little sailor met his soldier-brother John. Thereafter John was father and brother in one to little Frank. The love revealed between them was beautiful. Frank left the Navy in order to join the Indian Army, where John watched over him with jealousy and pride, although sometimes they were over a thousand miles asunder.

John's splendid generosity kept his mother and his family from great privation, and with all the temptations to spend money besetting him in India, it is truly wonderful to see him remitting the best part of his income home, with no consciousness of doing other than his simple duty.

John Coleridge to his Brother James.

"CAMP NEAR SURAT,

"August, 1783.

"I have remitted home to my Mother, by this opportunity, the sum of two Hundred Pounds, and I shall hereafter make such other remittances from time to time as shall enable you to put matters upon a much better footing than they seem to be at present. I have mentioned slightly to my Mother that 'tis much against my inclinations that my Sister Nancy

John's Concern for his Sister

should be bound to any trade, or leave the family upon any account, for, you may depend upon it, that I will take such steps in providing for her that shall render the scheme of binding her to a trade totally unnecessary. Dear James, let me request that you will (should my Sister be now in Exeter) urge everything that lays in your power for her being recalled back to her Mother, where she may improve herself in every accomplishment that ought to adorn the fair Sex. By my honour, James, I would rather live all the rest of my days on Bread and Water than see my Sister standing behind a Counter where she is hourly open to the insults of every conceited Puppy that may choose to purchase a Yard of Ribbon from her, horrid Idea! chucked under the chin, &c., &c., too bad to mention, for God's sake get her back, don't let her go to destruction, as some others have, who shall be nameless, but you may guess. Now, James, enough of one thing is as good as a feast. Pray, have you been to see General Goddard; I hope you have, as he was a very good friend of mine, and, further, he promised to visit my Mother, and provide for little Sam,¹ who, poor little fellow, I must write to when I have more time. I hope you'll take care that his education is not neglected in any respect whatever. Money shall not be wanting, if I can help it. In your next letter you must write me a very particular account of every individual in the Family, that is, what kind of men my Brothers are, and do be very pointed concerning the accomplishments of Nancy; you must tell me how she walks, dances, laughs, sings,

¹ Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Missing Page

John and Francis Syndercombe Coleridge

the Lord knows what he has been scribbling. Be so good as to make Nancy write me."

Francis Syndercombe thus described his meeting with his brother John, in a letter dated from Cawnpore, October 25, 1784, written to his Sister Nancy. So Joseph made himself known to his brethren.

"You may be sure, Nancy, I thank Providence for bringing about that meeting which has been the cause of all my good Fortune and happiness which I now in fulness enjoy. It was an affectionate meeting, and I will inform you of the particulars. There was in our ship one Captain Mordaunt, who had been in India before. When we came to Bombay, finding a number of his friends there, he went often ashore. The day before the fleet sailed he desired one Captain Welsh to go aboard with him, who was an intimate friend of your brother. 'I will,' said Welsh, 'and will write a note to Coleridge to go with us.' Upon this Captain Mordaunt, recollecting me, said there was a young midshipman, a favourite of Captain Hicks, of that name on board. Upon that they agreed to inform my brother of it, which they did soon after, and all three came on board. I was then in the lower deck, and though you won't believe it, I was sitting upon a gun, and thinking of my brother, that is whether I should ever hear or see anything of him; when, seeing a Lieutenant, who had been sent to inform me of my Brother's being on board, I got up off the gun; but, instead of telling me about my brother, he told me that Captain Hicks was very angry with me, and wanted to see me.

The Meeting of the Brothers

Captain Hicks had always been a Father to me, and loved me as if I had been his own child. I therefore went up shaking like an aspen leaf to the Lieutenants' apartments, where a gentleman took hold of my hand. I did not mind him at first, but looked round for the Captain, but the Gentleman still holding my hand, I looked in his face, and what was my surprise when I saw him too full to speak, and his eyes full of tears. Whether crying is catching I know not, but I began a-crying too, though I did not know the reason till he caught me in his arms and told me he was my Brother, and then I found it was paying nature her tribute, for I believe I never cry'd so much in my life. There is a saying in 'Robinson Crusoe' I remember very well, viz., 'Sudden joy like grief confounds at first.' We directly went ashore, having got my discharge, and having took a most affectionate leave of Captain Hicks, I left the ship for good and all. My situation in the Army is that I am one of the oldest ensigns, and before you get this must in all probability be a Lieutenant. How many changes there have been in my life, and what lucky ones they have been, and how young I am still! I must be seven years older (he was now fourteen) before I can properly style myself a man, and what a number of officers do I command, who are old enough to be my Father already!"

John Coleridge to his Mother.

"CAMP NEAR SURAT,

"October 28, 1783.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have the extreme pleasure

John and Francis Syndercombe Coleridge

of informing you that my Brother Francis is most elegantly provided for. He is appointed to the Service, and to take rank as an Ensign of Infantry from the 15th of October, 1782, so the youngster has been an officer above a year (Francis was born in January, 1770), and I think if no crosses happen, that in a couple of years more he'll be a lieutenant. . . . Oh, I had like to have forgot. Pray when will my much-loved Nancy favour me with a line?"

John Coleridge to his Brother George Coleridge.

"BARRAMPORE, NEAR CALCUTTA,

"December 1, 1784.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have received your kind letters of the 20th of March and the 1st of April, and the perusal of them gave me more pleasure and happiness than I can find words to express. I thank my God for granting such health and spirits to our dear Mother; may she long continue to possess both, so that her latter days may be a scene of tranquillity and happiness. From your pleasing account of the Family, I think with a little exertion on all sides we may do very well. My little Hero Frank (he was now fourteen years old) is at present a great distance from me, but his situation is an excellent one, for he is under the command of a very particular intimate and friend of mine, and in the receipt of considerable pay and allowances which will, in all likelihood, enable him by this time next year to render a considerable assistance to his Family; indeed, I believe the youngster is considerably above the world already, that is, I mean for a lad of his years and standing. He is at

John Sutters for his Generosity

present studying the Persian with the greatest attention, and let me assure you, my friend, that he promises as fair for being a good Soldier and a sensible man as any boy I ever saw in my life. . . .

“I have since I wrote home last been rather unfortunate. A friend of mine was in distress for Cash to clear himself of a disagreeable business he had got into at Surat, he applied to me for assistance, and I granted him the Needful. About four months after this affair happened he was taken ill from the severity of a long March, and died, he left me his sole Executor, with an idea that I might repay myself from the sale of his effects. However, there has been a Bond debt presented against the Estate that will, I am very apprehensive, sweep away every farthing of the amount of the Estate. This, George, is an unlucky hit, however, don't say anything of it to the old lady, as it might make her uneasy. I shall, please God, be able to bring up the Leeway in a very few months; the only point that makes me anxious is that 'tis a doubt whether I shall be able to make the remittance that I intended, but rest assured I shall strain every nerve to keep matters in the proper road. . . .

“Make my duty to my Mother, and my love to my Brothers, Uncles, Aunts, &c., and further, tell my lovely, amiable Nancy, that I will answer her letters by the next ship, the sweet creature; I don't know, George, how it is, but that innocent girl takes up more of my thoughts than you can conceive. Accept of the love and friendship of

“Your affectionate friend and Brother,

“JOHN COLERIDGE.”

John and Francis Syndercombe Coleridge

Captain Samuel Biggs, meeting John Coleridge at Bombay, mentioned to him, as we have seen, that he knew John's brother James, and evidently spoke highly of him as he deserved. Writing on August 10, 1783, on his return from India, to James, Captain Biggs says of the meeting with John, "I was very happy to tell him I knew you, and more so to speak of you as you deserve. He expressed an ardent desire to serve you, and told me his circumstances would very well allow him to remit you five hundred pounds. I begged his excuse for observing to him that if he would extend his benevolence to twice that sum, it would be of such essential service as to enable you to purchase a Company. He very generously assured me that he would send you Bills to that amount either by the *Neptune*, or *Royal Admiral* Indiaman." John shows how the death in insolvency of the friend to whom he had lent his all, for a time frustrated his intentions. But not for long, as the following two letters will show.

John Coleridge to his Mother.

"BURRAMPORE, BENGAL,

"August 12, 1785.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—The enclosed letter is for my worthy and affectionate Brother James; by reading it you'll see how matters stand with me and the youngster [Francis], who is the very joy of my heart. The sooner you forward the letter to James the better, as his mind will not be perfectly easy till he receives it. To say anything in this would be repetition, so I have only to assure you, my dear

John Purchases his Captaincy

beloved Parent, that 'tis my daily Prayer that you may be blessed with a long continuance of health and happiness, and that I may one day have the pleasure of personally receiving your blessing.

“Let me request you to give my respectful remembrance to all my Ottery friends, and assure them that I retain the same affection and love for them that I ever did. If Nancy is present she'll smile, I take it, at a passage in James's letter.

“I have the pleasure to be, my dearest Mother,

“Your affectionate and dutiful son,

“JOHN COLERIDGE.”

Apparently trusting to the assurance of John that £1,000 would be forthcoming James had borrowed the sum in advance from friends; for having been a lieutenant in the 8th Regiment of Foot he had purchased his Captaincy on February 25, 1785.

John Coleridge to his Brother James.

(Enclosed in the former letter.)

“BURRAMPORE CANTONMENTS, BENGAL,

“August 12, 1785.

“MY DEAR JAMES,—I have received yours of the 1st October, 1784, from Dublin, and the perusal of it gave me the highest satisfaction. I thank you for the confidence you have put in me, and depend upon it I will remitt you the needful (*i.e.*, the interest) by the very first opportunity that offers this season; further, I beg that you'll make my best thanks to the gentlemen that may have stood your friends in this business, and

John and Francis Syndercombe Coleridge

inform them that I should be happy in an opportunity of returning the obligation.

“I should have sent you a very considerable sum a long time ago, but was prevented by a gentleman's death, in whose hands my little all was trusted, and who, upon inquiry, has died Insolvent, so I lost every farthing I was worth ; this was rather unlucky, as we are circumstanced at present, but as the matter cannot be mended, I must endeavour to extricate myself without repining. I have friends, and very sincere ones, who are always ready to assist and support me; by this goodness and my own prudence I hope in two or three years to be capable of sending that assistance to my dear Mother and family that is incumbent upon every good man to do.

“In remitting this £1,000, I think I had better make the Bill payable to our Mother, or her Order, in case you should be absent upon the arrival of the Bill in England ; you can mention what is to be done with the cash on its being received. Francis writes me that he had remitted £80 about six months ago, but you cannot as yet have received it, for the first Bill was lost in an accident happening to the *Ashburton* East Indiaman, but he has no doubt taken care to send a duplicate of the Bill by the Packet that was despatched since.

“Frank is at present stationed at Cawnpore, about 1,000 miles distant from this place ; he is under the Guardianship of my friend, Captain J. Archdeacon, a man of whose sense and virtue I have the highest opinion ; indeed, the youngster improves under him amazingly, and is beloved and esteemed by every

John sends Home £1,000

person that knows him. He studies the Persian and has made some proficiency in it, for in his last letter he says that I shall never want a Persian interpreter, when he has the pleasure of being with me again, so I think, James, the boy promises fair for being a Shining Character.

“What you mention concerning Luke [his brother ‘Luke, the physician’] must be seriously thought of. I cannot at present render him the necessary assistance, but the moment it is in my power he shall hear from me. . . . Your description of my dearest Sister made my heart palpitate with joy and affection; may virtue and dignity be her Motto, and strict honour the guardian of it is my prayer. If ever the Blind Goddess should shower down her favours on me, I will endeavour to put that dear, helpless girl in a line that her virtue intended her to shine in. I received a tender, affectionate letter from her, which I have not as yet mastered up resolution enough to answer, but I will do it by the next Ship. I received letters from Ned, George, and Luke [brothers], which were answered, but the letters were all lost I have been informed since, so I beg you’ll inform them that I am faultless.

“Do you know, James, that Nancy has got a kind of a lover in this part of the world? My friend, Captain Meredith, is a little touched by the description you have given of her. We have lived as Brothers together for many years, and I may say few Brothers have a more mutual affection for each other.

“I have been thinking for these some days past of getting Sam, a couple of years hence, sent out to me

John and Francis Syndercombe Coleridge

as a Cadet at the India House. Let me know your sentiments upon this scheme in your next. . . . Well, James, I will now bid you farewell for a month, when you shall hear from me again.

“God bless and protect you.

“Your affectionate friend and Brother,

“JOHN COLERIDGE.”

Fancy “Silas Tomkyns Comberbacke” in India! And yet this scheme might have been carried into effect had its author lived.

In the following letter, which it is difficult for any one to read without a sense of his own unworthiness, we see the weight of a great separation, the clinging to home and the scenes of his boyhood, and the romance and fervour of the writer’s temperament breaking down the barriers of self-restraint which he observes in his letters to his brothers.

John Coleridge to his Sister Ann (“Nancy”).

“BURRAMPORE,

“October 2, 1785.

“MY DEAREST SISTER,—I had the great pleasure of receiving three days ago your tender and affectionate letter of July, 1784, and since that Period I may say that I have perused it twenty times, the delicate and soft sentiments that shine through the whole of it, added to the justness of your Ideas upon your present situation has given me a perfect knowledge of the virtuous mind of the writer. Yes, my much beloved Nancy, your letter has convinced me that you are everything I could wish. I do not flatter you when I

John's Love for his Sister

inform you that you have not only made me happy, but that I pride myself on being possessed of a Sister that bears so beautiful a mind. You call me in your letter your Brother unknown, and justly so, but in future I must request you'll, when you write me, conceive you are personally acquainted with me, equally as much so as with James, or any other of my good Brothers that have the happiness of seeing and conversing with you. When I was about to leave Europe you was an infant, and many is the time, my Nancy, I have had you in my arms and gazed at you with pleasure and affection, though at that period people in general thought I was an obstinate, hard-hearted boy that had neither feeling nor affection, but I think I may modestly say they judged without their Host.

“I have now one fault to find with you, which is, that you rated every trifling natural act of mine in too high and particular a manner. I have not as yet done anything like what my friends have a right to expect from me, but by the blessing of God, if my unfortunate Fates do not always pursue me, I will fulfil their warmest wishes. My late misfortune has thrown me back a little in the world, but my Rank and prospects are such, that I expect to be enabled by this time next year to render my dear beloved Parent and the rest of the family that yearly assistance I intended. What at present troubles me is whether I shall be able to make up this Season the remittance for James, for since I wrote him I have met with a disappointment, although no loss in the money way. However, I shall exert my best endeavours, and if I should in some degree

John and Francis Syndercombe Coleridge

prove unsuccessful, I hope his generous friends will rest contented till next Season.

“I have sent Frank his letters, which will no doubt make him happy; his conduct is so highly praiseworthy, that he is an honour to his Family; indeed, he is beloved and honoured by every person that knows him. I shall have the pleasure of seeing him in about two months, and a joyful meeting it will be; poor little fellow, I have been absent from him now near fourteen months. His Corps is coming down to Calcutta, which I am in some degree happy at, although it will be a loss to him as to Cash, but he will have an opportunity of seeing a great deal of the first Company in India, which will polish him and give him a proper confidence, without which nothing is to be got or had in these degenerate days.

“O! I had like to have forgot to thank you for your kind and much valued present; it now adorns my bosom, and it frequently, very frequently, reminds me of the much beloved person who was the owner of it.

“If you should at any time by accident see my old Nurse, you must say everything for me to her that you conceive will please her. If it ever shall be my fortune to visit my native land, I will, after having received the blessing and embraces of my much honoured Parent, go and visit her, be she where she will, for I am under very great obligations to her. O! my dear girl, you can have no conception of that woman's kindness and attention to me. I have known her, when some trifling accident has happened to me, show all the tenderness and feeling of a Parent, and when I have been about to leave her to return to my Parents,

John describes his Early Days

I have observed the large tear run down her aged face—her countenance too well expressed the pain which she felt at parting from me. O! Butterley! Butterley! how many were the happy, innocent hours I past there: if you should ever have occasion to pass near the place, visit it for my sake, and if an old, large Ash-tree still stands at the bottom of the green, station yourself under it, and just reflect that you are standing on the spot where I, some twenty years ago, used to exert all my endeavours to rise the first in the Athletick exercises, while the good old woman used to stand by and shudder for every slight bruise I might receive, and tenderly chide me when I got home for contending with lads above my age and size. I don't know, Sister, whether this subject yields you any entertainment, but the reflections I have on it frequently gives me the most pleasing sensations.

“I must now think of concluding, for were I to go on writing, or rather conversing with you, I should fill more paper than the Post would choose to carry, so make my most dutiful love to my dear Mother, and tell her that the news of her being in health and spirits gives joy and pleasure to my heart, and for a continuation of which she has my daily prayers. I shall write Luke by the next Ship. This letter goes in the Governor's Packet—no small favour, I assure you—and it was by mere accident that I heard of the opportunity. Make my love to my Brothers, for, God knows, I love and esteem them. Well, I must now relieve you from reading this scrawl, which I have been forced to run through in a hurry.

“I have only one thing more to add, which is that I

John and Francis Syndercombe Coleridge

pray that the Great Protector of Innocence and Virtue will defend and guard you in every situation in life, and I am, my much-beloved Nancy,

“Your affectionate Brother and friend,

“JOHN COLERIDGE.”

The old ash-tree at Butterleigh is gone, the green is now the school-yard, but the *Parish Magazine* contains a brief record of the facts related in this letter. We catch once more a fleeting glimpse of John in his last illness from a correspondent at Tillicherry. “He was a very gentlemanly-looking man,” but “his regimentals hung upon him like a sack.” “He, poor lad, was too generous ever to save anything for Himself.” He came to Tillicherry on January 25, 1787, and was never again able to leave it except for a short trip down the coast. He died on April 7th, and his chest was forwarded home to Ottery St. Mary by a friend, to whom, ever prodigal in friendship, he had lent 900 rupees, and thus ends the all too fragmentary record of John Coleridge. May his name be cherished in the family as an enduring example of modesty, duty, generosity, and love of home!

We now pursue the story of the short but stirring life of Francis. He, too, followed his brother in his splendid filial generosity to his kin at home. Writing from the Camp at Lucknow, November 10, 1784, to his mother, he says :—

“In future, my Dear and only Parent, you shall hear regularly and punctually immediately from myself. Upon the arrival of our Detachment near Bengal it

Frank follows John's Lead in Generosity

was broke, and the Battalions that composed it sent to the different Brigades. This order affected my Brother and me, but through the Interest of my friends and that good luck which has attended me in general, I was so fortunate as to get re-appointed to my former station in the 6th Regt. of Bengall Sepoys, or Soldiers, in which Corps my brother served thirteen years. We are now separated—he to the 2nd Brigade and I with the 3rd, which is now in the field. . . .

“My Brother's behaviour towards me has at all times been truly affectionate, indeed so much so that my faults were seldom corrected, nor did I see him in any other light than that of a fond and indulgent friend, ready to gratify all my little whims and caprices. Capt. Archdeacon, with whom I live, has promised to assist me, and by the month of February next I hope to be able to send you a Bill for fifty pounds at least. The allowances I receive now will enable me not only to remit this sum, but to make a like present to my Dear Mother every year while I remain out of the Company's provinces or in the field. Nothing will ever afford me more pleasure than contributing everything in my power towards making you and my dear Brothers and Sister happy.”

And this resolution he kept. I find he sent home £100 on October 29, 1785, and a similar sum on January 27, 1786.

In a letter to his sister Nancy from Dinapore, dated October 29, 1785, we see Frank in contrast to his brother John. Frank's precocity, boyish vanity, and

John and Francis Syndercombe Coleridge

love of fine phrases cannot, however, conceal the wholesome worth of this lad of fifteen.

“MY DEAR NANCY,—It is impossible to express what an addition your letter was to the pleasures of Christmas Day, for it happened to arrive on the very day that we were celebrating the Nativity of our Blessed Saviour.

“I hope my dear Mother still continues to enjoy a good state of health. It is my constant prayer to heaven that the remaining part of her life may glide away smoothly and happily, and that there may be no more scenes of distress and misery to rack the breast of her to whom I owe my existence. . . . And now for my good, my dear, and faithfull Molly (‘What, before Brothers and Sisters? For shame, Frank!’ I think I hear you say. Yes, Nancy, for I am sorry to say I lay under more obligations to that good woman than I do to all the Brothers and Sisters I have got, except my *secundum* Pater, John), assure her of my unutterable affection and love towards her; that she is still as dear to me as ever; and that I shall ever recollect her goodness to me when I was at home. For who else would ever wipe the tear off little Frank’s cheek, and comfort him in any little distress or sickness? Poor as she was, she never refused me any little money I might have wanted. No; her generous soul gave even before I asked. Desire my Mother to give her five guineas out of the Hundred pounds I have sent, that is, if she can conveniently spare them, for when poor Molly has had but a penny in the world she would divide it with me, and doth not gratitude demand something in

Frank's Boyish Romance

return? Certainly. Little as it is, when she knows it comes from me she will think it thousands, and when the recording Angel gives in a list of my crimes, I hope my Ingratitude will never be numbered amongst them, for I hold that of all Crimes in the greatest detestation and abhorrence, and the man that can be guilty of Ingratitude—let him die the death of a Dog, and even that, in my opinion, is too good for him!

“And now give me leave to conclude with being,

“My dear Nancy,

“Your affectionate and Handsome Brother,

“FRANCIS COLERIDGE.”

“P.S.—Do you know I am grown very handsome—tell Maria so!”

Precocious were the youths of that age. Although he left Ottery St. Mary for ever at the age of eleven, Francis seems to have cherished a romantic boyish attachment to Maria Northcote, daughter of Sir Stafford Northcote, Bart., the sixth Baronet, who was born at the Warden House, Ottery St. Mary, which her father was occupying, on August 10, 1769. In a letter to his sister, written in 1784, when he was fourteen, he says: “Tell Maria not to marry this sometime, for I am much more likely to make £10,000 in India than one on board ship, so I shall not despair, but continue her constant lover.”

Apparently the prudent Maria, who was one year older than her lover, had stipulated as the price of her hand for £10,000. She was only thirteen years of age when Francis left his home. He did not, however, forget her, for at the age of eighteen he writes to

John and Francis Syndercombe Coleridge

beloved Nancy, aged twenty-one : “ I dreamt some time ago of having married, Nancy, and as you know marriages are made in heaven, and dreams are said to descend from above, we are certainly intended for each other, and I have only to find out some of the treasures of Hindostan to enable me to return home and throw myself at her feet. Pray inform me what reception, seriously, Nancy, you think I should meet with ? ”

Other letters follow in the same strain. His imagination dwells on the well-loved features of his brothers, of “ dear little Sam,” the future poet ; of Luke the physician ; of George the schoolmaster ; of Edward the wit ; of James the soldier, to whom he hopes one day to “ drape his sword.” But the warmest corner of his heart is kept ever sacred to his mother, his sister, and Molly the nurse.

In a characteristic letter, the last from his pen, written as the Ganges melts into the ocean, we next see him in the act of setting out from Calcutta upon the campaign under Lord Cornwallis against Tippoo Sahib.

Francis Syndercombe Coleridge to his Mother.

“ *Lord Campden,*

“ *September 20, 1791.*

“ MY EVER-HONOURED, EVER-BELOVED PARENT,—
Your letter has woke me amidst the din of Arms to all the softer feelings of Nature. My Mamma, think not because you have not heard of me that you have not been daily, nay hourly, in my mind. I call my Creator to witness I love you with such affection that does not despair of Equality with my Happier Brothers, but I cannot like them tell you so every month, nor always

Frank's Last Letter Home

every year. For these three years past I have been stationed nigh 1,400 miles from Calcutta, and though promoted and ordered to the European Battalion at Bockampore, His Lordship in Council ordered me to succeed to the first vacancy in the Native Battalion up the Country. He has since summoned me, with twelve other officers and 800 Sepoys, to attend the Grand Army previous to his laying siege to Seringapatam, the Capital of the Mysore Tyrant. Proud of such an honourable distinction, I join him with ardour, and if Fortune crowns my Wishes, will scatter the Pearls of the Sultan at the feet of my Mamma. Mr. Tomkins lingers on board for any letter, for we are falling into the Main Ocean from the Ganges. I can detain him no longer, and must be concise. My Health has never known disease, my Character has never known a stain. My friends I have never lost. Enemies I have never made, and happy I have ever been, except when, Mamma, you call me across the Ocean. God Bless you, best of Parents ; tell your children that their absent Brother is what he ought to be, or if he has one fault it is that of being too Partial to the banks of the Ganges. Molly, I kiss you ! Would you know your favourite Boy again ? Live, and you shall see him ! My Nancy, would my tears relieve you ? I would forget the Soldier, and be more than Brother. Amiable Sister, never, never can I forget you. I have not time to pour out my Heart. I am writing amongst Hundreds of Soldiers. . . . Mamma, receive my Dutyfull, my Eternal Affection. On my knees I call for your blessing on your ever Duteous Child,

“FRANCIS COLERIDGE.”

John and Francis Syndercombe Coleridge

The abhorred shears soon slit this thin-spun life. Terrible were the privations and fatalities which were the lot of the comparatively small army of Lord Cornwallis, in his expedition in 1792 against Tippoo Sahib.

Francis was present with the 14th Battalion of Bengal Sepoys, which was in charge of his patron, Captain Archdeacon, at the siege of Seringapatam. This battalion, with the 52nd Regiment, under the command of the Hon. Lieut.-Col. Knox, was in the front division of the centre column sent forward by Lord Cornwallis, and in the night attack on February 6th they had to get past first the great bound hedge, and take the Sultan's Redoubt, then cross a canal, and pass over an expanse of rice-fields, then ford the river Lockany, commanded by the enemy on the fortified great Carrighaut Hill, and finally storm the City, all in the face of the main body of Tippoo's army.

It was so hazardous a movement that Tippoo did not contemplate its possibility, and was taken completely by surprise. Captain Archdeacon was killed at the bound hedge, and his battalion fell for a moment into disorder ; pushing on they found themselves confronted by Tippoo's horsemen. After putting them to flight, they stormed and took the Sultan's Redoubt. Before day came, assisted by a flank movement executed by Lieut.-Col. Maxwell, they had completely defeated Tippoo's right wing. The operations of the night resulted in the submission of the enemy. It was in this night attack that young Francis Syndercombe was wounded. His courage

The Siege of Seringapatam

in the assault on the Sultan's Redoubt was so singular that Lord Cornwallis paid him a high compliment in the presence of the Army, and presented him with a gold watch.

He died, it is said, by his own hand, in the delirium of a fever contracted by his wound. Brave, light-hearted young Francis! Let us forget the nursery quarrels unfortunately recorded by his brother, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literaria," and remember the manly life, and the untimely, tragic, yet heroic death of the young soldier, who would wish no other epitaph than this:

Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.

CHAPTER IV

WILLIAM COLERIDGE—LUKE COLERIDGE—WILLIAM HART
COLERIDGE—GEORGE COLERIDGE—SAMUEL TAYLOR
COLERIDGE

WILLIAM COLERIDGE, born March 8, 1758, displayed during his short life much of the scholastic talent of his father. Early destined for his father's calling, teaching and the Church, he matriculated at Christ Church as Servitor on June 3, 1774, and was admitted as Scholar at Wadham September 30, 1777. He took his B.A. from Wadham, March 17, 1779, was ordained Deacon on June 4, 1780, and took his M.A. from Pembroke, April 27, 1780.

"Your resolution," so wrote his father to him, "to become a sound scholar is noble and manly." Indeed he was an unremitting student, "drudged like an emmet," and would sometimes not go out of College for a week together. The best scholars thought highly of him. Cyril Jackson, subsequently Dean of Christ Church, applauded him. John Randolph, also of Christ Church, who in 1782 became Regius Professor of Greek, and then of Divinity, and later Bishop of Oxford, said that very

The Lord George Gordon Riots

few men could construe Greek so well. The Christ Church custom of having the services said in Latin twice a day made that language nearly as familiar to him as English. Even Euclid was taught in Latin. After taking his degree he engaged in teaching at a school at Hackney, the well-known Newcome's Academy, preaching sermons the while.

The swell of the Lord George Gordon riots seems to have reached Hackney, for he writes to his mother on June 24, 1780:—

“Our riots seem to have pretty well subsided, and I am the more glad, as several houses in Hackney were marked out for Destruction by the most rascally mob ever assembled. Two of the principal Rioters at Langdales have been apprehended, *both* Roman Catholics and under the cloak of the *Protestant Religion*. (Langdale was a Roman Catholic distiller at Holborn Bridge, whose premises were sacked. His loss was estimated at £100,000.) Though I say our riots are subsided, we are not yet without our fears. Strict orders were given yesterday for a double Guard in the Park, and no Persons admitted of whatever Rank or Quality; a great deal more is suspected. I paint the Ottery folks rejoicing at their late good news from America” (probably the capture of Charles-town). “In nine weeks’ time I beg my Father will make an engagement to spend a week or fortnight out. He will not fear to entrust his school with me, now *bene probato*.”

He took life seriously. He would not have the buckles brother James the soldier sent him, and took the lace off his best shirt so as not to appear in-

William and Luke Coleridge

formally or uncanonically. He troubled his mind over the old controversy between Free Will and Predestination, but finally determined to "rest as happily as possible, relying on a merciful Creator, who will not certainly punish the man that deserves no Punishment." Death prevented his union with Miss Jane Hart, who sixteen years afterwards married his brother George. He died at Hackney in 1780, at the early age of twenty-three.

Luke Coleridge and his son, William Hart Coleridge.

Brother Luke, the physician, also died young, at the age of twenty-four in 1790, at Thorverton, where he had set up in practice, after walking the London Hospital under Sir W. Blizard. He married Sarah Hart, and left behind one child, "a lovely boy," called after his mother, William Hart Coleridge. The boy was educated at the King's School under his Uncle George, gained a Studentship at Christ Church, Oxford, and in the Final Schools obtained a double first-class in Classics and Mathematics. He was ordained and became the Curate at St. Andrew's, Holborn, where, according to the family tradition, he baptized Benjamin D'Israeli, afterwards Earl of Beaconsfield, who was, on July 31, 1817, received as one of "such as are of riper years."

The baptismal ceremony, in the hands of William Hart Coleridge, was a solemn one on the testimony of his uncle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet, who, coming down from the Gillmans at Highgate, in 1818, to service at St. Andrew's, thus describes his impressions in a letter dated January 16th :



THE RT. REV. WILLIAM HART COLERIDGE, D.D.
BISHOP OF BARBADOS AND THE LEEWARD ISLANDS.
By T. Phillips, R.A.

William Hart Coleridge as a Baptist

"I will not conceal from you how very much I was awed and affected by your mode of reading, praying, and performing the baptismal rites—how much delighted with the kind and becoming courtesy with which you passed from your directly clerical functions to the tones and language of a Christian brother."

From Highgate also the poet corresponded with William Hart, urging him to literary work.

"We have no life of Luther, no English work that could bear that title otherwise than ironically—and O! what a genuine son of Paul is he not? As in our articles and homilies the Doctrine of our apostolic Church appears in the meekness of wisdom, so in the writings of Luther does it thunder and lighten in its sublimity—I need scarcely tell you that I have no wish to see you a frequent *Press man*. If you did not publish any work of any *volume* till you were forty, I should not be discontent—it is to the preparation, the prospect, the dignity given to leisure that I look. But in this, as in all your steps, may the Spirit of the most high be your Guide and your Right—for it is the spirit of Wisdom, and in Wisdom there is the lowliness of Prudence, no less than the elevation of Faith; it builds its nest in the Cornfield, and shines and warbles in the radiance, and amid the dissolving clouds of the morning."

But William Hart became a man of action rather than of letters. He was appointed Bishop of Barbados and the Leeward Islands. He was the first Colonial Bishop, and was treated with great state, being sent out to his diocese in a man-of-war.

Edward Coleridge

On his return from the West Indies, he bought a property called Salston, close to Ottery St. Mary, where he built himself a house, which is now inhabited by his grandson Rennell Coleridge. He was also the first Warden of St. Augustine's Missionary College at Canterbury, to which office he was appointed shortly after his retirement from his Bishopric. He died suddenly at Salston in 1849.

Edward Coleridge.

I must mention another brother of this generation, Edward. He went up to Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1770, took his degree in 1780, became a clergyman, and in 1804 Vicar of Buckerell, close to Ottery St. Mary. His first marriage to a widow twenty years older than his mother, was the source of many family jests. His second wife was a Miss Bowden, a cousin, a dainty little dame, who was a general favourite. He kept a private school at Rock House, now Sandrock, Ottery St. Mary. Rock House was formed out of the stables attached to "the Great House," which was pulled down at the close of the eighteenth century. He was successful and made money. Among his pupils was A. W. Kinglake, the author of "Eothen" and of the "History of the Crimean War." He always made a profound bow, almost to the ground, on entering the Church, but I suspect that his religion began and mainly ended there. He was a very handsome, rough, and clever old man, and the wag of his generation of the family. He died in 1843, in the eighty-third year of his age.



MRS. EDWARD COLERIDGE (ANN BOWDEN)
By J. P. Briggs, R.A.

George Coleridge Revives King's School

George Coleridge.

Another son of the Rev. John Coleridge was George, but as his name will constantly occur in the letters of his brother James, I do not here do more than mention the few salient facts of his life.

Born at Ottery St. Mary, March 25, 1764, he was educated at the King's School under his father. He went to Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1780, and took his degree in 1784.

We find him after this engaged in teaching at Newcome's Academy at Hackney, where his brother William also had earned his living. It was a somewhat famous institution, and boys and masters alike were privileged at times to hear Mrs. Siddons giving lessons in elocution. Such lessons, then part of the ordinary curriculum, did much no doubt to prevent the slipshod talk of modern times.

The King's School at Ottery St. Mary, which had prospered up to the death of the Rev. John Coleridge in 1781, dwindled under two successors, until in 1794 the schoolroom was used for keeping rabbits and poultry, and there were only one or two scholars. In 1794, George Coleridge was appointed Schoolmaster and Chaplain Priest. Under him the school rose steadily, and became celebrated throughout the county. He was introduced to a large circle of eminent men, through his being from time to time a guest at Gunville, in Dorsetshire, which was the home of Josiah Wedgwood, Junr., 1799-1806. Wedgwood sent his son Josiah to the school in 1805. George Coleridge retired in 1808. The

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

King's School, under the care of father and son, was largely the cause of the early mental equipment of two generations of the Coleridge family.

His brother, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet, thus describes him: "He is a man of reflective mind and elegant talent. He possesses learning in a greater degree than any of the family, excepting myself. His manners are grave and hued over with a tender sadness. In his moral character he approaches every way nearer perfection than any man I ever yet knew. He is worth us all."

This from a pen not used to write in too favourable a strain of his relatives is high praise indeed.

The tender, pensive beauty and the soft air of the Vale of Otter, the life of familiar intercourse with the classics in the old collegiate buildings, the remoteness of the little town, and above all the overshadowing influence of the great gray Church produced in his character a certain melancholy and reflective vein which we see running through so many of the members of the family, who were early subject to the same influences.

He died in 1828 at the age of sixty-four, leaving one son, George May Coleridge, who went to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1816 and took his degree in 1820. He became Prebendary of Wells and Vicar of St. Mary Church, Torquay, and died unmarried.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge,

the poet, the youngest son of John, the old Vicar and Schoolmaster, was born at Ottery St. Mary, October 20, 1772, and died at Highgate, July 25,



INITIALS CARVED BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE IN 1789 ON
THE ROCK AT PIXIES' PARLOUR.

Local Colour in his Poems

1834. His life has been so often written, the main facts of his career are so much public property that in these Memorials of the family I do not propose to add to what is already known about him. His surviving brothers did not share in, or perhaps appreciate his genius, and he certainly did not possess the practical side of their characters, but they were all alike, with the exception of Edward, as they grew up to maturity, in their natural simplicity, in the religious habits of their thought, and the serious view they took of life.

The children of Samuel Taylor Coleridge inherited many of the remarkable powers of their father. Hartley Coleridge, poet and ingenious writer; Derwent Coleridge, the teacher and most learned scholar; and Sara Coleridge, the author of "Phantasmion," that jewelled fairy tale. Their works and ways must be recounted by other hands, as they were not Coleridges of Ottery St. Mary, to whose lives these Memoirs are confined.

Although the life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge was spent far from the scenes of early childhood, his "wild firstling-lays" were inspired by the sights and sounds among which he drew his breath. He sings the cadence of the bells in the old Church Tower in the "Frost at Midnight." The "inspired Charity boy" must have spoken of this music to his friend Charles Lamb at Christ's Hospital, for although Charles Lamb never heard the bells of Ottery St. Mary, he makes his characters in his tragedy of John Woodvil allude to them :

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

"MARG. Hark the bells, John!

JOHN. Those are the church bells of St. Mary Ottery.

MARG. I know it.

JOHN. St. Mary Ottery, my native village,
In the sweet shire of Devon,
Those are the bells!"

The exquisite "Songs of the Pixies" are inspired by the genius of the place, and it may be interesting to know that "Pixies Parlour" still exists, and that in the sandstone wall outside the cavern the stranger still may read the initials S. T. C. cut by the poet in 1789 alluded to in the introduction of the poem.

In the pathetic lines to his brother George he mourns his too-early transplantation, "hence through life, chasing chance-started friendships."

No river was ever more lovingly described than his

"Dear native Brook! wild streamlet of the West!"

in his Sonnet to the Otter. Nor was ever picture more tender or more true than that which he paints when he sings:

"Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam
By lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream;
Or where his wave, with loud unquiet song
Dashed o'er the rocky channel froths along;
Or where, his silver waters smoothed to rest,
The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast."

The struggle of life often purges the character of its dross, but it plunges some natures into melancholy, vacillation, or despair. The effect upon the mind of

What he might have been

Samuel Taylor Coleridge may be traced in the magic lines to which he gives the title "Work without hope," and in the sadness which clouds his spirit when he looks back upon his childhood, the memories of his early home, of his sister "when we both were clothed alike," the days when sin and sorrow were not known.

He was never a fighter, his spirit shrank from conflict. It is mayhap a vain regret, but who can say what the poet might not have accomplished, had destiny enabled him through life to walk in peace the cloistered precincts of his early home, where Nature ever lavishes her gifts of beauty, curtained from the rougher winds and storms of life, and protected from the buffets of ill-health, fortune, and the world?

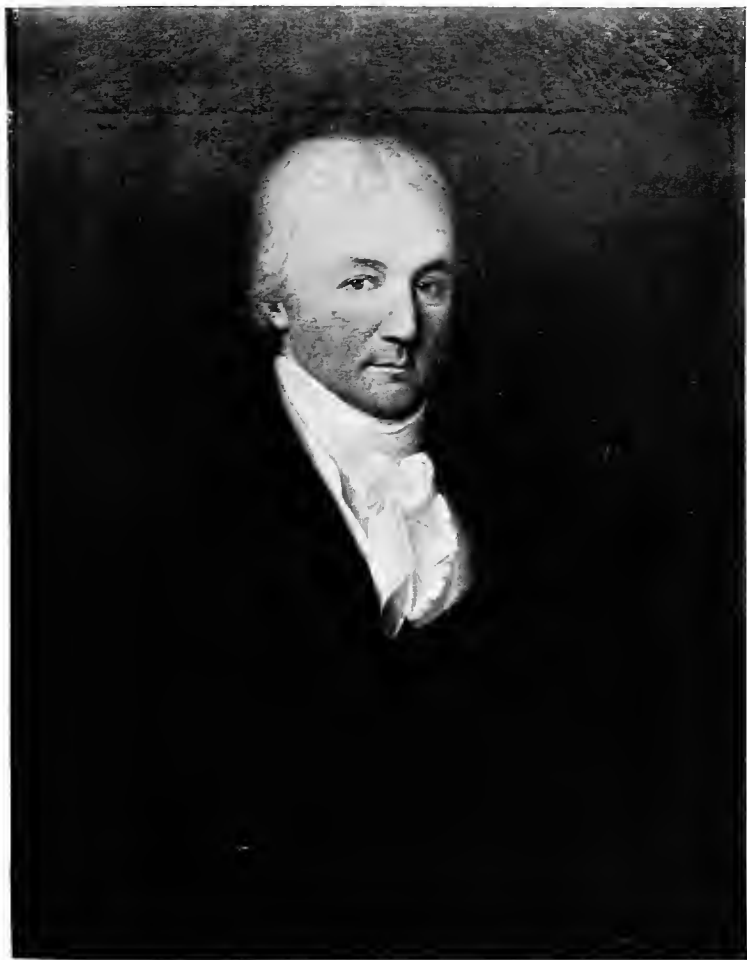
CHAPTER V

JAMES COLERIDGE

I HAVE left to the last the mention of my great-grandfather, James Coleridge, the third surviving son of the Rev. John Coleridge, and I approach a labour of love in trying to set forth his character.

James Coleridge was baptized at South Molton, December 3, 1759, while his father was still schoolmaster at Squire's Endowed Latin School there, just prior to his removal to Ottery St. Mary in the following year. He was educated by his father at the King's School, and that his early education was sound we may judge from the correctness of his English and the literary flavour of his style. The straitened circumstances of home sent him forth from the parent nest at the age of fifteen with a small kit and ten guineas sewn up in the back of his waistcoat. He was a beautiful boy of a fair complexion. Once, getting into a London playhouse, he fainted, and so fair was his aspect as to give rise to a report that it was a girl dressed up in the clothes of a boy, which caused some commotion among the audience.

However, by the help of friends, trusting to the lavish generosity of brother John, which trust was not misplaced, he soon, in 1775, got a commission



COLONEL JAMES COLERIDGE.
By Edward Bird, R.A.

His Marriage

in the Army as Ensign in the 6th Regiment of Foot. He became a Lieutenant in 1778, and a Captain in the 6th or First Warwickshire Regiment. He took a leading part in the Volunteer movement, becoming in 1795 Captain, in 1797 Major-Commandant, and in 1799 Lieutenant-Colonel of the Exmouth and Sidmouth Volunteers. He was for many years aide-de-camp to General Simcoe, who commanded the Western Division. In 1807 he became Lieutenant-Colonel in the Artillery Battalion of the East Devon Legion, and in 1812 Lieutenant-Colonel in the East Devon Militia. He was always called "the Colonel" by his family and neighbours, and as "the Colonel" I shall distinguish him in these Memoirs.

In one of the old houses in Ottery St. Mary there came to live Sarah and Ann Duke, the two unmarried co-heiresses of Robert Duke of Otterton. The antient family of Duke of Otterton had ended in five co-heiresses, of whom one Frances Duke had married in 1753 Bernard Frederick Taylor. One of the two surviving daughters of this marriage, Frances Taylor, came to stay at the house of the Duke aunts at Ottery St. Mary, now the premises of the revived King's School. Here she met the handsome young military officer James Coleridge, and they were married in 1788 at the Church of St. Mary Arches, Exeter, which had listened to the marriage vows of his father and his mother in 1753.

The world knows how his brother Samuel Taylor Coleridge absconded from Jesus College, Cambridge, and, after a short time spent in London, enlisted as a private in the 15th Light Dragoons. Two months' service sickened him of his new life and brought him

James Coleridge

to a state of abject remorse. His brother George recommended him to write to James (the Colonel), February 8, 1794 :—

“James, I am assured from himself, will take an active part in your favour, if judged necessary. A letter to him will prove that you believe him affectionate, which he really is, and that you love him, which he wishes to believe. I mention James, not from any other preference, than that he is peculiarly adapted to serve you in your present distress. If you feel at first indecision about such an application, a coincidence not improbable from your present state of mind, I trust by a manly train of reasoning all difficulties on that head will vanish.”

This letter found Samuel Taylor at Henley, nursing a comrade sick of small-pox. “For eight days and nights I have not had my clothes off. My comrade is not dead ; there is every hope of his escaping death. Closely has he been pursued by the mighty Hunter !”

At last, on February 20, 1794, he wrote the well-known letter to brother James, which is here reproduced, disclosing the name he had assumed for the purpose of enlistment.

The reply which he received from James is alluded to in a letter written to brother George, February 24, 1794 :—

“I received a letter from Tiverton on Thursday, full of wisdom, and tenderness, and consolation.”

But James, always practical, was the means of his obtaining his discharge from the Army in the following month. Never, indeed, was there a more unlikely recruit.

In a word, that free in activity
divided of visibility, few occurrences can
inflict a more acute pang, than the
receiving proofs of treachery and love.
None only repentment and reproach were
expected and deserved. The great force
of evidence, such had incessantly surrounded
within the walls of the prison of their den,
and speaks with the voice of their den.
My earnest friends, you and friends, my
the brother, has displayed a strange
combination of madness, sagacity, and
dexterity — but you forgive me —
May my Mother forgive me! May the
Sons arrive, when I shall have forgiven
myself.

With regard to my emancipation, any
enquiry I have made, any piece of

substance, I can collect, aside from
to assure me, that it may be done by
subtlety, but not by negotiation without
a expense, which I should be able to
write. My queries were offered to
a discharge the day after the young man
was sworn in and were refused. His
friends made interest — and his discharge
came down from the War Office. — of
James's resignation must be first
attended, it will be expected to
write to our Colonel — they have
in Guyana — he holds the rank
of Colonel in the Army — for
advice — General Guyana K.L.D.
Hampden, Major

My opinion here is that the only possible
15 ranking Regt of Light Dragoons — G. Troop —

my brother I do not know — it is of some
importance. The family, however, was engaged
in a half — but a light horseman, however
in a new line — it is expected for him
in the things which he must have been
without a bounty — giving a pair of
Leather breeches, Hathi jacket and belt,
Home cloth, swivel, Watling bottle,
Broom, and the bag of cotton of military
accoutrements. Sold for the 2nd of Decemr
1792, was offered and won in the 1st
I am at present bound to a sick man, and
shall I believe stay at home a little week —
There will be a large draught from
our Regiment to complete our Troop
about — they are now picked out to day —
I suppose I am not one — being a very
indecisive person — I have
Feb. 20th 1794 — J. J. Coleridge

PHOTOGRAPH OF A LETTER FROM SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE TO HIS BROTHER, COL. JAMES COLERIDGE.

His Character

“Within this week I have been thrown three times from my horse and run away with, to the no small perturbation of my nervous system, almost every day. I ride a horse, young and as undisciplined as myself. After tumult and agitation of any kind, the mind and all its affections seem to close for a while—and we sit shivering with chilly feverishness, wrapped up in the ragged and threadbare cloak of mere animal enjoyment.”

After his marriage James left the Army and at first settled at Tiverton, but in 1796 he bought the Chanter's House at Ottery St. Mary from the Heath family, and there lived out his days.

In appearance he was of the middle height, square-faced, of ruddy complexion, with resolute, clear blue eyes. In manner abrupt, yet genial, he commanded respect from all. His family looked up to him with unbounded affection, not unmingled with a certain awe. He had a high temper, sternly kept under control. His emotions lay deep, and, when aroused, for the time completely mastered him. Yet no man was more worldly wise, or a better steward of his own or other's property. His duty was to him a living thing, no cold abstraction, and he walked through life as in the constant recognised presence of Almighty God. His children were his pride. Precocious in development, some of them surpassed him in acquirement, if not in equipment of mind. They were each of them remarkable for character, which was not made same or uniform by unstinted mutual affection.

Six sons grew up from infancy, James Duke, John

James Coleridge

Taylor, Francis George, Bernard Frederick, Henry Nelson, and Edward. We may surely forgive the paternal pride which prompted the Colonel's reference to them in the language of Southey's Madoc as

"that princely race
The beautiful band of brethren that they were."

As in the case of the former generation one daughter was the centre of affection among the goodly band of brothers. Frances Duke, who was always called Fanny, was as much adored and idolised as had been the case with her Aunt Nancy. Hartley Coleridge, her cousin, in 1820 wrote of her: "She is a dear, and a love, with fine dark hair and eyes, plays angelically, and is, according to the vulgar phrase, too good for this world, which said phrase is a little uncharitable, for, were it not for such sweet souls on earth, the manufacture of hell would have no originality about it—a mere duplicate—the old thing over again." Happily, she survived to marry her brother John's most cherished friend, John Patteson, afterwards the well-known Judge of the Queen's Bench, and to become the mother of Bishop Patteson the Missionary, who was slain in Melanesia by those for whom he had given up home and friends and all that made life dear.

At the time of the Colonel's migration to Ottery St. Mary from Tiverton, brother George was Headmaster of the King's School. The Colonel had already sent James and John, his two eldest sons, to school there from Tiverton, under the charge of their "Aunt Luke," the widow of Luke Coleridge,



LADY PATTESON (FRANCES DUKE COLERIDGE).

His Sons at the King's School

the physician, for at that time the Rev. George Coleridge was still unmarried. The little fellows, aged five and six years old respectively, slept in their aunt's room. They could both already write a good hand, taught by some ladies who kept a school at Tiverton, an accomplishment which they never lost, but Aunt Luke had to help them in the more difficult parts of their toilet. When their father removed to Ottery St. Mary, the boys of the family lived at home, while going to school. The school was flourishing. The best Devonshire families—Archers, Northcotes, Bullers, Simcoes, and others—sent their sons there, for the training was kind, though the discipline was what we should call severe. I have often heard my grandfather say that the winter stars were shining in the sky when they came away from their early morning school. But they were used to early rising, and on Sundays bread with Devonshire cream and brown sugar on it was placed by the bedside overnight to bribe them to lie still.

The best sermons in the world are preached by conduct and example. On one occasion the father preached an eloquent sermon to his two eldest boys. James and John had somehow got possession of a rabbit, which they chased round and round a room, without meaning any harm, until it died. The father said nothing, and the lads crept off in great consternation to their bed, a half tester, in their mother's dressing-room. When they woke in the morning, there, hanging from the top of the bed and close to their faces, was their poor little victim. Their shame and remorse, deepened by the absolute silence of their

father, were indescribable, and they were never guilty of conscious cruelty again.

The great joy of all the boys was to spend their holidays with "Aunt Brown" at Combesatchfield, about ten miles away in the parish of Silverton. Mrs. Brown, the sister of Mrs. James Coleridge, was the widow of Henry Langford Brown. Childless herself, she thoroughly adopted her nephews and niece. After the stiff fashion of the day, the two sisters always called each other "Mrs. Brown" and "Mrs. Coleridge," and at the beginning of each holiday the same formula was used: "Very well, Mrs. Coleridge, I am very glad to have the boys, only remember I can't answer for them, and if they are drowned—and the ponds are very deep—or shoot themselves, or break their legs, I'm not to blame." This protest was perhaps not unnecessary when we know that there were two of these ponds on which excursions in tubs were wont to be made, also an old pistol or two, of which the boys had full command, and horses with which they did pretty much as they liked. Orchards too, gardens, fruit at discretion, a famous myrtle-walk, made Combesatchfield a paradise for the young. The mistress of the old-fashioned, stately square-built house was in keeping with its character. Too far from the parish church for her to walk, she always drove on Sunday in her dark green chariot with two fat horses and a postillion, in drab jacket, all over buttons, with white leather breeches, top-boots, a black velvet cap surmounting all, with gold lace on the top, a very vision of splendour to youthful eyes. The postillion was always a Cookesley,



COMBESATCHFIELD.

Combesatchfield

a family which had hereditary claims to be part of the household. Every servant was to go to church, and the house, solitary as it was, to be locked up. She would not relax this rule, although every year, on the Sunday before Silverton Fair, the garden, famous for its apricots, was regularly robbed during church-time.

The house and its antient features have departed, for on the death of Mrs. Brown in 1831 the property passed into the hands of her husband's family, who sold it to the last Lord Egremont. The dignified old Devonshire name of Combesatchfield was not fine enough for him, so he called it "Silverton Park," and proceeded to build a monstrous Italian house clean around the old building, which he never completed, and upon which he spent an idle fortune. A generation afterwards my grandfather, Sir John Taylor Coleridge, paid a visit to the paradise of his childhood. The new buildings were not finished. He entered through a portico, and after walking down a long passage came to the old green front door with its brass knocker. As he stood outside it, waiting for it to be opened, he could hardly help expecting to see old Drewe the butler, and to hear the noise of the bolt being withdrawn as in old times.

The house was never occupied. Lord Egremont spent vast sums on it, and died in 1845, leaving it unfinished, and finally in 1900 the materials were sold to housebreakers, who blew it up with dynamite. The Italian additions were easily demolished, but the kernel, the old brick house, was of tougher mould. Much of it still stands, a ruin which the kindly hand

James Coleridge

of Time will soon make venerable. The ponds, except one deep gloomy excavation in the rock from which a spring wells forth, the park, the myrtle-walk, are gone, and of the delights of old Combesatchfield and of the character and personality of its mistress nothing remains but a memory.

The Colonel loved his joke. He was on very intimate terms with Sir Stafford Northcote, the seventh Baronet, who had been educated at the King's School under the old Vicar and who had carried back little Samuel Taylor on an occasion when he had run away and had slept out all night by the river Otter. There was a review on Woodbury Common, where the Colonel commanded the Devon Volunteers, and Sir Stafford the Yeomanry. The Colonel persuaded Sir Stafford that it would make a splendid effect if he would order his Yeomanry to charge right up to the Volunteers. "Come on as hard as you can," said he, "and don't give the order to halt till you are within twenty paces of us." Sir Stafford went off duly impressed, and when the time came followed the Colonel's advice. The Colonel reserved all his fire till the Yeomanry were close up and at full gallop, and then ordered a volley. Every horse of the Yeomanry stopped dead, turned, and then bolted, while three-fourths of the men flew over the heads of their chargers. Sir Stafford himself, being a good horseman, kept his seat, and amid the shouts of laughter and confusion, all he was heard to say was "O! Jemmy, Jemmy!"

Another story shows the Colonel in one of his playful moods.

One Jackson was also intimate with him and with

His Humour

Sir Stafford, and the three were on one occasion invited by a Mr. Wright to dine at Lymptstone. This Mr. Wright was proud of his cucumbers and of having them earlier and finer than anybody in the county. The Colonel before dinner strolled out unobserved into the garden, and found, after some search, one splendid cucumber which he privily bestowed in his coat-pocket.

They sat down subsequently to dinner. Wright is gloomy and depressed. At last Sir Stafford asks him what oppresses him, whereat Wright says, "Well, the fact is I had a magnificent cucumber which I meant to have offered you to-night, but some damnable fellow has stolen it!"

"Humph," says the incredulous Colonel, "very early indeed for cucumbers, isn't it, Jackson? They never grow so early as this anywhere that I know of but at Ottery St. Mary."

"Ottery St. Mary!" says Wright, "why that's the latest place in Devon for anything!"

"Well!" says the Colonel, "all I can say is, that being fond of cucumbers myself, and not supposing you could be likely to have one for three weeks yet I brought one along with me from Ottery, and I think," says he, producing it from his pocket, "that you will allow it to be a fine one!" Sir Stafford looks at the cucumber, and then at the Colonel. The joke is out, and Wright laughs as heartily as the others.

On November, 3, 1801, "the Colonel" drew up an account of his property. "An account of moneys and estates drawn up for the express purpose of saving

James Coleridge

trouble, if it should please God to remove from this world ye present Steward of ye under-mentioned property."

Here follows a list of the property and then he adds :

"I trust it will appear to my dear wife and children that I have not been an unjust Steward. I wish the Almighty God before Whom I shall soon stand to answer for my actions in this world may find me equally free from other faults.—JAMES COLERIDGE."

The sum total is thus stated—

			£	s.	d.
Yearly income	800	10	11
Yearly deductions	...		83	2	6
Clear receipt	717	8	5

That he could on this income send three out of six sons to Eton, four to the Universities, train one for the Army, one for the Bar, send another son as a volunteer into the Navy, and fit another for the profession of a solicitor shows that he must indeed have been a careful steward.



THE CHANTER'S HOUSE, OTTERTON S. MARY.

CHAPTER VI

THE CHANTER'S HOUSE

I HAVE already mentioned that in the year 1796 the Colonel, migrating from Tiverton to Ottery St. Mary, the home of his childhood, bought the house which still continues to be the home of the family.

The house has a history interesting to those who live in it.

Round the great Church before the dissolution of the College in 1545 stood the houses inhabited by the various members of the Collegiate Body. There were houses belonging to the Warden, the Minister, the Sacrist, and the Chanter. There were also the Canons' houses, and there was a Manor Hall, since converted into the Manor House, in which all the secular business of the estate was conducted, the College being Lords of the Manor. The last Chanter, or Precentor, was John Peryns, who, prior to the dissolution, let his house to John Duke, an ancestor of the wife of the Colonel. The College owned all these houses. At the dissolution the Manor was granted to the Duke of Somerset, and in 1548 he let "Le Chaunter's House" to Richard Duke for a term of years. In 1552 on Somerset's attainder for high treason the Manor passed by forfeiture to the Crown.

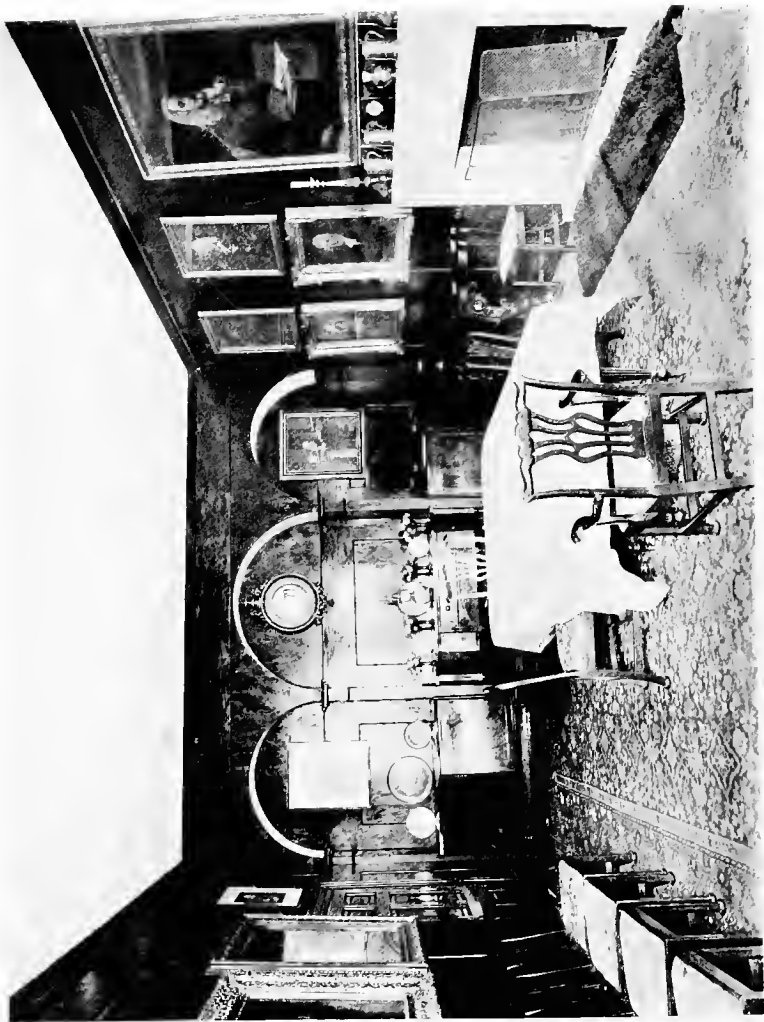
The Chanter's House

The lease of the Chanter's House was surrendered in 1561, whereupon the house was granted to John Courtney, or Courtenay, and his son Roger for their lives. This John Courtenay was the seventh son of Sir William Courtenay of Powderham, who died in 1512.

In 1599 Roger Courtenay died insolvent, whereupon we find that Queen Elizabeth seized his best beast to satisfy the unpaid rent. In 1617 James I. sold the Manor to Sir Francis Bacon, then Lord Keeper, and others for a term of ninety-nine years, and in 1628 the lease of the Chanter's House as well as the reversion was purchased by Robert Collins.

This Robert Collins died the next year. His son Robert Collins succeeded, and was followed in his turn by his son, Robert Collins. The property remained in the family of Collins until 1685, when it was sold by the then owner, Robert Collins, a grandson of the purchaser, to Thomas Heath.

It was in the hands of Robert Collins No. 2 during the time of the Great Rebellion. This Robert Collins was a strong sympathiser with the Parliament. Ottery St. Mary became the quarters of the King's troops. But in 1645 on the advance of the Parliamentary Army the Royalists retired further west, beyond Exe. The rival soldiery occupied the town, and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Thomas Fairfax, became the guest of Robert Collins at the Chanter's House. Ireton was the commissary, and John Pickering, fresh from his triumphs at Bridgwater and Bristol, at which place he had been the first at the storming within the enemy's works, was the Colonel. A graceful ceremony was performed in our dining-



THE CONVENTION ROOM OF OLIVER CRONWELL AT THE CHANTER'S HOUSE.

Meeting of Cromwell and Fairfax

room, then called "the Great Parlour." A number of members of Parliament, in the name of both Houses, presented Fairfax with "a fair jewel, set with diamonds of great value which they tied with blue ribbon and hung about his neck, in grateful recognition of his signal services at the battle of Naseby" (Sprigg's "England's Recovery").

Hither likewise came the Lord General Cromwell, and in "the Great Parlour," which seems afterwards to have been called "the Convention Room," Fairfax deputed Cromwell to take command of the forces in the West, and arranged with him the plan of campaign against the King's forces, which terminated in the capitulation on honourable terms of Sir Ralph Hopton in Cornwall in the following March (see Polwhele i. 327).

Fairfax stayed at the Chanter's House from October 29th to December 6th, when a sickness akin to the plague overtaking the army, they were forced to remove to Tiverton.

These scenes made an impression on the mind of young Robert, the son of Robert Collins, the host of Fairfax. Going up to Exeter College, Oxford, in 1650 he became a Fellow in 1652, took Holy Orders, and after being made Chaplain to the College, was appointed to the Vicarage of Talaton, close to Ottery St. Mary, by Cromwell, who cast out the then Vicar, Mr. Pynsent, as being a "scandalous minister."

This Mr. Pynsent, in the time of Charles I., had held two benefices, one in Cornwall and one at Talaton. He was ejected from his Cornish living for gross immorality. As no one complained of him at Talaton, he continued there to minister to souls.

The Chanter's House

When Cromwell, however, became the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, he proceeded to purge the Church of Mr. Pynsent. Talaton lost her spiritual counsellor, and the living was sequestered. The cure was given to a Mr. Sprat, the father of the Bishop of Rochester, and on his death to the Rev. Robert Collins.

His father being dead, Mr. Collins lived at the Chanter's House, and served Talaton from his home. Mr. Pynsent, the ejected minister, continued to live in his former parish. He swore he would never go to church till the church was restored to him. But he regularly attended Divine service—outside—peeping through the windows.

On the restoration of Charles II. Mr. Pynsent, immoral minister though he was, was promptly restored to his benefice and Mr. Collins as promptly ejected. But alas for his oath that he would never enter the church till he was restored to the living, for on the day of his restoration he was smitten with paralysis, and never entered the church until he was carried thither four years later to be buried!

The Act of Uniformity, passed in 1662, declared that every minister should declare his assent and consent to everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer on pain of being *ipso facto* deprived of his benefice. Because Mr. Collins refused to subscribe his assent he was ejected from Talaton, and became in the eye of the law a Nonconformist. But he went further. He disregarded the Conventical Act passed in 1664. That Act declared that if more than five people beyond a family met to worship in



CADHAY HOUSE AND BRIDGE, OTTERY S. MARY.

Attacks on Rev. Robert Collins

any manner other than was allowed by the practice of the Church of England, the worshippers were criminals liable, if they persisted, to be sentenced by a single magistrate to transportation on the evidence of spies and informers, and without the protection of trial by jury.

So on September 25, 1670, the churchwardens and constables with a great mob after them, beset the Chanter's House upon an information that some schoolboys had given, that a prayer-meeting had been held there. Sir Peter Prideaux, of Netherton Hall, issued a warrant to break open the doors of the Chanter's House and secure the person of Mr. Collins and others and bring them before him. He was fined, and a descent was made upon his property to answer for the fine.

On August 20, 1675, Robert Collins preached in his own house to his family and neighbours. Sympathisers thronged to hear him. He was again convicted and fined.

His great enemy was Mr. Haydon, of Cadhay, who, on August 20, 1679, broke open his gates and doors and made a strict search. The congregation had by that time dispersed, but Mr. Collins and twenty-three worshippers were convicted at the Sessions of unlawful assembly. On May 15, 1681, Mr. Haydon with several officers demanded admission, which, being denied, they broke open "the great gate, and then the doors." But they only found this time three persons beside the family, and five being necessary to constitute the offence the persecutors were for the time foiled.

The Chanter's House

But not for long. Ten days afterwards Mr. Haydon arrested Mr. Collins as he was on horseback attending a funeral. He imprisoned him and required that he should take the Corporation oath. Mr. Collins refused, and was in consequence imprisoned for six months. He employed his time in gaol in preaching and praying with the criminals, especially with one poor malefactor under sentence of death. The magistrates repeatedly convicted him of not going to church. The ecclesiastical courts at the same time excommunicated him, which made it illegal for him to do so. He was also convicted of the offence of living in his own house, the Chanter's House being within five miles of Talaton where he had been minister.

At last this constant persecution broke him down, and in 1685 he sold the Chanter's House to Mr. Thomas Heath, and withdrew with his family to Holland, where he died. His last act was to bequeath a sum of money to the building of the Congregational Chapel at Ottery St. Mary.

Thomas Heath was a member of a well-known Exeter family, which gave a judge to the English Bench. He was succeeded by a son of the name of Staplehill Heath. Staplehill Heath married firstly Ann Duke, by whom he had a son, John Heath, who succeeded him and afterwards took the name of Duke on succeeding to the Duke estates at Otterton. Staplehill Heath's first wife died in 1734, and he proceeded in 1736 to marry Elizabeth Bartlett, a widow, who survived him.

Staplehill Heath died in 1759, and by his will he

An Aged Centenarian

divided the Chanter's House into moieties, leaving one-half to his widow and the other half to his son. We thus have in his will an interesting description of the rooms in the house, and he describes our present dining-room as "the Great Parlour," and certain bedrooms as "the Great Parlour Chamber, the Blue Chamber, and the Little Chamber," which rooms still remain—and we still have "the wine cellar, the ale cellar, and the small beer cellar" underneath.

Elizabeth Heath, the widow, is mentioned by Polwhele as having lived in Oliver Cromwell's Convention House, and as dying at the age of 113. He makes a mistake in the date of her death, which he puts in 1786 instead of 1785. She died at the Chanter's House at the age of 112, and could remember the landing of King William III. in Torbay in 1688, and his dining at Ottery St. Mary on November 21st, on his way between Exeter and Honiton. Finally, on October 19, 1796, "the Chanter's House and Wardens Lands," so described in the conveyance, were sold to James Coleridge, the Colonel, who removed from Tiverton, and made his final home among the scenes of his childhood.

It has been the home of the family from that time. The house, nestling under the shelter of the Church, approached from the town by what is still called "the College," looks out south and west over the broad pastoral vale of Otter. A small, swelling hill, crowned with trees, called "The Hilly Field," breaks the view, at the foot of which runs a bright stream, crossed by "the Lover's Bridge," welling up originally near Holcombe Farm to join the river. On the summit there

The Chanter's House

is a small close, Batt's Close, once owned by General Monk, and at its foot lies "The Fool's Meadow," so named (I believe) because the rent was once devoted to the support of "the fool" or "innocent" of the parish. In 1849 the back part of the house was pulled down and rebuilt, and in 1880 the substituted portion was again removed and two new wings added, from the designs of William Butterfield, one containing a large library, seventy feet long, and capable of holding some twenty thousand books. In the course of the demolition the old, painted oak beams of the original entrance hall of the Chanter's House were discovered and were carefully preserved in the roof of an added porch. The rest of the old rooms, particularly the Convention Room of Oliver Cromwell, remain.



THE REV. PRESB. JAMES DUKE COVERIDGE.
By J. W. Wright.

CHAPTER VII

JAMES DUKE COLERIDGE—EDWARD COLERIDGE

THE Colonel's eldest son, James Duke, was born at Tiverton, June 13, 1789. He was originally intended for his father's profession, the Army, but some physical affection which appeared in one of his legs prevented his hopes of a military career. After serving for a period in the Army, he went to Balliol College, Oxford, in 1808, and took orders in 1812. He was appointed curate, first at St. Sidwell's, Exeter, and then at Whimble. He held at different periods the incumbencies of Kenwyn and Kea, Lawhitton, Lewannick, and Thorverton. Sometimes for short periods these incumbencies overlapped, for pluralists were not much criticised. He became a B.C.L. in 1821, a Prebendary of Exeter in 1825, took his D.C.L. in 1835, and died December 26, 1857.

Of a nature inclined to be self-indulgent and to love the good things of this world, he schooled himself more and more as life went on to live for others and to look above. In early days he was improvident, borrowed money from relatives, and let debts accumulate, to the great dismay of his most prudent father. He was proud of his gig, of his horse and his harness, and to the end of

James Duke Coleridge

his life the military instincts of the "Good Centurion," as he was affectionately styled, survived in a certain attention to dress and bearing. He was consequently mostly short of ready money, but had great nobility of mind. One instance of this stands out as worthy of remembrance. His first cousin, Rev. George May Coleridge, only child of his uncle, the Rev. George Coleridge, succeeded to the fortune acquired by the latter during his successful reign at the King's School. Being himself unmarried, George May had added during his lifetime to the stock. James Coleridge had understood from George May that he desired his fortune to descend to his double first cousin, William Hart Coleridge, the only child of Luke, the physician. Their fathers were brothers and their mothers sisters. When the will of George May came to be read, it was found that through some informality the whole of the property came to James. On hearing of this James instantly sent for brother Frank, the attorney, and executed a conveyance to William Hart of every scrap of property which became vested in him by the will. With a white and determined face he placed the conveyance in his cousin's hands, would take no denial, and remained a poor man unrepining to his death. Such acts deserve to be recorded.

In the pulpit his voice was musical, his language apt and scholarly, touched with the pensive melancholy characteristic of his clan, and he always drew large congregations. In sickness and misfortune he was the unfailing comforter. If James was with them they needed no other spiritual guide.

When his brother Frank, the attorney, was on



REV. EDWARD COLERIDGE,
LOWER MASTER AND FELLOW OF ETON COLLEGE.
By Mrs. Carpenter.

Edward Coleridge

his death-bed, he sent for brother James : " Jim," said he, " will you do me one last favour? Will you read the burial service over my dead body? " James tightened his lips. " Nothing but death shall prevent me." " I believe," said Frank smiling, " that I shall hear your voice, old Jim, from my coffin." The promise was performed. It was a touching scene, and there are those alive who vividly recall the picture of James, the last sad ceremony over, pacing the Manor House lawn (Frank's home) with bowed head, murmuring, " Alas! my brother!" and refusing to be comforted. He died December 26, 1857.

Edward Coleridge.

Edward, the youngest of the band of brothers, was born at Ottery St. Mary, May 11, 1800. He was a fine, handsome boy, full of spirits, and grew into an equally fine, handsome man. He would have made a dashing officer. Courage, manliness, and a certain boastfulness, the result of high and equable spirits, remained with him through life. He was a sportsman from the cradle. But the Church attracted him. He went up to Corpus in 1818, became a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, in 1823, an assistant-master at Eton 1824-1850, and lower-master from 1850-1857, when he became a Fellow. In 1862 he became Vicar of Mapledurham, and died in 1883.

He had by far the most successful house at Eton for many years, and when he flogged the boys, which he did with a will, he said he loved them more for

Edward Coleridge

every stroke he gave them. He was particularly interested in mission work, raising £30,000 by his own personal exertions for the building of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. He bore the infirmities of old age with indifference, the fruit of his buoyant, joyous nature. He was a complete embodiment of the muscular Christian.

If we want a peep at a typical schoolboy of 1809 we may read a letter which Edward, ever a fighter, indites from the King's School, Ottery St. Mary, to brother Frank, then reading in an attorney's office in Exeter.

“DEAR PETTIFOGGER,—I am much obliged to you for your kind letter. I hope we shall always keep up our correspondence. Some nights ago I went into the School-court and heard a great noise in the School, upon which I entered, and at the same time had a great many books thrown at my head, upon which I took up some of them and threw them again, and then went home. At half-past ten o'clock Papa received a letter from Mr. Warren (the Headmaster) charging me with many false things. He said Gattey Sillifant and McCally had brought sundry books torn in a dreadful manner, upon which Mr. Warren went into the room and charged the boys with it; they all denied it, and said it was me alone, and that I had taken them out of the boxes. The next morning I went in to Mr. Warren and told him the boys, and he punished them severely. They are in great enmity with me, and mean to fall upon me when I am by myself; so I arm myself every night with a nice stick

Schoolboy Letter

and a little dagger. Perry Parmer was down at the bottom of the shambles letting off trains of powder (the shambles were situated in 'The Flexton,' or open market-place). After letting off a good many, there was a little spark of fire upon the board, upon which, pouring some powder, it caught fire and run up to the powder-horn and burst it, which struck his hand very much, and his face.

"Mr. Whitelock thought he would have lost his sight, but he will not, he is in dreadful pain and is forced to be watched by all night. I strive as much as I can to do my lessons. I am now reading the 9th book of Homer, and when I have read to the end of the 12th I am going to read the 'Odyssey.' I begun Sallust the other day. I am now doing the 6th book of Virgil's 'Æneid,' where Ulysses went down and paid a visit to Old Nick. My exercises are, now John is away, English Themes. Cæsar to translate and turn into Latin again, and Virgil to learn by heart, and Greek Testament. I suppose you learn more roguishness, more rascality, but I believe that is unlawful, so I suppose you will bring an action against me for hurting your character. We shall make sixteen hogsheads of cyder this year. I have got a duck and brood.

"I have now nothing more to say but that I remain, your most affectionate,

"E. COLERIDGE."

"Since I wrote this I went out in the evening and met a set of the schoolboys who are called 'the banditty,' from their firing shots at the people. Charles Kenna-way, one of them, said that I had been calling them

Edward Coleridge

rascals. I told him I had not, but that I *knew* who it was, upon which he called me a liar, and I called him the same. He offered to fight me, I accepted, and we went up into the Churchyard, where we set to, and he, being in a great passion, knew not what he did, for he kept on running at me and trying to strike me, but he missed me every time but one, for I slipped out of the way every time, and turning upon him every time, drubbed him properly ; but he would not give out until I gave him a heavy blow on the side of the temple and knocked him down, having done the same twice before, when he gave out. Upon which we shook hands and departed, having pounded his face pretty well. This Mr. Charles Kennaway is a great bully, and I was determined to have it out, and so I did, and returned victorious from the field of battle! Charles Griffiths was the person who called after them."

Edward Coleridge was a contemporary at Oxford with his cousin, Hartley Coleridge, who put him on the right path of Aristotelian Scholarship, Hartley being at that time (1820) Fellow of Oriel. The result was that Samuel Taylor Coleridge took an especial pleasure in keeping up epistolary correspondence with his nephew and in seeing him whenever he could. I find him asking on occasions Charles Lamb, Rev. Blanco White, the author of the majestic "Sonnet to Night," Edward Irving, John Hookham Frere, and others to meet Edward at Mr. Gillman's at Highgate. Edward, at the request of his uncle, was instrumental in the placing of young Henry

Letter from Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Gillman at Eton, where he became his pupil. The boy had a bad memory, which the poet describes to Edward as "the fainting-fit of his Recollection on the very couch of his memory." The poet seems to have confided much in him. Writing in 1821 he says:—

"In the course of a fortnight I shall have looked over four or five of my larger and smaller memorandum books of old date; there are passages which I do not mind your seeing, for the more *you* know what my mind has been, as well as what it is for strength and for weakness, the more accordant will your judgment respecting me be with my wishes. Only you will read them *dramatically*, i.e., as the portrait and impress of the mood—birds of passage or bubbles. But I would have them sacred to your eye."

John Taylor Coleridge, second son of the Colonel, being for a short period editor of the *Quarterly Review*, his uncle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, writes to Edward to say that he is afraid even now the *Quarterly* will not be an exception to the hostility of the Press against him. For Charles Lamb tells him, "You are one of Fortune's 'ne'er-do-wells,' the *Edinburgh Review* abuses you, the *Quarterly* never mentions you. Murray hates you, Gifford did not like you, and now your Nephew is Editor he cannot befriend you, without subjecting himself and (as Murray will say) the *Quarterly* itself to a charge of Partiality and Nepotism."

On May 19, 1825, the poet writes to Edward after a visit of the latter to Highgate :

Edward Coleridge

“MY VERY DEAR NEPHEW,—You have left me under a painful yet genial feeling of regret, that my lot in life has hitherto so much estranged me from the children of the sons of my Father, that venerable countenance and name which form my earliest recollections and made them *religious*. It is not in my power to express adequately so as to convey it to others what a revolution has taken place in my mind since I have seen your sister, and John, and Henry, and, lastly, yourself. Yet revolution is not the word I want. It is rather the sudden evolution of a seed that had sunk too deep for the warmth and exciting air to reach ; but which a casual spade had turned up and brought close to the surface, and I now *know* the *meaning* as well as the *truth* of the Scottish proverb, ‘Blood is thicker than water.’”

Writing of John’s editorship of the *Quarterly Review* to Edward in December, 1825, he says:—

“You are aware, my very dear nephew, that neither my feelings nor my judgment have ever been thoroughly reconciled to the Editorship, and only appeased by the almost implicit confidence I have the habit of feeling in John’s strength and sanity of judgment. The pleasure with which I heard of his professional success was sensibly increased by the hope that stress of business would with the motive remove the ability and continue in that honourable but invidious situation, for which, likewise, a *dash* of the *party-coloured* Devil is almost a necessary qualification.”

The high spirits and robust optimism of Edward was always a tonic to the melancholia and remorseful introspection of the poet’s mind.



BERNARD FREDERICK COLERIDGE.

(Drawn from a shadow.)

CHAPTER VIII

BERNARD FREDERICK COLERIDGE—LIFE OF A MIDSHIP-
MAN IN THE GREAT FRENCH WAR

BERNARD FREDERICK COLERIDGE, born at Tiverton, October 5, 1792, third surviving son of the Colonel, was taught in early childhood at the King's School by his Uncle George. His was a manly young spirit, affectionate, adventurous. At the early age of eleven, in June, 1804, he entered as a volunteer of the first class in the Royal Navy. He left his home at Ottery St. Mary for Plymouth, where he was gazetted on board H.M.S. *Impetueux*.

The letters of the little midshipman deal with one of the most remarkable feats of British seamanship, the Blockade of Brest during the years of hostility which followed on the breaking of the Peace of Amiens in 1802. Prior to the Peace, Lord Howe and Lord Bridport had attempted to confine the French Fleet within their harbours, but upon a different principle. The scheme of these commanders was to keep the British Fleet up to fighting pitch within British harbours, ready to sally forth to engage the enemy when news of their putting to sea came to hand. Spithead was the naval base.

In those days the veering wind was mistress of

Bernard Frederick Coleridge

the fleet. The Bay of Biscay constantly swept by westerly Atlantic gales was considered too hazardous an ocean to patrol. Such a policy was cautious, but was unsuccessful. On a December evening in 1796, Hoche and the French Fleet set sail from Brest for Ireland. Two British ships, the *Indefatigable* and the *Revolutionnaire*, alone witnessed the departure. Sir Edward Pellew in the *Indefatigable* despatched the *Revolutionnaire* to give tidings to the British Fleet which was fifty miles from Ushant, and the news came three days too late. In spite of his effort to confuse the French Fleet by giving false signals in the gloaming, they put out to sea unchallenged.

But now, under Earl St. Vincent, with Cornwallis as the Admiral to carry into effect his plans, a different policy was adopted. Spithead was too far off, and Plymouth was chosen as the naval base. The ships were kept at sea instead of in harbour, and only visited the base to water and take in stores when necessary. The Channel Fleet by an exercise of extraordinary skill in seamanship and tenacity of purpose kept firm grip of the great French fortress and immured Gantheaume within the *goulet* of Brest harbour. When westerly gales blew hard the French ships could not get out, and the English Fleet kept off the land, and went by relays to refit. When the east wind blew and the French ships prepared to sail, the British vessels were hovering in the offing, prepared to strike for the honour of their country. We rightly praise the sleuth-hound pursuit by Nelson of Villeneuve to the West Indies and back ending with Trafalgar, but that great hunt would

The Blockade of Brest

have been impossible but for the dogged haunting by Cornwallis of the dangerous west coast of France.

These artless, graphic letters draw a vivid picture of these critical times. It is clear that the boy was an especial favourite of his Captain, afterwards Admiral Sir Byam Martin. The story is here told of many of the movements of the fleet sometimes ranging down to Ferrol and Cadiz, with an occasional putting into Plymouth for provisions and repairs. Except when in port they fared hardly in those days, owing mainly to the scandalous speculations at the Admiralty, which Lord Cochrane in vain exposed in Parliament. The little lad had a joyous nature which hardships did not daunt. His letters home show that on the lonely night watches on deck his thoughts went slipping back to the bright stream running through his father's fields, to the flowers in his little garden, to the apples in the orchard, and to those who loved him because he loved them. None were forgotten.

In the belief that his letters in their faded ink, speaking from the distant past, are the best historians of his brief biography, I quote from them.

“*April 30, 1804. H.M. Impetueux.*

“MY DEAR FATHER,—I received your letter dated the 22nd, the day before we sailed. We expect the French Fleet of 50 sail every day here ; they are out, and every ship is looking out south-east for them, the signal is just made for that purpose. A frigate, the *Lively*, passed us to-day, and made the signal that

Bernard Frederick Coleridge

they had despatches to give to Sir Robert Calder off Ferroll and were to proceed without a moment's delay. We are going off Cadiz now so you had better not write me till I have wrote you where we are, which will be in my next letter. We are a stout fleet here of 20 sail of the line, 10 of which are three-deckers, and when the squadron off Toulon joins us we shall be altogether about 30 sail, a fleet which will beat the best 50 sail the French ever had, for there are 50 sail of the line out. Never mind, we will have a bout in three or four days with them. We are going to have a very long cruise, about eight months, then I shall have about 6d. (a day) instead of 3d., and I shall be able to buy a cocked hat and I will try for a quadrant. My watch is repaired and Captain¹ Martin has got it and won't give it me to wear. He says I shall spoil it if I do, so he keeps it for me which I don't like at all.

"Tell Major Darling that I was not in fault for tumbling overboard, that I had got hold of a slack rope.

"Your affectionate son,

"B. F. COLERIDGE."

"*Thursday, 26th. H.M. Impetueux.*

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I received your packet with great joy on Wednesday about 1 o'clock from Mr. Baker, and ran down into the cockpit to examine the contents, and I was a great deal more delighted with the letters than with the sweetmeats, but those were very acceptable indeed also. I tore open Frank's

¹ Afterwards Sir Byam Martin, Admiral of the Fleet.

Life on Board H.M.S. Impetueux

(his brother's) letter first and I was much delighted with the contents of it, but I could not read any more before dinner, I being invited to dinner to the Ward-room to dine upon green peas and mutton and other good things, so that Mama might not when she is giving Frank a spoonful of green peas say that she wished I had them, for indeed I live very well, having fresh roast beef every day almost. After dinner I had strawberries and wine, but wine is no luxury to me, for I have two glasses at dinner every day and two at supper, which is my half allowance, I not liking grog. I go into the Captain's cabbin every day for two hours and read and write whatever we choose, and I assure you that these two hours are the happiest in the day to me ; but altogether I am very happy indeed, seeing Brest and Ushant every day, and the other day we were so near that with Mr. Baker's glass which he lent me I could see everything, even to perceive two boys riding across a gate on a plank, and so did two or three others with me. I learn . . . lines of Virgil every week, I read . . . with Mrs. Jenny, the . . . who is very kind to me. I thought you would sooner have something than nothing, for the boat is waiting.

“So I remain, your dutiful son,
“ B. F. COLERIDGE.”

“ON BOARD H.M. *Impetueux*,
“June 9, *Saturday*.

(? 1804).

“MY DEAR FATHER,—I suppose you are astonished I did not write to you before, but I did not think

Bernard Frederick Coleridge

it was proper before we set sail which we do to-day, I believe, for the Quarter-master called us to-day at six o'clock and the general time is half-past seven, and we are down at breakfast by eight. We have twelve-shilling tea for breakfast, and biscuit, which is very good indeed, but rather maggoty. We play at marbles on the poop, and yesterday I lost ninety to Hood while we were in the boat alongside the *Trenon*. We have very good dinners and teas and suppers, tea and sugar is allowed by the purser, but we have our own; we have also ham, coffee, and cocoa, and we have a nice berth with candles all day. I tumbled out of my hammock last night, but did not knock myself at all. I sent for a silver tea-spoon and table-spoon with my initials engraved on them for a guinea by Mr. Combe, our caterer. The candlesticks, though they are not bigger than our small candlesticks at home, are, I suppose, at least ten pounds' weight, that they may not turn over when the ship rolls. I am asked into the Wardroom by the officers almost every day, but I do not go much. The *Doris* frigate came in yesterday. All the midshipmen are good fellows, but they swear rather, but I shall try what I can, with God Almighty's assistance, to keep out of their example. Give my love to all my brothers and Mama, and desire her to comfort herself, for I am perfectly happy. Love to Uncle George, and thanks for his kind present, and to Aunt Edward, Edwin (his cousin), Uncle Edward, Frank, Fatman Edward (his little brother, afterwards Fellow of Eton), Henry and Aunt Brown, and all my schoolfellows, particularly Cornish Archer and Northcote. I cannot

Visit of Admiral Graves

say anything more, so I remain, your affectionate son,

“ B. F. COLERIDGE.

“ *Tuesday, June 12, 1804.*

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—I take this opportunity of writing to you because now I have finished my watch and I am at leisure to do what I chuse. Well, then, I will tell you what has happened since last letter. On Monday in the morning we came so near France that we could discover with our naked eyes houses, trees, and windmills, and I have seen Bordeaux and Ushant. The *Colossus* is cruizing up and down with us, ever sailing, and in the afternoon I was upon the quarter-deck walking when the signal was hallo'ed that there was a strange sail in sight, upon which the sentinels fired their guns and everything was prepared for an engagement ; the ship not answering or hoisting any flag we fired a 32-pounder loaded with grape-shot at them, upon which they hoisted the American colours and sailed on. We have on board Admiral Graves, who came on board the same day in his ten-oared barge, and as soon as he put his foot on shipboard the drums and fifes began to play and the marines and all presented their arms. We are all prepared for action, all our guns being loaded with double shot. We have a fine sight, which is the Grand Channel Fleet, which consists of 95 sail of the line, each from 120 down to 64 guns ; but the best fun was yesterday about 4 o'clock p.m. The door of one of the ducks' houses was left open in which were about 20 ducks, when a pig took it into his head to

Bernard Frederick Coleridge

run in ; instantly the ducks began to quack and the man runs to see what made them. The instant he saw the pig he begins swearing and kicking the poor pig, who squeals and bawls, and the man swearing, the pig squealing, and the ducks quacking would have made Frank and Neddy laugh very much, but I hope the pigs have not run upon my garden. I can say nothing more, but give my love to all my brothers, relations, and friends. So I remain,

“Your affectionate Son,

“F. COLERIDGE.”

“DEAR TED,—YOU MUST LEARN YOUR BOOK AND REMEMBER PEDDY.”

“H.M. *Impeteux*, OFF BREST.

“June 15.

“45 minutes past 12.

“MY DEAR FATHER,—The day before yesterday it blew very hard indeed, so that we could only show the main-topsail to it, but since it is become quite calm and very pleasant weather, but so hot that I can hardly bear it. I am glad James is so well again, but for the fact of walking my old donkey will supply its place. I wish I could have a bathing match in the millstream, but it is not allowed here on account of the immense quantity of seaweed.

“15 minutes past two.

“I now resume my pen again. I have been in the cabbin rigging our ship and having our log-books overhauled by the Clerk, who reports to the Captain every Saturday, and to-day mine was the only log-

The Fleet Victualled at Sea

book that was up among all the youngsters. I should like to have seen Edward kicking about like a frog in the water and holloing out at the ducking which I suppose he did not like the best of all things in the world."

He would like to have been present with Brother John at the King's Supper and the Queen's Play Entertainment at Eton, but, boylike, would have preferred the former. He is rigging up a ship, the *Caledonia*, fit to sail across the pond at Combesatchfield, and very much wants a naval drawing-book he has seen in Trewman's shop at Exeter.

The fleet appears to be victualled at sea, for they are not to put in until October. We may imagine his excitement at the capture of a sword-fish which was chasing a mackerel he was hauling at.

"H.M.S. *Impeteux*, OFF BREST.

"June 29, 1804.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I assure you your letter made me as happy as anything, and I hope this one will make you equally so. I always say my prayers every night and morning. I never swear, and I hope I never shall—at least I shall pray to God to keep me from it. I always write on every occasion, and I hope you will make yourself happy, for I am sure I am as happy as the day is long. I knew old Sam would look at my plantation. I hope Dash (the dog) and (Sister) Fanny are very well, as also the cows and horses. I suppose Fanny is grown up and can work very well, and if she has got an abundance of

black silk and fine working thread I should be glad if she could send me two or three skeins of each, for I want some very much, having used all Aunt Luke gave me."

He tells his mother how he was thinking of home "all the watch, walking up and down the quarter-deck with my hat down over my ears, my cravat round my neck and all entirely buttoned up, but I thought I would have given the world for a warm great coat." . . . "I assure you that I am so far from being tired by reading your letter that I wish it was a thousand times longer. You hit the mark exactly when you said that I should be happy to hear from you, for I assure you you are seldom out of my mind." He turns then to brother Frank—"Dear Pick"—and after a juvenile inquiry as to whether he has got braces yet, says, "I shall not see Bonaparte unless I come alongside his flat-bottomed boat. I suppose you were laughing at Mama for not going down the little path at Maiden Milk Field," which involved the mounting of a stile (which still exists), an insuperable obstacle to the wanderings of the somewhat portly dame.

The fond father spies the *Impeteux* from the shore as the ship beats up and down off Cawsand. Each morning the lad rises at six and paces the deck for two hours and a half. He hems his towels and is reckoned a good tailor, but his delight is reading in the "cabbins." From the mizen-top he can see twenty-seven French ships of the line and frigates galore in the harbour at Brest not daring to come out while the *Impeteux* and her friends are on guard.

Sits upon the Mast-head

Once they came in somewhat closer, with the result that a shell from one of the batteries burst close by the ship and the wind knocked a man down who was standing upon the forecastle. "I say my prayers," he assures his father, "every morning and evening regularly, and indeed nothing makes me so happy as the thoughts that I have a good conscience and that no one can accuse me of doing any harm to them intentionally."

They have plays every Saturday on board. One is "The Castle Spectre," winding up of course invariably with "Rule Britannia." Poor Ottery St. Mary! the Christmas mummers there, the only drama he has witnessed, are beaten out of all competition.

To his formidable but loving aunt, Mrs. Brown, of Combesatchfield, he writes in his best style. The stern realities of life at sea are not confined to hearing the ineffectual fire of the batteries at Brest, but he has to witness a flogging, and the man roared so terribly that he could not bear to see it.

On July 3, 1804, he sat upon the mast-head for the first time: "the sea looked most terrible to me, it being so far below me, but I was not the least afraid of falling." He has a firm belief in the invincibility of H.M.S. *Impeteux* and her crew, "9 sail of the line and 4 frigates are in Brest going to the West Indies full of Troops. But they will only go if we let them. There is a three-decker among them with her ports barred up, but I believe if the old *Impeteux* was to get alongside of her we would make her unbar her ports presently!"

Bernard Frederick Coleridge

Mama has been ill. Little Fred ascribes it to her "rummaging about the house" too much and recommends her sitting still at home, and going a-visiting more to the neighbours at Ottery, possibly a wise prescription!

There is a surmise that they are to be sent to the West Indies to recruit Admiral Cochrane, as five of their ships, including the *Impeteux*, have been getting in five months' stores from the *Neptune*, and he has been in the boats superintending this from four in the afternoon until two in the morning. "I wish," he writes, "James would change grub with me for a week. I believe I should be twice as strong as I am. We have had nothing now for the last month but salt beef, biscuit, stinking water, and brandy. . . . I assure you when you write about sallads, green peas, and strawberries my mouth waters and I wish I could only be in our garden for twenty-four hours! . . . I am glad Mama takes such care of my myrtle and shrubbery."

To his mother on July 14, 1804, he writes: "I will tell you a little news. We are at anchor with the *Foudroyant*, *Terrible*, *Spartiate*, *Montague*, and *Tonnant* with 3 frigates, and luggers and cutters in abundance, but one of the luggers getting a little too near Fort St. Matthew's they began raking her fore and aft with 68-pounders for, I suppose, a quarter of an hour until she sheered off, and I could see the light of the prime very plainly from the deck. O! for a draught of fresh water I cry out, for our water stinks enough to poison a person, and we are generally forced to put two glasses of wine or brandy

Loathsome Food at Sea

to one glass of water to take off the stink. . . . I have been on the yard-arm, which is over the sea a great height, and been to the mast-head and out upon the bowspit. I am very happy indeed. I generally acquire something new every day, such as the name of a rope, its use, &c. We have got fresh beef now and a cask of beer, which is exquisitely nice, our general meat being salt horse, *alias* salt pork, which is a piece of solid fat, there being no lean, and this is salted down to such a degree that I verily believe there would not be a maggot, but then what is that! I have got a good heart and a clear conscience, and, as the saying is, a clear heart and a light pair of breeches go through the world together, so that I am happy as anything can be so long as you are, but indeed the thought of having a fresh piece of beef to-day for dinner quite put me in an extasy of delight."

They had their share of storms. "The wind blew a hurricane, we weighed anchor and scudded before it at the rate of $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour, we split our main-top sail and struck royal poles, but we had hardly bent another sail than that was split also. The *Tonnant* had her main-top-mast carried away, and there was only one, the *Diamond*, that escaped without damage; no person could stand on the quarter-deck, for she was on her side."

This to his mother, July 23, 1804: "The Brest Fleet is expected out every day, and we shall have some hot work with them. For my part I'll fight till I am killed, for I have an unspotted conscience which does not shrink at death the least, so I am perfectly

Bernard Frederick Coleridge

prepared, and I don't see what should make me otherwise. Captain Martin says there will be peace in three months at most, and if the Brest Fleet do not come out before winter there will be ships all across the Channel at such a distance that signals will be easily seen from one to another, but we shall be in Cawsand Bay. It is blowing very hard now. We split our main-sail to-day. There is a great wave now just going to break against the ship—there! it has finished itself and another is forming. . . . I don't know anything more to say except that I am very happy."

On August 16, 1804, he writes: "On the first the *Pickle* cutter, which watches the Brest Fleet, came alongside and said that 12 sail of the French had got out of Brest and had sailed to the Westward—I suppose destined for the West Indies—upon which despatches were sent to the Grand Channel Fleet, which came up to us, and after a long consultation, in which Captain Martin received news of his brother's death in the West Indies, it was determined that 12 sail should be sent after them, and that we were to go and explore Brest to see exactly how many were left, upon which we set off and came so close to the fleet that we could easily see with the naked eye the Town of Brest and the French and Dutch colours flying from the ships, and I, who was posted at the mast-head to look out, could plainly see everything transacted, and Captain Martin ordered the ship to be cleared for action and every gun was double-shotted with grape and round, but when they saw us so resolute they weighed anchor

Floggings on Board Ship

and went close under the cover of the batteries, though the smallest ship, which was the *Ocean* of 145 guns, would have knocked us to pieces in a second. So we were forced to go back to the Fleet."

Stern was the discipline on board. Floggings of three, four, and five dozen lashes were common, horrible sights we think for a lad of twelve to witness. He wants a dictionary and grammar, for he is determined to learn French, and O! for a cheese, for it is not served out, "for the maggots do not taste well without a little cheese, for they are very cold when you bite them." And again, "Indeed we live on beef which has been ten or eleven years in corn and on biscuit which quite makes your throat cold in eating it owing to the maggots which are very cold when you eat them, like calves-foot jelly or blomonge being very fat indeed." We shudder—but he is not dispirited. "Indeed, I do like this life very much, but I cannot help laughing heartily when I think of sculling about the old cyder-tub in the pond, and Mary Anne Cosserat capsizing into the pond just by the mulberry bush." "I often think what I would give for two or three quarendons off the tree on the lawn with their rosy cheeks! We drink water of the colour of the bark of a pear-tree with plenty of little maggots and weavils in it and wine which is exactly like bullock's blood and sawdust mixed together. I hope I shall not learn to swear, and by God's assistance I hope I shall not. Yesterday the *Prince George*, 110 guns, joined us together with the *Santa Margareta*, 32 guns, and the *Colossus* 74, and fired three times round

BERNARD FREDERICK COLERIDGE

and made the heaven to ring again with the noise and the shot hopping about like a parcel of peas out of our pea-shooters. We were close in by Brest the other day and we were all cleared for action and the guns double-shotted and the French Fleet with their colours flying at the mast-head and stern, and I counted 13 deckers, 8 two-deckers, and 3 frigates moored across the mouth of the harbour, besides a great number in the inner harbour."

In September, 1804, he was nearly shipwrecked in a fog off Ushant, in which they lost the squadron. But they finally got off safe after losing two anchors and two cables.

The ship put into Plymouth this month, and we catch a glimpse of the lad from a cousin who saw him.

"It will perhaps be satisfactory to you and Mrs. Coleridge to hear from a third person that Frederick looks extremely well in health and that his spirits are overflowing. It may be likewise satisfactory to you to hear that he seems much delighted with the profession he is entered into and that his heart and soul seem quite to enter into the spirit of the service. He talks of nothing but the pleasures and happiness of the sea life and how good-natured everybody is to him and particularly speaks of his Captain's kindness to him on all occasions."

When they put to sea again they had some fresh midshipmen on board. It came on to blow, and Frederick, the hardy seaman, aged eleven, looks on with a superior air of condescension at "the youngsters who began to cast up their weekly accounts about the cockpit."

Storms at Sea

To his mother, September 24, 1804, off Brest, he writes: "We are going now to Ferroll, off Cape Ortugal, where, if it is not a Spanish war, we shall go ashore and buy oranges and anything we chuse and have some fun with the French officers, such as bundling them out of the windows, which was done by a Lieutenant and three midshipmen of the [illegible] for they, going into a playhouse to see a play, saw five French officers sitting in one of the boxes, who began laughing at them and calling them names. Upon which the Lieutenant and midshipmen without any more ado bundled the whole five of them out of the window like true English Reefers who can eat an 8d. loaf and a pound of butter in ten minutes. I often dream of the gold watch which Aunt Brown has promised to give me."

The anxious father commands him to wear worsted stockings. But alas! he has none, but he will wear the nightcaps provided by maternal solicitude. Great gales roar round the ship, striking yards and masts and splitting sails. Occasionally his hammock is not forthcoming, and then he has to sleep on deck, but never mind! Mamma is happy on a visit to her sister at Combesatchfield, and "I am always happy when you are." Once, however, they anchored in Torbay, and though not allowed on shore, he managed to lay in a stock, "100 apples, 4 cakes of gingerbread, 3 pounds of cheese, and one pound of butter and a loaf—most magnificent!"

October 27, 1804.—"We are now no more in the inshore Squadron, for an order was received from the Admiralty which says that on account of line of battle-

Bernard Frederick Coleridge

ships so often running ashore on the Black Rocks they have ordered that nothing but frigates shall be inshore. Yesterday it blew very hard indeed and the chain-plates of the pump went, so that if we were to spring a leak we should go down inevitably."

He delights in the family news. Brother James an ensign and Ted in breeches! He reads two hundred lines of Virgil every day to Mr. Jenny, the chaplain, and learns navigation of Mr. Chapman. They have now 7 three-deckers and 8 two-deckers, "so that we would make the French Fleet dance again if they were to think of coming out, but they are too much afraid."

His kind Captain Martin is at this time about to be transferred to another ship appointment. But before leaving he writes to the lad's father :

October, 1804.—"I have now, from a longer acquaintance with your truly good boy, the satisfaction to say that he is everything a parent could wish, or the service desire, and I hazard nothing in predicting that his progress in life will be creditable to his family and the profession he has chosen."

Captain Lawford, who temporarily succeeds, pending the arrival of Captain Douglas, is naturally compared unfavourably with the outgoing captain.

To his father he writes, November 28, 1804: "I will tell you now the history of the loss of H.M.S. *Venerable*, Captain Hunter, whose men and officers we have saved. Last Saturday afternoon the signal was made to weigh with all the ships and we had just cleared the Berry Head, when we heard a ship firing guns for assistance. The Admiral stood on, but we

The Grand Channel Fleet

and the *Goliath* about ship and stood back. When we sent a boat to know who they were, they answered, 'The *Venerable* struck on a rock, and had knocked three large holes in her bottom and was sinking very fast.' The boat came back and we let go our best bower-anchor as near to him as possible, and excepting about 80 men of her we saved all the officers and men amounting to 561, with whom our decks are crowded, but nothing was saved. About nine the next morning she parted and went to pieces—you can see nothing of her now. It has blown very fresh ever since, so much so that we were forced to let go another anchor, to clear away the sheet-anchor and keep hands by it and to strike lower yards and top-masts to prevent our meeting the same fate." Such were the terrible dangers of a lee and rocky shore in the days before steam.

On January 25, 1805, the *Impeteux* set out once more, and on February 2nd she was off Ferrol on the coast of Spain, and he was witness of a sad accident. They came in contact with the Grand Channel Fleet, commanded by Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Cotton in the *San Josef*, 120 guns, Admiral Cornwallis in the *Ville de Paris* having put home for repairs. "When we got there Captain Douglas of our ship went on board the Admiral to deliver some dispatches from England. When he got alongside the Admiral he found the *Tonnant's* boat there and Captain Jervis of the *Tonnant*, and Captain Campbell of the *Doris*, which was wrecked on the Diamond Rock off Lisbon the other day, and whose ship's company the *Tonnant* saved and was carrying to England. Just as they

Bernard Frederick Coleridge

had got into the boat in going away and had got a little way off, a large wave broke over the boat and down she went, and Captain Jervis of the *Tonnant* and one of the boat's crew were drowned, but Captain Campbell of the *Doris* and all the rest were saved by our boat, in consequence of which the service has lost a very able officer and the *Tonnant* a very good Captain. Poor fellow! but every one must die some time or other, and it is as well to die first as last. We stayed there about two hours trying to find Captain Jervis's body, but our endeavours were in vain, for it could not be found anywhere. We then made sail for Ferroll with a fair wind all that day and night, when at daylight the next morning the man at the mast-head cried out, 'Seven sail of the line right ahead!' which on coming nearer proved to be the Rochfort Squadron under Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Graves in the *Foudroyant*, who told us that 6 sail of the line and 5 frigates had got out of Rochfort and had made sail to Ferrol, and that one of them had lost a fine top-mast, which the *Tonnant* had picked up and had brought to the fleet in her passage home from Ferrol. Ever since that we have been cruizing about here, not being able to get up to the squadron on account of contrary winds. Three days ago it blew a most dreadful gale of wind, so that we could carry no sail at all, but the ship rolled most violently and I hurt my leg so bad that I was obliged to go to the Doctor, who put a plaster to it, and it's a great deal better now and will get well shortly if it's not hurt again. Yesterday the wind was variable. We spoke 3 sail, one of which was a Russian, another a Dane, and the last

Some French Ships Escape

a Swede, all merchantmen. The Swedish ship told us that the French Fleet consisting of 20 sail of the line had got out of Brest two hours before he sailed, but where they were he did not know. If they fall in with the Grand Fleet now, which consists only of 7 sail of the line, we will look very foolish against them. We are in great hope of taking prizes now, as we are off Ferrol. There is no bottom where we are now; the water is quite black on account of the immense depth."

They were rough times in these days when the ships were mostly manned by the efforts of the press-gang. The triangles were in constant use. "We punished fourteen men just now, six for leaving the deck on their watch, three for fighting, and the others for drunkenness." Small-pox rages among the crew, and he falls overboard on one occasion, spoiling his watch, but a glass of sweet oil poured into the works sets all to rights. Captain Douglas is very strict, and they all sigh for a return of the spacious days of Captain Martin. Sir Robert Calder, in the *Prince of Wales*, commands them, soon to meet his professional fate in the action off Cape Finisterre.

April 13, 1805.—"The French Fleet got out (of Brest) yesterday morning, but put back again, which manœuvre they have practised these two or three days past, regularly putting out every morning and in again in about a couple of hours. I'm sure we were always ready to give them a bout. We have 22 sail of the line off Brest, out of which are 120 gunships, *Hibernia*, *Prince George*, *Windsor Castle*, *Temeraire* (the ship immortalised by Turner),

Bernard Frederick Coleridge

Britannia, *San Josef*, *Ville de Paris*, and the *St. George*, which would make the French look blue, though they have 35 sail of the line there. We have parted company from the Squadron off Ferrol a week and four days, all except one of which we were running across the Bay of Biscay, the wind being against us all the while, and we were chasing small craft every day. In one we found three French passengers, whom we brought aboard, but they were no good, and as they seemed to be quite innocent fellows we let them go again. I had the best fun in the world with them, for as soon as ever they came aboard they fell to, all hands of them, cutting the oddest capers in the world about the deck, and I am sure if they made one they made fifty scrapes and bows to me. For my part I thought they were mad, but one of them as he went out again, looked very hard at a gun that was pointing out at the port, and says I, 'If you come across me in a lump of a big French ship, I hope you will let me go.' But the fellow only made that horrid, ugly French face of his the uglier by grinning like a Baboon."

On July 31, 1805, they ran across the *Hibernia* from Ferrol, the *Windsor Castle* having preceded her. They had just come out of the action off Cape Finisterre, which was fought on July 22nd. Sir Robert Calder had fallen in with the French and Spanish Fleet of Villeneuve on their return from the West Indies in precipitate flight from Nelson, who had proceeded thither in search of them. Sir Robert Calder was afterwards severely reprimanded by court-martial for not following up his initial success and

The Battle off Cape Finisterre

permitting the enemy's fleet to escape. "The *Hibernia*," writes the lad, "had had an action with the French Fleet and had her foremast shot away. There were 20 sail of the line and 6 frigates with the French, and 15 sail of the line and 2 frigates of ours. The action began at five o'clock and lasted till dark, when the French ran away, leaving the *La Rappel* and *La Firme*, one 84, the other 74, as prizes to us. Our fleet was only seven miles astern of them when the last despatch came away, so by this time, I suppose, there has been another action. The *Malta*, one of the ships who was in the thickest of the action, joined to-day, being much disabled, having had 5 sail of the line on her at once."

He has been out of harbour now fourteen weeks, in heavy weather most of the time. His stock of soap is exhausted, but he follows his mother's directions, and combs his hair every morning with a small tooth-comb.

Occasionally a hamper arrives from home. Such gifts were, it appears, distributed as of course. "How good potatoes will be at dinner to-day. I got one for my share of a dish to ward-room sent us yesterday, but that one happened to be a bad one, and it was a great loss, as all the others were eating theirs and me with only a bit of hard, dry biscuit. We are to have a good dish of them to-day for all hands together, with a hock of salt pork." Admiral Calder has refused battle, he hears, and songs imputing cowardice to him, dubbing him "the compassionate Englishman," have been stuck up all over the ship. The lad sighs for Lord Nelson to have been there, and rejoices

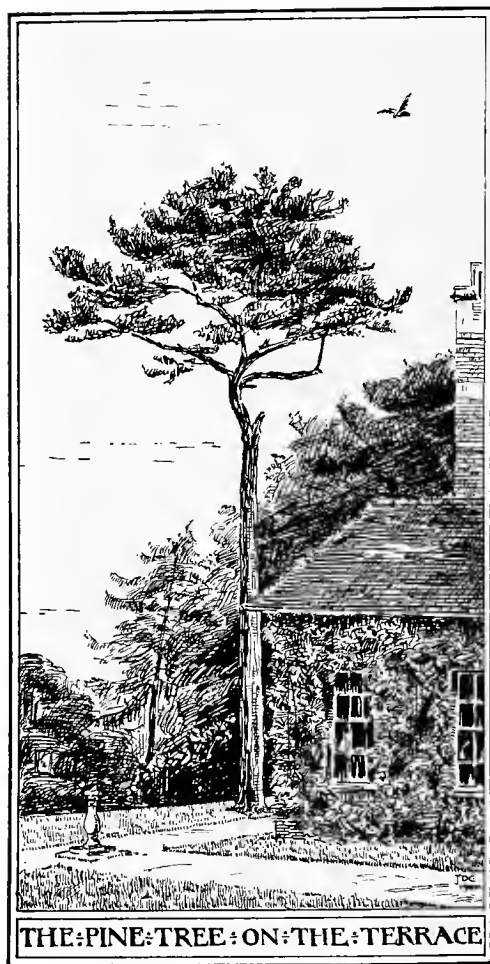
Bernard Frederick Coleridge

that none of the ships of his squadron were present. Sharks and sword-fish surround the ship at times and prevent their bathing, but his only hook, alas! cost 4d., has been broken in hauling one of the monsters on board.

He was witness to a sad accident, little knowing, poor little lad, that a similar fate would ere long be his. "A dreadful accident happened the other day here. The hands were hurried up reef topsails, and my station is in the fore-top. When the men began to lay in one of them laid hold of a slack rope which gave way, and he fell out of the top on deck and was dashed to pieces, and very near carried me out of the top along with him as I was attempting to lay hold of him to save him from falling. Poor fellow, he was called Wallace, one of the best men on the ship, and has got a wife and three children whom he supported entirely by his pay."

In November, 1805, he finds himself sadly solitary, for all his fellow-midshipmen except two are leaving the ship, being transferred to other vessels. On one occasion, in clearing decks for action, his writing-desk was hove overboard in a hurry, containing, as he thought, his treasured pictures of those he loved at home. By some chance, it is not clear how, they had been saved by an officer, and to his great delight restored to him—somewhat rubbed, however, by residence in the officer's pocket. What would he not have given to possess photographs instead of these lifeless silhouettes!

It gets lonely at sea, and no wonder he longs for some "gay world letters."



To face p. 113.

A Brush with the Enemy

In September, 1805, however, off Brest :—

“Seven of the enemy’s fleet weighed and stood towards us under an easy sail, so the headmost French ship, with a Rear-Admiral’s flag, poured a broadside into the *Indefatigable*, and then stood in for Brest, which she returned. At a quarter past ten we were stripped and stood in close order for the enemy’s fleet. At half-past ten the batteries opened a tremendous fire of shot and shell, one of which struck the *Ville de Paris*, and a splinter of it striking the Admiral, he said, ‘Damme, but I will have some of you out for this!’ At ten minutes past eleven the Admiral made the signal for *Cæsar* and *Montague* to attack the rear of the enemy, who were close under their batteries. At 11.30 a French three-decker got astern of the *Cæsar* and raked her with a whole broadside, which killed three men and wounded six. At twelve we stood out with the fleet, and this is a true account of our brush.”

At last, on October 2, 1805, he was granted a week’s leave to spend at his home. He planted a Scotch pine in the garden, which still stands, and carved his name on the trunk of an oak, the letters of which may still be faintly traced. He left on October 9th and sailed in the *Foudroyant*, Nelson’s old flagship, from Torbay to Plymouth. He was eventually gazetted to the *Phoenix*, whose powers of sailing had just enabled her to be the first to reach and give fresh battle to the fugitives after the battle of Trafalgar, which had been fought on October 21st.

His captain found him deficient in equipment, and he had to get a gold-laced cocked hat. To save his

Bernard Frederick Coleridge

father's pocket he bought cheaply a hat which had been meant for another midshipman, but which was a misfit, and he got the gold lace for nothing by permitting the midshipman to throw an egg at him! He saw the *Euryalus*, with the body of Nelson on board, pass on its way to Portsmouth. The Hamoaze was crowded with prizes. It was a great delight when the *Phoenix* received orders to sail, on December 10th, in search of the *Topaz*, who sunk the *Blanche*.

On December 9, 1805, he fell from the top-mast and was killed on the spot. He was then aged thirteen. His body was taken to Antony churchyard, and buried in the grave of his maternal grandfather, Bernard Frederick Taylor, whose bones, buried in 1783, had already mouldered to nothing. On his tomb you may still read the touching inscription :

“He fell, to rise again.”

The news was carried swiftly to his home in a letter sent by special messenger. His father, who was standing in the dining-room, gave a cry, and with the letter in his hand fell senseless on the floor. He was carried to bed in a sort of fit, and for some weeks his reason, if not his life, was in danger.

His mother made this entry in her diary :

“Dear beloved Frederick came home for the last time October 2, 1805. Mrs. Guard and myself fetched him from the New London Inn, and left home for ever October 9th.” And for many years she always spent the anniversary of her boy's death in her own room, in prayer and with many tears.

Long afterwards, in a letter to her son John, on December 10, 1823, she writes :

Falls from the Topmast

"The return of this day brings to my mind painful thoughts, but I do keep them secret; why make others sad at the awful dispensations of the Almighty; my beloved Frederick, I trust, rests in the highest Heaven."

It was not until March, 1811, that his father, who always spoke of him with a hushed tenderness, had an opportunity of paying a visit to the grave. He was then aide-de-camp to Lieut.-General England, the Lieutenant-Governor of Plymouth, who was commanding the Western District. The stern soldier gives the following touching account to his son John, then at Corpus, of his visit :

"Passed over alone to Torpoint, and went to Antony, left a Hack I rode at a Smith's, crept up the churchyard and saw Duke" (the Rev. Duke Yonge) "at work in his garden, and with anxious but weeping eyes went three times round ye Yard before I could find ye Tomb: on which I wept myself so ill that I could scarce get into ye garden and disturb Duke at his work. Stayed a quarter of an hour and returned, but I could scarce go through ye Day at ye General's. Luckily a very large party afforded concealment, and by ye next Day I had reasoned myself all right—but ye Memory is still on my Mind."

A little Prayer-book, well thumbed, a copy of Falconer's "Shipwreck," given him on going to sea by brother John, and a silhouette showing a resolute young profile crowned with a tangle of rough hair still remain with us to call up the memory of Bernard Frederick Coleridge from his early grave.

Perhaps this slight record may preserve, if only for a while, the story of his short but strenuous life from the effacing finger of Time.

CHAPTER IX

FRANCIS GEORGE COLERIDGE

FROM Oxford John kept up a voluminous correspondence with his brother Frank, who was destined to be an attorney, and was therefore the stay-at-home boy. It was hard for him to see his brothers, older and younger, set off for Eton, Oxford, and Cambridge, or the Army, while he was sitting on a stool at an attorney's office in Exeter, especially as he shared the literary tastes of his brethren, and indeed became a learned antiquary in after life.

This love of history and letters was encouraged in him largely by brother John, who both from Eton and Oxford plied him with disquisitions on the classics, on modern and antient history, and with everything that could improve and enlarge the mind. Much pleasantry was indulged in on the subject of Frank's profession. Even Bernard Frederick, at sea, could not resist a good-natured gibe or two, while Edward, the Benjamin of the flock, with the impudence of youth, usually addressed him as "Dear Pettifogger." But he bore it all in good part, stuck to his work, made money, and became the trusted legal adviser of the whole country-side.

Following the family tradition he sent his sons to



FRANCIS GEORGE COLERIDGE.
By G. Richmond, R.A.

A Lawyer and a Scholar

Eton and lived an unobtrusive life of quiet piety, his domestic happiness shadowed towards the end by the mental condition of his wife who had to be placed in confinement in a house on Core Hill, an outlier of the Beacon Hill, from whence all the kingdoms of the western world and the glory thereof could be viewed, and within reach of a constant saddening visit from the grief-stricken husband. His book on the Church of Ottery St. Mary is a mine of recondite information, and shows that he was both a learned historian and an accurate classical scholar. He took first a little house in Silver Street, Ottery St. Mary, called the Lodge. From there he moved to The Cottage, a snug thatched house at his father's gate, and finally lived at the Manor House, where he died August 26, 1854.

The brief recollections of his brother's uneventful life and happy death written by John Taylor Coleridge are worth preserving. They shed light on the mind and character of the author as much as on that of the subject of the Memoir.

MEMOIR OF FRANCIS GEORGE COLERIDGE.

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

OTTERY ST. MARY.

October 1, 1854.

I am very desirous, before my present impressions become indistinct, to set down some few particulars of the dear brother I have so lately lost. It seems to me that short and faithful and unpretending memorials

Francis George Coleridge

of such members of a family, as he was of ours, should always exist, if not for public circulation—at least for the comfort of the survivors, and to serve as examples and excitements to those who are now too young to estimate properly the loss they have sustained—or to those who may come hereafter. The true ornaments of a family pedigree are not so much those, whom good fortune or abilities may have raised to worldly eminence, as those, who in a lower sphere have pursued humbly, sweetly and holily a more retired course, doing all their duties regularly, marking their unseen progress, as the course of a fertilising rivulet is traced by the greener herbage it creates, by the benefits conferred on their immediate neighbourhood—persons, it may be, little known on earth but by their friends and neighbours, but great in the sight of God. Such was, I may truly affirm, in a remarkable degree my dear brother Frank.

He was born in Peter Street, Tiverton, at no great distance from the Church in a house which my father had built, on Christmas Day, 1794—the fifth son and child of my parents—and was brought at two or three years of age to this place. In due time, and of course early, for that was my father's course with us all, he was placed at the King's School under my dear Uncle George. I do not know that he displayed any remarkable industry or ability at school; he maintained his ground among his equals of age and no more. He was even then shy and retiring, and though remarkably handsome of countenance, and well framed, never, according to my father's military notions, making the best of his fine person—a

Visit to London

peculiarity which attended him through life. My father made an effort to procure his admission as a cadet at Woolwich, but failed; and then at about fifteen placed him in the office of John Jones, an attorney at Exeter, as an articled clerk.

It was about this period, and when I was an Eton boy, that my correspondence with him commenced—or at least it has not been preserved before. It continued, I may say in passing, with much regularity to the end of his life. I do not think he very much relished his destination at first. He thought it below what his three elder brothers (one had died an infant) had had allowed them, and the notion of the artillery service had attracted his imagination. But it was not long before he became fond of the law. He was diligent and regular at the office. Jones was not a mere attorney; he had been intended for higher branches, remained in London longer than usual, became intimate, and retained his intimacy in after life with distinguished barristers and scholars, and cultivated literature in general, especially ecclesiastical and antiquarian, with much fondness and some success. He certainly imparted his tastes in these respects to my brother, and he saved him from any of the soiling influences, which sometimes I fear prevail in a country attorney's office. My brother came out of his hands a good lawyer, especially as a conveyancer, with a great fondness for antiquities, especially ecclesiastical and architectural, and a great abhorrence of anything mean or dishonest or extortionate in the way of money making.

He was to pass the last year of his clerkship with a

Francis George Coleridge

conveyancer in London ; accordingly he came up and as it happened at the same time when Sir J. Patteson and I were students, the former on the eve of commencing practice as a certificated Special Pleader. He was placed either by us or through Jones's recommendation with the late Peter Brodie in Lincoln's Inn Fields, that most learned and careful lawyer, but perhaps somewhat prolix conveyancer ; but he lived with us, he saw our friends, and partook of our amusements. We three, indeed, lived in the most frugal way, on the plainest fare, with fewer comforts than young gentlemen are commonly content with now. I think all this was of service to him. Our principal relaxation was the theatre. At this time Edmund Kean was just starting on his distinguished London career and contesting with John Kemble the pre-eminent place as a tragedian which he had long enjoyed. There was a competition between two dramatic schools, so to say, and a much greater interest was felt in such matters by our intellectual circle in the Temple than I believe is now common with a similar set. On the other hand it must be admitted we busied ourselves less with music, painting or sculpture, and having less opportunity, we perhaps were not altogether so generally cultivated.

Our life however, such as it was, pleased my brother much, and at the end of the year he was very loth to give it up. He did not so much shrink from the country office as he sighed for the greater importance of London business, the greater excitement of London society and relaxations. He lingered

His Interest in the Drama

on until my father felt some uneasiness, in which, indeed I remember I shared, lest the scheme for his course should be abandoned, and a more expensive and hazardous one be taken up on insufficient grounds and with insufficient means of pursuing it or hopes of success. At length, after all, without any great delay the step was taken. He was admitted an attorney, returned to Ottery, and at first occupied two rooms on the first floor of the Parish Clerk Seaward's house, which were entered from the churchyard, and commenced his practice. At this period he lived at home with my father, mother, and sister, in this house.

My father had chosen wisely for him—had he stayed in London, he might by his industry and regularity, his knowledge and his strict integrity, have ultimately succeeded; had he reached a certain point, these qualities graced by his great simplicity and good nature might have carried him high, for he never lost a client once gained, and he interested those he had to become his friends, and so he might have been a rich and happy man. But he never could have been the man he became. His profession would have gained a more exclusive hold upon him; he would not have taken so much interest in other liberalising pursuits; he would not have seen so much of simpler human nature; been so much a friend to numerous poor clients; he would not have been so happy; his mind less open to the influences of a beautiful country, he would have lost all that amount of enjoyment in his garden, his flowers and his fruit. Perhaps above all differences of this kind would have been that he would not have lived in the daily sight, under

Francis George Coleridge

the shadow and the hallowing influences of our venerable Church, which it may be truly said he loved and revered with something of the personal feeling with which an old Benedictine may be supposed to regard the cloisters in which he had meditated on heavenly things from his youth to grey hair.

Settled here, his business, not very rapidly, but gradually and steadily increased, and to dismiss this matter at once I may say that it became in due time, not very large, or absorbing, but sufficiently profitable, and always most respectable. He never made the most of it either in active pursuit of it or in his rate of charges. He more often *gave* time to his clients than he need have done; he disliked litigation and was fond of equitable compromises. He had many poor clients, to whom he charged nothing, and in matters of public interest where the town or neighbourhood were concerned, and he participated in the feeling, if the funds were not overflowing, he was content to give his time and labour where he might reasonably have demanded payment.

And so he was not as rich as he might have been, but then he had more leisure for other things, which softened and humanised his character. And yet he made a sufficient income. He filled the office of clerk to the magistrates of the division, and from time to time as they became vacant or were created, others of a similar nature; his growing experience and his high character recommended him for such situations; while his quiet, unassuming manner, his punctuality, good temper, and perfect fairness conciliated the good liking of the magistrates, whose

His Marriage

officer he was as well as of the different parties who came before them. His clerkship he retained to the last, and when the magistrates lost his services by his death, I believe it is but the simple truth to say, that they all felt, as they testified by a most flattering and affectionate testimonial, that they had lost a valued and beloved friend.

His first settlement here as a single man naturally drew the bonds of affectionate intimacy more close between him and my dear sister, then also living at home. Nothing could be more entire and unqualified than their hearty and playful affection for each other. They were the nearest to each other in age of the family, and though she might not perhaps lean upon him so much for advice as on her elder brothers, they were not only a great amusement, but in all serious matters, a mutual stay to each other. I speak of amusement, and on his part, perhaps, even in so light a sketch, I ought not to omit that the London theatres had left their impression on him, and one of his diversions was to produce remarkably striking imitations of Kemble and Kean in some of their favourite characters.

While in Exeter he had become attached to the young lady whom he afterwards married. My father thought the engagement an imprudent one, and the marriage was for some time delayed. It took place, however, in 1827, and his new wife very soon won over my father and mother by the prudence of her conduct, her affection for her husband, and her never-failing attention, at once loving and dutiful to themselves. It was a happy marriage, blessed with

Francis George Coleridge

fine and healthful children, and for many years they enjoyed a happiness as great and uninterrupted as is often accorded to married life. They had settled at first in a small house, now a stationer's shop, then they removed to a cottage of my father's, to which my brother added a dining-room, and which my father afterwards gave to him in token of his approval and in return for his professional and other services. Finally he purchased the Manor House, and from time to time made small additions to his landed property. So peaceful and uniform was his course of life, that these are the only events which there are to record during the long period of the birth and growing-up of six out of his seven children. During these years he had occasional short absences on business, and two or three times he indulged himself with continental trips, but for the rest he was at home. He was in his office every morning. Very commonly his business left him at liberty for a walk about three, and he enjoyed a ramble either on the East or West Hill extremely. It was a great delight to him to discover and afterwards to show me a new walk, some ravine or glen which had escaped notice, some new view; for independently of his general love of the beauties of the country, he was proud of our own parish; every new walk of interest in it was a source of much pleasure to him. Then he was very proud of his garden and his small farm, not that he knew much of gardening or farming or took any active part in the operations, but he delighted in flowers and fruits, in green fields, in herds and flocks. In all this he was encouraged by the possession of an excellent servant

Home Life and Pursuits

—a man of much ability in his way and good taste, unflagging industry and unimpeachable honesty. By Richard Hill's care his taste in these ways was indulged without loss, perhaps even with profit, and it formed an excellent diversion from the cares of business. He dined plainly, and whether constitutionally, or from the neglected beginnings of that disordered state of the liver, to which perhaps in the end his death was to be immediately attributed, he was averse to exercise after dinner. He was fond, however, of reading and conversing after dinner after a short nap—often read aloud and conversed pleasantly with his family till his bedtime, which was early.

Another pursuit he had which must be mentioned as characteristic—Church architecture and antiquities. Books on these lines, together with devotional treatises, formed the principal part of his private reading. He was an active member of the Exeter Architectural Society, and often served on committees for the visiting of churches which needed restoration. But his great love in this way was concentrated on our own venerable Parish Church. His study window looked out on the northern tower and porch and aisle, and as he sat at his desk, writing or reading, his eyes would often rest on the grey stones of the building, which was so dear to him. Its condition internally was a perpetual source of regret and almost shame to him, and he was an earnest co-operator in the restoration, contributing most largely in money, and very earnestly and usefully in personal attendance and superintendence. His contributions, indeed, were out

Francis George Coleridge

of all proportion to his comparative means ; the whole of the work on the walls and ceiling in the northern aisle and porch—nearly the whole of the polychroming through the Church and of the work in the Lady Chapel were done at his expense. He had drawn up a very useful and accurate account of the Church and its history, with an appendix of interesting ancient documents for the Transactions of the Exeter Architectural Society. His office of Steward of the Manor, and the access which he procured to ancient Corporation records and accounts gave him great facilities for affording curious information, and with these helps he displayed considerable ingenuity of research and justness of reasoning, especially in tracing out the date and the founder of the northern aisle, which is so remarkable an addition to the original building. When the restoration was complete and ever after to his death, his delight in the work was great and unabated. With the temper natural to him he would throw the merit of it on others and be full of gratitude for having lived to see as he would say the dream of years so wonderfully accomplished—but it is simple truth to say that without him the other agents in the work would never have been able to carry it through, even had they had the boldness to attempt it.

It was in the same spirit that he added to his study a little prayer-room or oratory, which he built in Gothic fashion and filled the two small windows with stained glass ; the walls he had deeply wainscotted and illuminated with texts. These things not only pleased his taste and fancy, but excited his

Domestic Affliction

devotional feelings. Here he had his family prayers, and no father of a family ever led his household in that service more sincerely, or earnestly, or regularly than he did. His study was characteristic of himself—a moderately numerous collection of books he had, the larger proportion ecclesiastical and antiquarian—archangels and saints in plaster were placed about, and engravings mostly of a religious character thickly covered the walls; chairs of various quaint fashion, bits of old carved furniture were on the floor, and overhead as you entered was suspended a peal of ten bells to be rung for summoning the family to prayers. Here on a Sunday morning while I was in the country I was almost sure to find him between breakfast and the service, seated facing the Church; and latterly his favourite devotional reading was in Ludolphus' "*Vita Christi*," the prayers in which he from time to time translated into English.

Thus in general was his life passed peacefully and happily during the years I have spoken of, but it pleased God now to try him in the tenderest points. After an interval of thirteen years a seventh child was born in his house, and her birth was followed by a distressing illness of his dear wife, which soon made it necessary to place her in a house of restraint. For four long years he bore this bitter affliction, which he felt most tenderly, with resignation and without a murmur, but it altered his cheerful manner and diminished his interest in all ordinary outward affairs. He went about and did his work as usual; he was as affectionate as ever, and shrank not from any charitable call, but there was a permanent sadness about him.

Francis George Coleridge

He never relaxed in his hope that his wife would be restored to him, and sustained himself in part on that hope. And for a time it seemed that his prayers were granted: he removed her on his own responsibility from the home in which she had been placed, to a healthy and cheerful cottage which he hired, on retired yet very elevated ground within a short distance of Ottery, where he, and, as soon as it was thought proper, her children could have easy intercourse with her. All his spare time he devoted to her, sat with her, read to her, walked with her, drove her out in an open carriage. A favourable change took place, which advanced gradually, until she was in a condition to return home, and in no long time to resume her situation as mistress of the family. And this blessing my dear brother received with a thankful heart—his joy was seen in his countenance and manner.

He spoke of it and wrote of it again and again and from time to time, with gratitude to God that overflowed and did not abate. He testified it in good deeds. For nearly two years things remained in this happy state, dimmed, indeed, by another domestic anxiety which came in a shape he could perhaps less easily bear up against. That restless spirit of inquiry which has grown out of the religious movement in the Church, commonly called the Oxford Movement, it pleased God that his family should not wholly escape from. He was not a learned man himself, nor a man of leisure; religious controversy was not that part of theological reading in which he delighted, but he had

Domestic Affliction

an acute sense of the duty of a humble and hearty obedience and faithfulness to the branch of the Church in which he was born, that in which his forefathers had worshipped : he might not deny that he would have wished some things added to her teaching, some things amended in the conduct of her Rulers and Ministers, but he was thoroughly satisfied that she was Scriptural and Apostolical, and there were some broad and essential matters as to which he had no doubt that the Roman Branch was grievously in error. All this he felt, perhaps too sensitively, being such as he was in other respects, to make him the person most fitted to deal successfully with the spirit I have spoken of, when it was excited under his own roof. Of course, even in such a narrative as this, I cannot well go into particulars on so painful a subject.

In this state of distress his great earthly stay was again withdrawn. My poor sister's malady returned on her ; and a separation was again necessary. He tried to bear up. I know from an incident which passed between himself and me and from our correspondence that he did not neglect to seek for comfort and support in prayer, but his sufferings and struggles aggravated probably some functionary ailments, so long neglected as to have become almost constitutional. He had always been neglectful of his health in the sense of bearing occasional ailments rather than removing them by timely remedies. He disliked extremely medical or dietary discipline, and neglected these too much for one now verging on threescore. His health became visibly impaired, his countenance

Francis George Coleridge

showed it, and his appetite failed ; though he still transacted all his business as before, went about as usual and occasionally took long walks with no extraordinary fatigue.

But his children became uneasy ; they thought that his spirits were the main cause of his ailment ; his medical adviser whom, however, it is but just to say, he applied to and obeyed less regularly than he ought, agreed in their opinion. He was urged to make an excursion on the Continent, and to this advice he yielded, though he thought the evil more deeply seated than they supposed. He liked travelling at all times, and he was desirous of showing to his daughter Emma, who had never crossed the Channel, something of France, Switzerland, and Italy.

The two started accordingly in the month of June, 1854, without servant or companion, and he became uncomfortably ill at Paris. She would have had him return, but he would not be persuaded. Feebly, and with much suffering, relieved by occasional gleams of health and spirits in mountainous countries, but seldom without being the cause of painful anxiety to his affectionate and forlorn fellow-traveller, he passed into the north of Italy, visited parts of Switzerland, Chamounix, the Lago Maggiore, and rested at Venice. He returned by the Tyrol and reached home on August 10th. As far as his health was concerned, the scheme had entirely failed. Every one was distressed and shocked at his appearance. He held up for two or three days, and on Sunday, August 13th, he was in his beloved Church, and for the last time there received the Holy Communion

Visits the Continent

On the following day he took to his bed, from which he never rose again, and on the 26th of the same month he fell asleep in the Lord.

I do not fear to go into many details in my account of his illness. I shall wound no feelings, violate no delicacies, tell nothing I hope which ought not to be told ; but this account of him would fail of its main purpose ; it would neither so console or confirm or incite by example his children and near friends, nor would it so manifest the goodness of God, as I desire it should, if I were to omit the particulars and leave them to the perishable memory of those who witnessed them. It was a sickness remarkable for its freedom from bodily pain, or impairment or clouding of the intellect. His sick bed was surrounded by all his children—all his surviving brothers. My brother Edward had arranged to come to me for two or three days that he might be near the Bishop of New Zealand (Bishop Selwyn), who was to be in the neighbourhood at the time. He might else have been at a distance and out of reach, but he was thus enabled to be here during the whole of the sickness. My circuit had ended about the commencement of it, and I also had the melancholy pleasure, the privilege I must call it, of being with him through the whole. Very early a change of countenance and voice, when there was no impairment of strength or definite disease of importance betraying itself, alarmed Dr. Whitby and his affectionate brother-in-law, Mr. Norris, who had been summoned from Exeter. Very early too, and without any apparently assignable cause, and while his strength was unbroken, he foretold

Francis George Coleridge

the conclusion, and this not once or twice in passing expressions, but very deliberately, and in serious conversations on the most serious matters with his brother James ; indeed, it was his settled conviction, although once or twice when distressing symptoms seemed to be removed he spoke of the possibility of his recovery. He acted according to this conviction ; all his worldly affairs were minutely provided for. He often talked affectionately of absent friends—John Keble of Hursley, and Henry Moore of Eccleshall—saw and took leave of every one who was at hand. Among his leave takings, none perhaps was more remarkable than that with his old servant, Richard Hill. He commemorated his faithful services, bid him never leave the family, and put his arm around his neck and kissed his cheek in token of his gratitude and affection. But this clear conviction of his approaching end gave him no pain, and though he was entirely without a spark of presumptuous reliance on his own strength or merits, he had such firm reliance on his Saviour's atonement, that it gave him no fear. He spoke more than once of his perfect happiness in terms of grateful wonder. " I cannot think," he said, " how it is that God should be so gracious to such as I am. I cannot account for my perfect happiness. I am lost in amazement at it." He desired to have a large print of the Crucifixion, which had hung in his dressing-room, brought and so set up at the foot of his bed that he could see it well as he lay there, and this he was constantly contemplating. " I know," said he, " it is not a very fine engraving, but it answers my purpose now."

Closing Scenes

It might have been expected that the course which his disorder took would have depressed his spirits—(first, a stomach so irritable that neither medicine nor food could be retained on it; the external application of mercury then roused the liver into action, and this was followed by diarrhœa, and when that ceased the irritation of the stomach returned). Still his spirits were unbrokenly sustained. When he was not conversing on religious subjects or engaged in devotions, he would speak of ordinary matters with all the simplicity and dry quaintness of his usual manner. But he was often joining in prayer with his brother James and his son¹ Frederic; he made Emma read to him the “Christian Year,” and he delighted to receive the Holy Communion, and received it at the hand of his son on Sunday, the 20th. The Bishop of New Zealand’s visit interested him much. He had always had a great admiration of his character, and now he desired to see him—to have his blessing and to receive the Eucharist at his hands. On August 22nd, four days before his death, the Bishop came here for the purpose. As Mr. Norris feared the effect of this upon his strength, it was desired that as few should be present as possible, and I accordingly had stayed away, but when the service was commencing he missed me and desired me to be sent for. I came, of course, and found my brother James and Frederic,¹ his son, pre-

¹ Rev. F. J. Coleridge, Captain of the Eton Eleven 1846, Vicar of Cadbury, in honour of whom a bell has been presented to the Church with the following inscription:—“In loving thought of F. J. Coleridge, for 50 years (1855–1905) and still vicar of Cadbury, ‘Ex imis fuimus, sidera scandimus.’ ”

Francis George Coleridge

paring to administer. Round his bed kneeling were his daughter-in-law Augusta and all his other children but Anne and little Alice. At the close the Bishop knelt upon the bed, and putting his hand on his head, pronounced the blessing on him in the singular person, and then softly spoke to him for a few minutes words which we did not hear, but which no doubt were words of advice and encouragement and comfort. Then turning round to where Harriett and Emmie knelt side by side, he put his hands on their heads and spoke softly to them. It was a scene never to be forgotten, but more impressive and rememberable even than the Bishop's words and actions were the perfect calmness, and yet the solemnly ardent devotion, of the dying man. The Bishop told me he had never seen such a deathbed.

It was remarkable how through the illness, and specially towards the latter part, he realised the other world. There was to be witnessed in a degree which I had never seen before, or heard of but once, the blessing and the reward of a life-long simplicity and purity of heart, of a faith that did not spend itself in talking, that did not indulge in questioning, that was humble, real, practical; he had set his rest on his Saviour's atonement; deeply conscious of his own infirmities and short-comings, yet feeling that Christ's merits and love were more than sufficient, his soul was in peace, and being so he could accept death as a passage beyond a veil to another condition as real, as full of self-consciousness as the present, but unspeakably more blessed. One day, after some act of personal arrangement, he said to me, "One strives to go out of

His Death

life decently—at *procumbat honesté*—not that that's my thought ; Roman valour—mere nonsense ! Christ won't forsake me—it all comes of Him." Then looking fixedly, he said in a most solemn tone, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me."

And of a truth he was comforted—comforted generally and continually and also in a special manner, as with perfect collectedness of manner he communicated to one or two around his bed. Whether at the times to which he referred the entire habitual occupation of his thoughts on heavenly matters, his intense realisation of heavenly things, might create the blessed appearances which he declared were visible to him, or whether the special comfort was vouchsafed to him in the manner which he assuredly believed, it is not for us to pronounce, nor is it now material to determine. The imaginations of our hearts are as much the gift and under the control of God as what we consider the most sober deductions of our reason. His were at least so guided ; the visions which filled his brain were, at all events, so peopled as to elevate his heart, to sanctify his thoughts and fill him with the brightest hopes. One thing only in such a case is to be guarded against—disbelief, because we deny the possibility, which would imply an opinion that God's arm was shortened, or that such things are not in reality, as he believed he was permitted to see.

For rather more than twelve hours before he breathed his last drowsiness came on with occasional breaks, decreasing in length and frequency, and he

Francis George Coleridge

died most easily and almost imperceptibly, as I have said, on the 26th, between one and two p.m. On September 1st he was buried, his dearest and most honoured brother, the eldest of the family, at his request reading the service. His remains rest where he desired, on the right hand of the path from the garden door to the north porch—the path which he so often trod—the porch which he himself had restored. All his children and his family, with a few near and dear relatives, followed them to the grave, but the numbers who attended the service in the Church to testify their sorrow and affection and esteem were very large. It was a day of real sorrow to great and small, high and low, in the town and neighbourhood.

I must not dwell on my own loss when I think of the calamity which has befallen his poor children. James and Edward and myself alone, indeed, remain of a band of seven, and his age, the apparent vigour of his frame, the calmness of his temper, the healthfulness of his occupations, and the plainness of his living seemed to promise that at least his elder brothers would never have lived to mourn the loss of his society, his advice, or his love; but it pleased God to take him before us, though in the course of nature we shall not mourn that loss many years. He has left his children deprived of their greatest human stay and comfort, but he has left them an example which should point out to each the inestimable value, the unspeakable beauty of a union in the same character of honesty and industry, of simplicity and truthfulness, of tender affectionateness and most comprehensive charity. These things are beyond human glory. A

The Moral

generation will pass away, and it may be that his name will be forgotten, or be but a name without any special record of good deeds attached to it ; this matters little to him or them—he cannot have lived in vain for himself, and if they cherish his memory and set store by his example, as they should do if they treasure up in their hearts, really and for imitation, those principles and feelings which governed and inspired him ; that tender love for his family, that active charity towards his neighbours, that integrity and justice, that humility, simplicity, and truthfulness ; that devotion to his God, whom he desired to serve, as he had been taught from his youth up, without presuming to make himself into a judge of matters which he thought beyond his reach, and also beyond his responsibility—if they do this, and so fulfil his dearest earthly wish, he will have sown a seed which will bear fruit more widely, to endure more lastingly, than in his humility he ever dreamed of. This thought should comfort and encourage ; it should also be a warning and incitement to them. The children of such a father live under an added responsibility to be so far as they are able not unworthy of him.

J. T. C.

October 21, 1854.

CHAPTER X

HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE

HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, so called because he was born in the year of the battle of the Nile, was the most brilliant and captivating of the band of brothers.

Born in 1798, he went up to Eton just before his elder brother John left the school. Everything came easy to him from his great natural quickness, but when he devoted himself to a subject he became master of it with extraordinary rapidity.

He was of an irresistible wit, sparkling and pointed, and possessed an ardent love of scholarship and learning, combined with a strong poetic vein.

From Eton he passed as Scholar to King's College, Cambridge, of which he ultimately became Fellow. "My rooms have been inhabited," he writes, "by Sir R. Walpole, Camden, Gibbs, Dampier, but they have now received a greater cumulus of honour, W. Wordsworth having sat one hour with me in them." In his first year—1819—he was second for the University Scholarship, beating Macaulay and only being beaten by Platt, a third-year man, and in the following year he carried off both the Greek and Latin Odes, and in 1821 he again won the Greek Ode. On leaving Cambridge he studied for the Chancery Bar, and in

Talma, Kemble and Kean

1822 he went for a tour in France, sending home letters full of lively anecdotes.

In Paris at the Théâtre Français there are "Talma and Duchesnois, the first tragic actor and actress of France. Talma's face is covered with a huge beard and mustachios and whiskers, so his only feat is to show the whites of his eyes, and though he is more majestic, more tender, more overpowering than Kemble, he has none of the workings of Kean's face, the fearful agony of the upper lip."

"I have a thousand fine things to talk about," he writes, "but none of them finer or more novel than the Fête of the Assumption of the Virgin and the procession of the Vow of Louis XIII. I was in Notre Dame from half-past ten till half-past five, and during the whole time I was riveted, as it were, by music. I was seated immediately over the altar in a gallery which was round the whole Cathedral, as it is at Exeter, and, of course, commanded the whole length and the western door, there being no screen, and the organ being placed under the western window. The parts of the gallery intervening between the columns of the arches were filled throughout with ladies and gentlemen, and the whole nave was animated with a countless multitude of men, women, and children ceaselessly moving in a thousand directions, and arrayed in thousands of fantastic but harmonious colours.

"Within the choir all the ceremonies of the Romish Church were solemnised in full splendour, enormous crucifixes of gold were erected over the altar, incense was dashed upwards from silver censers in all the corners, the Bible was kissed, and the image of the

Henry Nelson Coleridge

Virgin adorned with ten thousand bows and with ten thousand crosses.

“Two and a half hours were employed in performing some enchanting services by Mozart and Haydn. The power of such music in such a place was indescribable. I felt myself perfectly overcome by the matchless scene below me and upon an almost heavenly burst of the Chorus in these words, ‘Exaltata es in Cœlis, O Maria, Ave Maria, Regina Cœli’; albeit unused to the melting mood I fairly burst into a flood of tears. I mention this as the shortest and most effectual way I have of conveying to you the impressions which the music and the accompanying pomps and vanities could make upon a contemptuous and phlegmatic Protestant. Why should Byron look for a statue of Venus to worship when he may kiss the feet of the Virgin in Notre Dame? I have gazed on that statue till my eyes swam and I have nearly exclaimed with Charles Lamb—

“‘I would I were a Catholic
Madonna fair, to worship thee!’

“Before the end of the service successive bands of soldiers, with drums playing, marched into the nave, and after lining all the side aisles, formed a broad avenue down to the western door and thence the whole way to the Tuileries. We now waited till two o’clock, but the scene was so curious that I was not in the least tired with the delay. At two the bells began tolling again, and shortly afterwards the procession entered the western door and moved up the avenue of soldiers upon green

Fête in Notre Dame

cloth. It was headed by two hundred girls in white robes and veils, carrying in the centre of their troupe a white banner, which had long pendants of white muslin, which were held by the girls who were at some distance. When they had reached the choir they all faced about and placed themselves on one side between the soldiers. Then as many boys carrying in the same manner a crimson banner did the like on the other side. The magistrates of Paris followed, then all the judges, of whom there were at least forty, then Royal attendants, the Ministers, and at length Monsieur and the Duke of Orleans, then, with a space between, the Duchess of Angoulême¹ by herself with her train, seven or eight feet in length, held by two mareschalls of France. The ladies of honour followed, and then the military closed the line. Service was performed by the Archbishop of Paris and other Bishops, after which the Royal family went out by a side door, and the rest marched down the avenue again. I asked a discharged soldier of the Imperial Guard, who was next me, if the King would come, 'Oh que non! Pourquoi?' upon which, with a most curious grimace and sneer, he said, 'Eh! Eh! Il ne peut pas marcher!'"

At Eton and from Cambridge he wrote essays and poems which appeared in that remarkable work *The Etonian*, which was published at Eton in 1820, mainly by the efforts of his friend Winthrop Mackworth Praed, four years his junior. Henry Nelson was the "Gerard Montgomery," and Praed the "Peregrine Courtenay" of the magazine. When

¹ Daughter of Louis XVI., whom the Salic law excluded from the throne of France.

Henry Nelson Coleridge

Wordsworth was the butt of criticism, "Gerard Montgomery" praised him with unstinted eulogy, and he was determined that the merits of his uncle's poems and the prose of Charles Lamb should not be overlooked by the readers. The poems show great facility and ease of composition, but he produced nothing of so high an order as Moultrie's "My Brother's Grave," or the exquisite "Sonnet to Ada," by Chauncey Hare Townsend.

In 1825, being recommended to go on a sea voyage for his health, he went out to the West Indies with his cousin, William Hart Coleridge, who had been appointed Bishop of Barbados. The result was his "Six Months in the West Indies."

The gay, laughing Epicureanism of the book and its lively sallies a little shocked the elder and graver members of the family. Southey wrote to John, December 26, 1825:

"Henry's sheets are very amusing, with a hopeful exuberance about them, a yeastiness which will work off and leave the liquor the better for its working."

His uncle, the poet, with a strange momentary lack of criticism, seems to have likened the style of the book to that of Charles Lamb, to which it has indeed little affinity. Whereat Charles Lamb replied on March 22, 1826:

"Your finding out my style in your nephew's pleasant book is surprising to me. . . . I want eyes to descry it. You are a little hard upon his morality, though I confess he has more of Sterne about him than of Sternhold. But he saddens into excellent sense before the conclusion."



MRS. HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE (SARA COLERIDGE).
By Miss Jones.

To face p. 143.

Homer and Virgil

In 1826 he was called to the Bar, and in 1829 he married his cousin, Sara Coleridge, daughter of the poet. In 1830, while waiting for professional success, he published his "Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets," which was considered at the time to be a remarkable work and ran through several editions. It discovers great learning and acute criticism and is written with his easy, flowing pen. Any reader, whether he be a correct classical scholar or not, will find it profoundly interesting. The following description of Homer compared with Virgil as the poet of Nature, is a good specimen of his style :

"To me the Greek seems, in the strictest sense of the word, the most picturesque ; it in itself creates the picture, and does not, as the Latin only does, contain matter for painting, that is, description alone. Without then claiming for Homer the praise of picturesqueness throughout, in the highest and most peculiar meaning of the word, we may fairly say that he is generally distinct and graphic in his descriptions of animated nature, and that in several particular instances he has struck out pictures of both animated and inanimate nature, which may bear comparison with those of any other poet, ancient or modern. Indeed, in reference to most of the poets who followed him, the superiority of Homer in this particular is obvious ; and it is remarkable that those who in succeeding ages generally have come nearest to him have, almost without exception, been the earliest, or among the earliest poets of their several countries. Lucretius, Dante, and our own

Henry Nelson Coleridge

famous Chaucer—who in a more advanced stage of the metrical development of the English language would have breathed the Homeric spirit within him more freely—have, each of them, painted nature with rival, but original hands. It is this affectionate fellowship with the beautiful forms and groupings and harmonious colourings of nature, in all its appearances, that has flung such an unwithering freshness on images ancient as the hills, and familiar as our own homes; it is this that has dilated the minstrel bard or bards of a small and unlettered people into the master-poet of all the world; this chiefly that has caused the tree of elder Greece to take second root in soils and wider skies not its own, and has supplied moisture for those golden fruits and those springing flowers—fruits, wherein lieth Nepenthe—flowers, which are flowers of Amaranth!”

The work was never carried further than the general introduction with its special application to Homer, as his professional duties gradually absorbed more and more of his time.

The visits of Henry Nelson, “Uncle Cuddy” as he was called, to his native home were always looked forward to by his nephews and nieces, among whom he was an especial favourite, for he was full of animal spirits, and brimming over with jest and mirth. There is an oak still standing on the side of the “Hilly Field,” thrusting out a limb over the Mill Stream. One Sunday when Uncle Cuddy was “dressed all in his best” the boys dared him to jump out from the bank and seize the branch

Debate on the Slave Trade

and so clamber over to the other side. Uncle Cuddy would never be out-faced at anything. He jumped and clung—but the humour of the situation overcame him—and he began to laugh, and, laughing till he grew weak, had at last to drop like a ripe acorn into the stream!

Public opinion does occasionally get into a back-water. But on the whole progress is made. This is seen if we read the debate in the House of Commons on March 18, 1824, which Henry Nelson attended, who had seen slavery at work in the West Indies. On that occasion the great men took the stage on the question of applying an Order in Council, mitigating some of the viler horrors of slavery, to Trinidad, which was a Crown colony, no doubt with a view to applying it afterwards generally to the other colonies. This was resented by the colonies which possessed legislatures of their own. He heard the penultimate speech of Wilberforce, and Canning's peroration despising threats of insurrection on the part of colonial legislatures founded on admiration of the cart-whip. Canning's policy towards these bodies was that of persuasion to begin with, which he likened to that of Neptune allaying the wild waters instead of rebuking the winds which had put them in a roar.

Henry Nelson writes from London :—

"March 29, 1824.

"I was in the gallery of the House of Commons on the night of the West India debate. Canning's speech was very fine, and its discretion not less remarkable than its eloquence. You should have

Henry Nelson Coleridge

heard him speak the following passage : ‘ In my zeal for the honour and authority of the British Parliament, I have more than once been tempted by the language of the legislative assembly of Jamaica to forget the imbecility of the insulter and the omnipotence of the insulted. I have more than once been tempted to speculate upon the quality and the amount of the contumacy of those subjects.’

“ ‘ Quos ego ’—with vehemence ; then a pause, and relaxing his features into a smile of mingled contempt and irony—‘ sed præstat motos componere fluctus ! ’ Wilberforce made a beautiful and melancholy speech. The House bullied Buxton.”

He married, as I have said, his cousin, Sara Coleridge, the daughter of the poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and chose the Bar as his profession.

Marriage, though it brought unspeakable blessings in its train, as all may see who read the letters of his wife, edited by their daughter, yet brought its sorrows too. In 1834 two babes were born. Their father’s burst of grief at their untimely death is shown in the pathetic elegy which he composed.

“ O frail as sweet ! twin buds, too rathe to bear
The Winter’s unkind air ;
O gifts beyond all price, no sooner given
Than straight required by Heaven ;
Matched jewels, vainly for a moment lent
To deck my brow or sent
Untainted from the earth, as Christ’s, to soar
And add two spirits more
To that dread band seraphic, that doth lie
Beneath the Almighty’s eye ;—

Elegy on the Death of Twins

Glorious the thought—yet ah! my babes, ah! still
A father's heart ye fill:
Though cold ye lie in earth—though gentle death
Hath sucked your balmy breath,
And the last kiss which your fair cheeks I gave
Is buried in yon grave,
No tears—no tears—I wish them not again;
To die for them was gain,
Ere Doubt, or Fear, or Woe, or act of Sin
Had marred God's light within."

Success at the Bar came to him but slowly. In 1834 he took, as a pupil, William Grove, the author of "The Correlation of Forces," a scientific classic, afterwards a Judge of the High Court. His evenings were devoted to literary work, in which his wife was of great assistance to him. She was a fine Latin scholar, and by dint of learning a regular lesson in Greek every day during his absence, and discussing it at night, she became a proficient Grecian. He wrote articles in the magazines, particularly in the *Quarterly* and the *British Critic*, and towards the end of his life devoted what leisure he had to the fulfilment of his task as literary evangelist of the philosophy, poetry, and table-talk of his uncle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "the greatest man," as he decides in a burst of pardonable enthusiasm, "since Milton." Whenever he could, in the Long Vacation, he pays a visit to his old home either to his father, or to brother Frank. On the "Hilly Field" he might then be seen flying a kite as his chief amusement. "My chief amusement is to fly a kite, in which I rejoice. Do you know when it pulls steady, and then again the gusty pleasure when it towers and you fear the

Henry Nelson Coleridge

precipitation, and then see the sheer headlong dive down!"

Ever busied in his mind he reflects on the change of habits in the rising generation.

Writing to John he says :—

"We studied in the little, old garden-house, and thought it very well, your son (John Duke) reads the same books for the same purpose at a German Spa! There was good in that, there may be good in this system. The circumstances are not conclusive. It is the man that gives them a colour and effect."

Towards the end work came to him increasingly. He was planting his foot firmly on the steps of the ladder which leads to ultimate success, all his contemporaries prophesied that as a Vice-Chancellor he would shortly be able to address John, not only as brother, but as "learned brother," when, in 1842, his health gave way, and it was soon evident to all that life was over for him. Messages of sympathy came from every quarter. Wordsworth, on hearing the sad news, wrote to John, November 11, 1842 :—

"I was prepared by my daughter, Mrs. Quillinan, who is now with us, for the sad tidings your letter conveys. Your Brother will be a great loss to his Profession, to the World, and to his relatives and friends, and, above all, to his dear and excellent wife. In this Hour we all feel most deeply for her, and, indeed, for you and his other near connections. Toward Sara I have much of the tenderness of a Father, having had her so near to us and so long under our eye, while she was growing up, and afterwards when her circumstances brought her by necessity

His Death

habitually to our thoughts. God will support her, for a more excellent creature is not to be found. Your poor Brother! I grieve, indeed, for his bodily sufferings and pray that his patience may be equal to the bearing of them, and that he may be empowered sometimes to thank the Supreme Disposer of events for the suffering he has inflicted.

"This Dr. Arnold was enabled to do, but his trial was very short, though most severe while it lasted. Henry's is awfully prolonged. If it would be right to communicate to him our sympathy, and to say that he is in our prayers, let it be done, either through yourself, my dear Friend, or in any other way you think best."

Henry Nelson Coleridge died at 10, Chester Place, Regent's Park, January 26, 1843. Sara Coleridge, who survived him, died there on May 3, 1852. Law was his avocation, but letters were his delight. To him literature appealed as to Cicero—

*"Delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant
nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."*

Of their surviving children, Edith Coleridge wrote a well-known Memoir of her mother. For Herbert, their other child, his mother wrote "Pretty Lessons," most delightful of child's books, which fascinated a whole generation of the English young.

Herbert had great gifts of mind. He gained the Newcastle Scholarship at Eton, was elected Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, in 1847, and obtained a Double First Class in the Final Classical School in Classics and Mathematics in 1852. In 1859 he pub-

Henry Nelson Coleridge

lished the "Glossarial Index to the Printed English Literature of the Thirteenth Century," as a foundation for the "New English Dictionary." He was learned in Sanskrit and generally in the Northern languages, and in a letter to his uncle, John Taylor Coleridge, after enumerating the various tongues on which he was engaged, he adds, "not forgetting my Icelandic!" He died April 23, 1861, of consumption, at 10, Chester Place, Regent's Park, the house in which his father had lived.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge and his wife; Henry Nelson Coleridge, Sara Coleridge, and their son Herbert all lie buried in the same grave at Highgate; and I hope that, without undue boasting, a member of the family may say that it is a remarkable tomb.



JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE IN 1829,
By Mrs. Carpenter.

CHAPTER XI

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE, afterwards a Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, was the second son of Colonel James Coleridge. He was the best beloved of the whole family, the pillar upon which they leaned. The principal events of his life will be followed from his correspondence. I remember him only as an old man. That memory time will never dim. He was of medium height, dressed always with exceeding care, his costume the invariable long black coat, tall hat, and frilled, white shirt; slow and gentle in his talk, balanced and charitable in his judgment, pure and unselfish in all his works and ways, and with a heart filled to the full with affection for his kin. I have never seen him angry, querulous, or impatient, a grave, sad man, spent towards the end with the burden of intolerable years, but a man to whom a gentle playfulness was not unknown. "Dulce" was his pet name among his brethren, and his sweetness of nature ever overflowed. His natural diffidence and love of quietude would never have been overcome but for the constant goad by which his father pricked him on along the flower- and thorn-strewn path of a successful life. The result was that he became an accurate and

John Taylor Coleridge

wide-read scholar, carrying all before him at Oxford, a successful advocate, and a Judge of high repute. Although he had not exactly genius, he had at any rate its infinite capacity of taking pains.

You may know a man by his friends, and it is enough to say that perhaps the two men who were most intimate with him at Oxford were Thomas Arnold, afterwards the famous headmaster at Rugby, and John Keble, the author of "The Christian Year," whose life he wrote. The lives of both these men contain constant reference to their common friend, but perhaps the influence upon Arnold which John Taylor Coleridge early obtained and kept is not so well known as the details of the intimacy between him and Keble.

Two extracts from letters written at two different times perhaps may be quoted to show this.

On October 23, 1833, Arnold writes to him :—

"It seems presumption in me to press any point upon your consideration, seeing in how many things I have learnt to think from you."

And again on January 26, 1840 :—

"I believe that no man's mind has ever been more consciously influenced by others than mine has been in the course of my life from the time that I first met you at Corpus. I doubt whether you ever submitted to another with the same complete deference as I did to you when I was an undergraduate."

To those of a later generation his religious views may seem narrow, circumscribed. But they were the views of many of the serious-minded of his age. Religion was part of the core and fabric of his

Eton Days

nature, and what it was to him is fitly summed up in the closing words of the inscription under the window in the Cathedral of his county, which friends and admirers have put up to his memory :—

“He was fitted by Life for Death and by this World for another.”

He was born July 9, 1790, and after being thoroughly well-grounded in the classics at the King's School, Ottery St. Mary, by his Uncle George, at that time headmaster, he was sent, at what we now consider to be a very early age, to Eton.

The journey was long and tedious. The great coach road from Exeter to London passes within a mile of Ottery St. Mary, and at Fair-Mile, under an elm which still stands, the little luggage that was deemed necessary in those days was deposited on the road for the coach to take up. On the outside of the coach would sit young John, his legs wrapped up in straw—for railway rugs were then unknown—to be whirled away through night and day, in rain or shine, for 140 miles at the terrifying speed of eight miles an hour. Only strong lads could endure such hardships. In a letter from Eton to his Uncle George, dated January 22, 1805, he speaks of his friend Daniell arriving after having been two and a half days on the road, the coachman who ought to have taken him from Salisbury having been frozen to death upon the box. He was entered upon the Foundation, one of the seventy “Tugs” who occupied “Long Chamber.” They were not padded round with comfort. There was no washing apparatus provided. The only water for drinking and washing was the

John Taylor Coleridge

college pump in cloisters, and there in theory upon the cold stone flags the seventy collegers were supposed to strip and wash. Consequently the boys hired small rooms up in the town, where soap, towels, washing jugs and basins were provided at small cost. Cleanliness was not then supposed to be next to godliness.

In 1804 John Taylor Coleridge, aged thirteen, heard at Eton that his little brother Bernard Frederick Coleridge, "Fritz" or "Fred," as he was called at home, aged eleven, was about to become a midshipman in the Royal Navy. He mounted accordingly upon a "Long Chamber Stool," a specimen of which we still preserve, and penned the following extraordinary letter :—

"ETON, *June 1*, 1804.

"MY DEAR FRITZ,—I was astonished to hear from a letter which I received from Uncle George that it was probable you soon would enter the sea-service, and therefore I was induced to write you a few lines. The service you are about to undertake is certainly one road to glory, honour, and riches, and no character can be superior to his, who, to his other qualities, unites bravery, fortitude, and clemency, which ought to be the prominent features in the character of a sailor. No occupation can be superior to the defence of a country which contains your friends, parents, and relations against a cruel tyrant and a threatened invasion. But though all these things speak *for* the Navy, yet at the same time there are many things which are nearly as strong *against* it. You cannot but be sensible that it is a service which

Precocious Letter

requires both fortitude in bearing hardships, bravery in attacking the enemy, obedience and alacrity in executing orders, and a very good constitution to resist the inconvenience and dangers of unhealthy climates to which every sailor is necessarily exposed.

“If you think you are deficient in any of these qualifications, or that you will not be able to acquire them by habit and experience, I would advise you, if you are not advanced too far to retract with honour, to give up the Navy. But I shall, of course, suppose you are possessed of these necessary qualifications. You must, after you have once entered the Navy, divest yourself entirely of any will of your own ; you must be quite determined by the will of your captain, and what he thinks, you must also think right. You must determine, if you should dislike the sea horribly by a month or two's experience, to persist in it, for how disgraceful to yourself, to your friends, and to your parents, how heart-cutting would it be to your feelings should your conduct be similar to an old school-fellow of yours, whom it is useless to name to you. You must acquire great presence of mind, and a certain degree of self-confidence, which appearance and stern looks cannot confound. Should you be called on a court-martial I make no doubt you would be intimidated, and hardly know what you say. You might ignorantly contradict your own assertions and so sully your honour, which your bravery had hardly earned, and bring disgrace for ever upon yourself, and grief and shame upon your parents and family.

“You must be particularly careful in every word you speak, or action that you do ; the slightest

blemish is enough to put you on the list of infamy and disgrace. You will daily be exposed to hear the most shocking oaths and expressions, and it therefore behoves you to guard carefully that Hesperian Garden of innocence and truth, which you now possess, with a dragon, proof against the force of numerous examples and the ridicule of the many who always wish to increase their recruits to hide their particular shame ; a dragon, I say, which no charms can lull, and no force conquer.

“I would advise you to be neither too bold, or too timid, but by a middle course you may gain the glory of bravery and avoid the imputation of cowardice. Never run heedlessly into danger ; but where it presents itself never flinch from it. ‘Medio tutissimus ibis.’

“Cleanliness should be particularly attended to in a ship, as it is both conducive to health and will be the best guard against fleas, those particularly invariable concomitants of dirtiness on shipboard.

“Above all, my dear brother, avoid *intemperance*, it spoils the best officer ; though he has every other qualification necessary to an officer in abundance, if he has but this one defect, he is not a good officer. If you would but read ‘Othello’ in Shakespeare you would find some very good and strong reflexions from the mouth of Cassio on that subject.

“Having said thus much, which is more, I fear, than you will take the trouble to read, I shall conclude with desiring you to attribute this, not to any pride of mine, but to my love for you, and be assured, wherever you go, or in whatever state of life you are, you will

His Great Fight at Eton

always have the prayers, love, and good wishes of your affectionate brother,

“J. COLERIDGE.”

In a postscript he adds with unconscious humour, “I beg you will accept my ‘Falconer’s Shipwreck.’”

How many lads of thirteen are now capable of such an astonishing production? Nothing is wanting to the balance and rhythm of the sentences, or to the maturity of the judgment. His was indeed an old head on young shoulders. The answer of “Fritz” is not to be found, but I have no doubt that he replied with becoming gravity and gratitude. We seem to be reading the letters not only of a different age, but of a different race. Whether we are better or worse, we are certainly not the same.

The precocity of John did not impair his manliness. At Eton he was renowned among the boys of his age for a desperate stand-up fight with young Horace Mann, the descendant of the recipient of the letters of Horace Walpole. It was the most Homeric contest of his time. Which was victorious must depend upon whether you go to the Coleridge or the Mann family for information. At any rate we may be sure that he practised what he preached to little brother Fritz, “Never run heedlessly into danger, but, where it presents itself, never flinch from it.”

Throughout life he was full of physical courage, and in old age bore with complete calmness an operation on his eyes, which could only be performed without anæsthetics if there was absolute control over the almost involuntary movements of the eyelids.

John Taylor Coleridge

At Eton he was a hard reader, not by temperament, but on principle. At the age of fourteen and six months he was in the sixth form, taught by Dr. Goodall, and was therefore already in the first ten out of the seventy collegers. With his old schoolmaster, Uncle George, he keeps up a voluminous correspondence during his Eton and Oxford days, accepting advice on reading and conduct, putting points of scholarship, and seeking counsel and sending exercises and essays in return.

He often makes acute suggestions. On February 1, 1805, dealing with Virgil's story of Nisus and Euryalus, he thinks that in the catastrophe Virgil had one end in view, to discommend the spoiling of the dead, which he notes is the immediate cause likewise of the catastrophe of the *Æneid*. He is inflamed with Homer, "Though those confounded meddling gods put me out of all patience."

In May, 1805, we find him mapping out a course of reading out of school for the next six months. His studies include Russell's "Modern Europe," all Livy and Xenophon, some Lucan, Spenser's "Faerie Queen," and—for he taught himself Italian—the "Gerusalemme Liberata" of Tasso. Pretty well for a boy of fourteen! Nor is he entirely immersed in study. "Montem" is coming round.

"Every heart thinks and every tongue talks of Montem. I have not yet settled my colour, as it is of some consequence to the ladies' hearts, how so handsome, so 'gay a deceiver' as myself appear. I shall give it long consideration. I think of white, if I am not anticipated, as a delicate contrast to my face,

Anecdote of Scott

and sometimes think of rejecting all contrast and taking a lively chocolate, or coffee-coloured silk. Often, indeed, pity for the ladies makes me think of Harlequin's crape, though then I am afraid it might be thought I wished to show my legs.

“When people have the misfortune to be so handsome, there will be envy stirring.”

Scott's “Marmion” has just come out. Apparently the view is that it is inferior to the “Lay of the Last Minstrel.”

“The following story comes from Beresford, the author of the *Miseries*, who is intimate with both parties. Jefferies, the principal manager of the *Edinburgh Review*, having written his critique on ‘Marmion’ sent it to the author with his compliments, saying that such was his opinion of the work which it was his duty to publish, he thought it proper to let Mr. Scott first see it, and if there was anything he (Jefferies) had misunderstood, or anything he (Scott) could defend, he begged he would point them out that the review might be altered. Scott's answer was, that there was nothing he could answer, but if the critique was published, his fame as a poet was gone. In the next number it appears!!! It is stated that he engaged with his bookseller to write so many lines, and sold his poetry by the yard: it is also said that the sixth canto was the work of two days, during which time the Press was stopped, for he never stayed correcting, but printed as he wrote it. All this is tremendous, but amounts in my mind to nothing more than that the work is not perfect.”

The Provost of Eton is fast declining, and there are

John Taylor Coleridge

many rumours about his successor, and if Dr. Goodall, the headmaster, succeeds, who is to succeed him? Not Mr. Keate he hopes (whose daughter brother Edward subsequently married), because on account of his hasty and unequal temper he is "universally detested."

"I believe you are, with me, a great admirer of Uncle Sam's 'Epitaph on an Infant.' I doubt whether there is not a capital fault in the first line. Can 'fade' be used actively?"

He then sends the copy of another on the same subject, not equal, he thinks, in beauty, but, I think, worth preserving.

"The cup of Life just to her lips she pressed,
Found the taste bitter, and declined the rest.
Then turning from the light of coming Day,
She gently sighed her little Soul away."

We find at this time a warning addressed to him from Uncle George, against falling under the influence, especially poetically, of Uncle Sam. The cherished bantling is in danger of straying from the coop. But John reassures his uncle. He has not the genius of Uncle Sam, but he is more fortunate in that he is not an orphan without guidance, nor has he the captivating qualities which are so great a danger to youth and vanity, bereft of all controlling influence. "University honours, I own, I do insatiably pant after, but then only as steps to some secure and honourable competence."

He has made an offer to translate the plays of Alfieri, reproaches himself with nursing secret ambi-

Ireland and Bonaparte

tions of making a name like the Cannings, before leaving Eton, and of some day entering the House of Commons—such things have been—but he puts them aside at the bidding of Uncle George. Still he begins to think on public affairs, his mind is enlarging, and with much anxiety and yet with firmness he discloses his thoughts to his old master about Roman Catholic Emancipation.

“Peter Plymley’s letters,¹ which I have borrowed, and Mr. Grattan’s oratory have completely converted me. I think their claims should be attended to, both from motives of policy and justice. The defence of the King’s Oath is so absurd that I wonder any case was ever built on it; he has all his reign been breaking it, for he has several times granted concessions to the Irish. The light in which I take the subject is, that at some former time we have deprived the Irish of their beef and pudding; juster notions having risen in *our* minds, by degrees we have thrown them back their pudding, and now we think them most ungrateful and unmindful of our favours, because they have the audacity to ask for their beef also.

“Bonaparte is too politic to divide his strength, he even extends his patronage to the Jews; all this he does without the smallest *want* of men; while we, in this hour of danger, when, as Lord Grenville says, the trenches are far advanced and the line of circumvallation is drawing closer round us, divide and render disaffected four millions of our small population.” How often in later years has this same argument been advanced, and by what wise men! This is

¹ Written by the Rev. Sydney Smith.

John Taylor Coleridge

singular as coming from an Eton boy of fourteen, brought up both at home and at school in such a very different atmosphere. He casts his eye over Europe. "In short never was there such an age for wonder and sorrow as the present; one can hardly believe, after an hour employed in the history of old times, that such things are. And yet the picture has very little bright in it, excepting the Portuguese and the King of Sweden, I see nothing to pity in Europe. I do not even think our own conduct such as either past or future ages can approve of, or that our fall would be much lamented by any nation in Europe.

"Have you heard of the Manchester Riot? A few more of the kind and the Ministry *must* make any peace they can get. The poor people see the war only in one light, that it starves them; and therefore they will look upon that as the best policy and him as the best servant who will be accessory to the filling of their bellies for the present time."

The difficulties on both sides are enormous, but necessity must carry the day. It is an admirable plan this of newspapers, that no village ale-house should be without them, and finally he admires without stint Sir Samuel Romilly's intended reform of the criminal law, which has long been "a disgrace to the policy and humanity of the nation. He goes very wisely and temperately to work; first of all, he proposes only the repeal of part of an absurd statute of Elizabeth. Another part of his plan is good in theory; I fear it will fail, or even be hurtful in practice. It is to grant a compensation to the poor acquitted man for the loss he has suffered by his

General Simcoe

confinement. This is to be done at the discretion of the Court, not the Jury, and to be paid by the County. Beyond a doubt a labourer, the sole dependence of his family, must suffer amazingly by a confinement of several months (in the Northern Counties it may be a year) on suspicion of a crime, of which, when acquitted, he may possibly find his wife and family in a workhouse."

Romilly's was the first word uttered on this subject. I do not know that the last has yet been uttered. Verily by this time he, John Taylor, had learnt to form an independent judgment.

News came to him at Eton in 1807 of the death of Lieutenant-General Simcoe, of Wolford Lodge, a home nestled in a cup of the Blackdown Hills overlooking the wide valley of the Otter to the sea. His career had been distinguished. The son of Captain John Simcoe, who was killed before Quebec in 1759, he had naturally adopted the Army as his profession. He was a fine specimen of the cultivated soldier. The creator of the Queen's Rangers in the American War, he founded Toronto as the capital of Upper Canada, of which province he was the first Lieutenant-Governor.

In 1806 Simcoe issued his valedictory address to the Yeomanry and Volunteer Force of the Western district on being appointed Commander-in-Chief in India. In contrast with the arms of precision and long-ranges of to-day, we read with interest his advice on the mode of fighting then practised.

"The Major-General therefore desires that the volunteer in the charge may be exercised to increase

John Taylor Coleridge

his pace by degrees, so as to arrive with rapidity at the distance of three hundred yards without any disorder, and in perfect breath and readiness to grapple with any opponent. The closing with the enemy becomes the courage of the country, and is firmly supported by that activity in which the Englishman participates with the Southern nations, and that strength in which he equals those of the North. A combination of those qualities and a due exercise therein must ensure victory. To close with the enemy has been the foundation of all our superiority by sea and by land; it was the principle of Marlborough and the practice of Wolfe."

He went out to join Earl St. Vincent in the Tagus, but illness overtook him and he turned back, not surviving to reach his home alive.

From the top of the "Hilly Field" at the Chanter's House you can descry the front of Wolford Lodge. Every morning the Colonel, who was General Simcoe's aide-de-camp, had been accustomed to go up with his telescope, and if a towel was hung out of a particular window it was a signal for him to go up to Wolford at once. The little town would then gape for news of the expected invasion. Troops were quartered in a field on the road to Exeter which still bears the name of the Barrack Field, and a semaphore on the West Hill waved its picturesque arms to Haldon on the west, and to St. Cyres Hill over Honiton on the east. The house with its holes in the walls set accurately for him who worked the semaphore to watch the stations east and west, only perished a few years ago.



THE HILLY FIELD,
From a Window in the Chanter's House.

Dread of Invasion

Now the General was gone, and his loss was deeply mourned by all around. John sends from Eton to his father a fine Latin epitaph commemorating the services of the departed warrior, asking him "first to examine the *ideas* contained in the translation (which accompanies the original), and if they do not meet with your approbation to consign it at once to 'the tide of affairs.'" If they do, to pass it on to Uncle George with the modest hope that the epitaph may be adopted. Verses, too, come flowing from John's pen, the form of composition which the Colonel, having the lively example of his brother, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, before his eyes, does his best to discourage, dreading that John may think of verse-writing for his livelihood. Poetry must be a relaxation, nothing more.

1807 comes round, and while, in October, John is away at Eton, the little midshipman, "that dear, entertaining old fellow, Fritz," has been for a flying visit home, and he has missed him! He is troubled with a pain in his side which has a "hatred to motion," and though he has been cautious in his practice on the flute he is determined to give it up for a while, and also to cease "going into the Thames," which he has done "all along" "these frosty mornings." To his mother, October 8, 1807, he rejoices that "you have seen Fritz in good spirits, good health, and what is more, I presume, with the same good humour and good morals which he learnt at home; that he has the same affection for you and all his friends not altered, not weakened, by so distant a change of place and objects. I suppose you have

John Taylor Coleridge

begun partial firing in the parlour" (Oliver Cromwell's Convention Room). John seems to have written to Uncle George, I presume waggishly, that "modesty consists in hiding from the world a knowledge of that merit of which you yourself are conscious." Uncle George was too serious a person to take a light view of such a definition, and gets into his pulpit, which he has a slight inclination to mount, and retorts "that the more you really deserve the praise of the world the more will you be convinced in morals how little can be done, and in learning how little can be known."



PIXIES' PARLOUR.

Attributed to by Samuel Taylor Coleridge in his "Songs of the Pixies."

CHAPTER XII

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE (*continued*)

IN the year 1808 the Rev. George Coleridge, after fourteen years' office, resigned the headmastership of the King's School, Ottery St. Mary. The schoolroom, used in 1781 for keeping rabbits and poultry, was now crowded with pupils, and the fame of the school was high in the county. It was characteristic of the unselfishness of Uncle George that his withdrawal was largely due to his desire to make way for his successor, Dr. Warren.

John, as the prize pupil of the school, wrote an inscription for an urn presented to the retiring headmaster which has the true idiomatic flavour. He also sent some verses to be declaimed on the occasion.

The letter enclosing these was forwarded to the Colonel at Plymouth, where he was on duty, who comments on receiving it :—

“Despatches from General Hill this morning. We have gained a very compleat Victory.”

This was the news of the Battle of Vimiera.

Boys will be boys, and John confesses to his father to having taken a glass too much, not wishing to be thought too pious, and not feeling very remorseful about it, whereat the Colonel takes up his pen :—

John Taylor Coleridge

"January 25, 1808.

"You are now entered in the list of Candidates for Fame, and having once started, I hope every Reflexion of yours will tend to strengthen in your mind the Disgrace that would await you by not succeeding from any Remissness of your own, and that you will be spurred on by the Honor that will accrue to you, and the Happiness your success will give me and those that love you.

"I am anxious, and, indeed, rather uneasy about you in one point, which it is only in your power to relieve my mind from. I mean ye Principle you seem to have laid down that it is better to be a *little* vicious than in any way particular. I am no very severe moralist, and can make allowance for the feelings of a Young Man thrown into what is called Good Company, but depend on it, with your Talents and Abilities you may soon set ye Tone of ye Party rather than be a Servile Imitator. All this I grant you requires Fortitude, but you are not perhaps aware of ye effect of Habit. If you get drunk because you will not appear particular, the effect will be a love of wine, and ye same of every vice, and the same will certainly take effect if you allow yourself to doubt or cavil on Religious matters; it will beget Scepticism. You know full well, my dear John, that Self-denial is ye very Essence of Virtue, and Corporal Trim was certainly right in his Explanation of ye 5th Commandment.

"William Coleridge was admitted at College (Christ Church) in a very creditable way, and placed by ye Dean in ye Upper Class. Your Uncle Samuel

Confesses Peccadillos

is (I hear) to lecture at ye New Institute in London on Poetry and Modern Poets. If he wants any abuse, I can help him out."

1808.—And now comes another lapse from virtue. John, as the head of the school at Eton, has found himself obliged, as he thinks, to spend more than his allowance, intending to make up the deficiency from his increased allowance when at Oxford. He has the candour, however, to tell Uncle George the facts, who responds in a letter which is so characteristic of the author that I set it out in full.

"February, 1808.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—The narrative of the *Cause* of your increased expenses and consequent debt is sufficiently plausible, and I doubt not true, but I solemnly protest against the motive which could induce you to exceed the limits of your allowance, viz., the hopes of repaying from surplus of your University allowance: for such procrastination is a very insidious thief, and will soon steal away your integrity, which, notwithstanding the ready coin of approbation which you receive from the practice of your companions, ought to be guarded at all points with the strictest delicacy. The conduct of the Dean of Christ Church when he was Master Cyril Jackson, a schoolboy, can never justify what is in its nature wrong, besides, you say that his father had put him in a situation which he could not, with the utmost prudence, support without getting in debt. In this case his Father was wrong, so that even as Dean he may

John Taylor Coleridge

be wiped pretty clean. To be imprudent is one thing, and imprudence, particularly in youth, and strong temptations should not be too rigidly marked. To persevere in it and to justify it by specious argumentation (which weed, by the way, grows spontaneously in the hot-bed of quick wit and strong appetite) is another thing, and that thing, too, of a very deleterious nature, gradually wearing away the moral perception, and laying the foundation for the systematic domination of fallacy and error. By that sin (specious argumentation) fell your Uncle Sam, and I trust that you will have too much sense, and enough religion, to prevent *you* from hoping to win by it.

“I advise you to state to your Father openly that, to support your situation at the head of the school with credit, your pocket-money need be increased, and that you must be either mean in receiving and not returning favours, or be mean in contracting debts, of which two meannesses it is ten to one but strong inclination and example will prompt you to adopt the latter. Your Father’s health so much depends on his feelings which are easily excited, that I do not venture to open to him the subject of your letter.

“I recommend you, therefore, to get rid of the present incumbrance (for which purpose I enclose five pounds), and I will take an opportunity of laying the foundation with your Father for the favourable reception of anything that you may wish to say to him hereafter on the subject. By these means you may be relieved from your distresses in pecuniary matters, and not subject yourself to mental reservations or privacy in your affairs, which must ever be painful

Uncle George on Politics

to an ingenuous mind, and tend eventually to domestic discord and division."

No young lad could go far wrong if he were naturally well-disposed with so much kindly wisdom watching over him. We note that one of the Colonel's "chief felicities consists in supposing that you communicate everything to him." That felicity was not disturbed, and John found his way between penuriousness and profuseness.

But John is not entirely buried alive in his classics. He looks further afield. He lives in stirring times. Abroad a great European war in which his country is engaged, at home great questions are coming to the front. Every day of his life, he tells Uncle George, he grows more interested in politics. He writes freely of his thoughts on the present discontents. Sighs and warnings break from Uncle George. He begins by saying, June 27, 1808, in excuse for not meeting John's argument, that—

"I never did understand anything of that Proteus Science yclept Politics: and what is more than that I never will, and my reason, if you are quick-sighted, you will pick up in the sequel. The interval between the init and the exit of Man's life is so precarious, and at the longest so short, and mine in particular is so circumscribed by the space already passed, as well as by premature old age, that my eye (as far as my weak nature will permit) is extending daily its sight to that perfect Government in Heaven whose Governor and King is the Almighty God." And the argument leads gently on to the doctrine of non-resistance and

John Taylor Coleridge

passive obedience. Christianity owns no particular Government, but obedience to all, and it is (on the most liberal plan) all things to all men. "A Christian can be happy under any social form of Government, he has only to obey the existing laws, which, from the nature of his tenets, viz., that he is to deny himself and to suffer, will pinch him less than his fellow-subjects who are not Christians," though, to be strictly logical, he ought not to be glad at escaping, but ought to welcome the pinching! It was certainly well for England that the voters were not all as Uncle George.

No wonder that he says to John, "Your politics seem to have a violent tendency." Patience! Patience! "It will be full ten years before the illumination has irradiated your whole brain, and full ten years after that before experience, if ever, will remedy the blindness which the too great light has produced, and in the meantime you will be veered about through every part of the political weather-cock, in daily struggle between *your* reason and the Scriptures" (represented on the earth, I presume, by the Duke of Portland and his Administration), "and your relatives and sober-minded friends overwhelmed (mine is no vain augury) in the most complete sea of Trouble!" He has not shown John's letter to his father, for he perceives in it "the seeds of that which, when grown a little, will begin to trample on those received maxims which sober-minded men look on as the security of all their temporal, if not eternal happiness."

But the earthly schoolmaster, proud of his pupil,

Henry Nelson goes to Eton

hopeful of his much-loved nephew's mundane progress, is not entirely enveloped from sight in the cloud of these transcendental doctrines, for he tells John that in proportion to the extent that he permits the study of politics to engross him, "so in exact proportion you will remove yourself at a greater distance from that happiness which you would derive from the pursuits of Literature, and those high honours and emoluments which this Country holds forth to the meritorious."

The year 1809 saw the advent to Eton of John's younger brother, Henry Nelson. The money was provided through the generosity of "Aunt Brown," of Combesatchfield. She had lent the Colonel two notes of hand of £200 each at ten per cent., offered to forgive the debt, the money to be applied to sending Henry to Eton on the assurance that he would be sure to "get King's." He did so, and became one of the most brilliant sons of Eton and King's.

So Henry goes to Eton under the wing of brother John. He found the work easy after the King's School at Ottery St. Mary, and brimful of fun, indites his first letter to the somewhat saintly Uncle George, concluding thus, "Goodbye. Amen!"

The Colonel had occasion this year to visit Oxford. His nephew William was at Christ Church pursuing a brilliant University career, for he gained his studentship in 1811, and the same year his name appeared in the First Class both in Classics and Mathematics. No doubt an inspection of the various Colleges was the main object of the visit, for John was hesitating which scholarship to try for.

The buildings at Christ Church caught fire. The

John Taylor Coleridge

Colonel happened to be there, and true to his innate soldierly habit of command he assumed control over the gaping crowd, and was the main cause of the fire being successfully subdued, as the following letter received from the Dean will show :—

“CHRIST CHURCH, *March* 5, 1809.

“SIR,—It was not till late in the forenoon of yesterday that I could discover the name of the gentleman to whose advice and assistance I was so much indebted on Friday night. I had not failed to lay before the Chapter my own sense of the obligations under which they lay towards him ; but, as I have said, it was some time before we could ascertain to whom our thanks were due, which was at last done by means of the Vice-Chancellor.

“I am now therefore directed by the Chapter to return you their most grateful and respectful acknowledgments for the interest which you so kindly took in their distressing situation, and for the zealous and kind co-operation with which you favoured us. I need not, I trust, assure you with how much pleasure I obey these directions, or how much I feel myself personally obliged to you. I will only add that you will very much increase the obligation if you will allow me the opportunity in case you should at any time pass through Oxford of repeating these acknowledgments in person.

“I have the honour to be, with the highest regard and respect, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful Servant,

“CYRIL JACKSON.”

Fire at Christ Church

A present was subsequently received by the Colonel from the Dean and Chapter, of a book containing views of Christ Church, as a mark of gratitude for his services.

Any clouds that might have hovered in the domestic atmosphere over John's conduct were shortly dispersed by his obtaining a Scholarship at Corpus. Uncle George was naturally pleased and proud at the success of his pupil, and the Colonel writes April 26, 1809 :—

“ My prayer to God, after thanking Him for your Success, is that you may preserve an humble mind, and that you will use your Talents for His Glory and for your everlasting good,” a prayer which I believe was granted.

The Colonel, when the news reached him, was staying with Sir Stafford Northcote at Winscott St. Giles, four miles east of Torrington, who, being interested in John, produced his oldest bottle of port, which was entirely drunk to John's health.

This summer the Colonel's three youngest sons, Frank, Henry Nelson, and Edward, paid a visit to their earthly paradise Combesatchfield to see their Aunt Brown. They were putting into practice the motto, “ Carpe diem,” when the following paternal letter reached them :—

“ To Lanky Lennard Esqr.
“ or Solomon Bulky Esqr.
“ or Dumpy Esqr.
“ at Brown Castle,
“ near Good Cheer Hall
“ in the Island of Ease.

John Taylor Coleridge

“GENTLEMEN,—I think it necessary to apologise to you for having so long neglected to send for you out of ye Prison of Brown Castle, and to restore you to your different Mansions in Liberty Hall, under the care of your merry Companions the Reverend G. Coleridge and J. Warren [their schoolmasters]. The fact was (and it is the only excuse that I can offer for your sufferings) that I was led to believe that you had great plenty of eating and drinking, and that of ye best sort, such as Poultry and Pastry and Butter and Cream and Wine and Grog, and all other things suited to your stations as men of high mark and fashion. And further, that you were allowed play room and noise room and dirt room and sleep room and squabble room without Interruption from the Governor of the Castle, and also that you were become so delighted with your Situation as to have lost all desire of change. Now, this being the case, I rested contented on your accounts, until I have learnt that the whole was a fabrication. And I now, out of regard for ye Governor and in compliance with your earnest wishes and craving desires, inform you that you will be released some day in ye week after this that shall best suit ye Governor, to whom you ought to return your grateful thanks for the Favors bestowed on you and for having lessened your pains, and for consenting to your liberation, whereby you are about to be restored to those delightful habits of early rising, rough cleaning, hard learning with all the etceteras, Ferules, Confinements, &c., &c. It is to be regretted that you have lost the opportunity of being introduced to ye Emperor Napoleon and all

Death of His Grandmother

ye Crowned Heads in Europe, who slept here last night, after holding a levee at which were present Lord Nelson and Mrs. Coleridge and Miss Guard and ye Honble. Miss Bunch" (their sister Fanny, afterwards Lady Patteson), "and ye elegant Doctor Hodge" (the bibulous local Leech), "who acted as Master of ye Ceremonies. I desire you to commend me to ye Governor of Brown Castle and to the Household, and to make these presents known to all ye Geese, Turkeys, Ducks, and Chickens in ye Neighbourhood, that their lively Terrors may be at an end.

" Yours truly,
" J. C."

In a letter dated November 5, 1809, the Colonel reports to John the news of the death of his grandmother, the widow of the Rev. John Coleridge.

"She died at half-past four last evening and had suffered greatly 'til within an hour of her death, when a sweet sleep seized her and she slid into Death without a groan. Her senses were perfect to ye last, her Death ardently prayed for by herself and her Friends, is it then to be lamented? Certainly not, but it has upset me more than in reason it ought. Long habits of dutiful Attention to her had attached me, and a mixture of feeling that, one generation being now gone, I am ye *first* of another, probably to depart. May I be as well prepared. I have many causes of gratitude to God, and this one particularly comforts me, that I have been able to contribute very materially to ye Consolation of her Age and Wants,

John Taylor Coleridge

and that I cannot charge myself with having given her cause of Affliction. I heartily wish and believe that you and James may and will have ye same satisfaction towards me and your Mother."

She was "to be buried in the same vault as your Grandfather and Aunt Nancy."

Uncle George bears testimony "that your Father's conduct has been exemplary and such as becomes the Head of our Family."

John has never seen her out of temper, or unkind for a minute to James, William, or himself. Did Uncle Sam come to the funeral? The author of "The Friend" begins to stand very high in his opinion. "If he would be content to write like other men, his work would, I think, be very popular." Uncle George, now resident in the Warden House (the house of the old Warden of the College, the freehold of which he bought in 1818), has invited Uncle Sam to come down a week before his mother's death, and again on the happening of that event, but he returned no answer to either letter. "It is strange, passing strange, but such men there are. My brother Sam will be admirable, in my opinion, but neither respectable, nor venerable."

Meanwhile at Oxford every one is discussing, says John, the election of a New Chancellor.

"Lord Eldon rests on the brawny back of Corpus, and the capacious breast of University, while Lord Grenville is hardened by the brass of Brazennose and leans on one arm of Christ Church. The Duke of Beaufort rests upon Trinity and Magdalene; College meets College, and Hall jostles with Hall, while

Oxford Christianity

Queens glad to be of consequence once in a century stands aloof in stately majesty. Every Master dreams of livings and stalls, and every Head of aprons, croziers, and mitres. With their respective enemies Lord Eldon is a *novus homo*, Lord Grenville a Papist, and the Duke of Beaufort would be a fox-hunting Chancellor."

It is verily a far-cry from the Christianity of Oxford to that of Uncle George! Lord Grenville was ultimately elected. Æschylus, above whom on a general view he places Euripides and Sophocles, though he often rises above their pitch, should be translated, he thinks, by an old man, "for young ones are too weak for his severe simplicity and immediately dress him in an embroidered coat. But he often makes one laugh when his object is the contrary: In the first scene of the Eumenides you have Apollo, the fugitive Orestes, the Furies asleep, and the Priestess in consternation and the Shade of Clytemnestra: no groupe can be more terrible or sublime, but this is all dispelled by the Furies repeatedly—snoring! Every two lines the trio interject a long snore! What an excellent effect it must have had on the stage!"

Gustavus, King of Sweden, has been received in this country with honour. No other country was bold enough to countenance him, an "honourable testimony to the high situation in which we stand as a people amid the troubles of this singular age."

The Colonel continually indites news of the home circle to the Oxford student. May 6, 1810.—"William Coleridge is the Beau Nash of Ottery St. Mary. Miss Pearse and William kicked up a Ball at Cookman's

John Taylor Coleridge

and the Irish officers of ye 18th Regiment are smitten with the beautiful damsels of the Parish." The Colonel danced five times, and "Mother was very gay at it, and only had one nap with twelve cups of tea with plenty of toast. William footed it away at least as well as Socrates, who began rather late in life." Meanwhile John tells his father (April 23, 1810) that he has written for the Chancellor's Latin Verse Prize, the subject being "*Pyramides Ægyptiæ*."

"I rise soon after six, and stroll by myself, Tasso in hand, in the Botanical Gardens till eight. Before I began to write I read two or three hundred lines of Virgil, and Milton was in my hand all day." . . . "One thing more and I go to bed. I do not tell it from vanity, or a wish to appear better than I am; my beginning and conclusion have been both attended with humble prayer to God, for humility in one case, and patience in the other, leaving the determination in His wisdom."

They are all at home intent with expectation.

"I never pass a day," writes Uncle George, "nor scarcely an hour without thinking of your present anxiety about the event of your late labours. Your Father, I believe, feels and thinks much, but says nothing."

John won the prize, June 11, 1810. How sweet to receive the following letter from his father (June 17, 1810):—

"I thank you, my dear Son, from the bottom of my heart, for ye Honor you have done me by your exertions: and I most sincerely thank God for the

The Chancellor's Medal

Blessing He has bestowed on me, and may you more than ever pray to Him that your Honors may not stifle ye lovely principle of Humility, without which the highest Talents and Acquirements serve but to *suffocate* all that is amiable in a Man's character. Accept my congratulation and do as I have done, pray to God for equanimity whether in prosperity or Adversity. Your Uncle George's face is *illuminated* with Joy, Mrs. George crying for Joy and kissing me. Mr. Guard and Miss Guard overcome with pleasure, and Mrs. Griffiths, I believe, truly glad. Mrs. Luke [widow of Uncle Luke, the physician], I assure you, appears equally delighted and has been more confident than any one of your success. In short all that love you are in high spirits."

The admonition was not needed. There never was a more humble-minded man than John Taylor Coleridge. The Colonel, indeed, relied upon John throughout as the future mainstay of the family, as the postillion in the French Revolution trusted to his main horse when he said, "Mon Mirabeau est excellent!"

CHAPTER XIII

DARTMOOR PRISON IN 1812

WHAT to do with the French prisoners of war landed at Plymouth from time to time was a perplexing question.

They were confined in various prisons and in different parts of the country, and in prison-ships at Portsmouth and Plymouth, where confinement and over-crowding told its tale.

It was an Iron Age, and the French, with their fortresses and dungeons of Biche and the like, could not in fairness complain. The scheme was then entertained of erecting a prison in the centre of Dartmoor, and by May, 1809, the first French prisoners were received in the extraordinary building, the description of which is contained in the next letter. The site chosen was an uninhabited spot on the open moor, 1,400 feet above the sea, and the cost of the prison was £130,000. A collection of houses soon grew up which we now know as Princetown. According to the testimony of Sir George Magrath, who presided over the medical department from 1814 to the close of the war, "It was not unusual in the months of December and January for the thermometer to stand at from thirty-three to thirty-five

The Climate

degrees below freezing, indicating cold almost too intense to support animal life. But the density of the congregated numbers in the prison created an artificial climate which counteracted the torpifying effect of the Russian climate without."

It may be imagined what effect this had upon the constitutions of the prisoners, many of whom doubtless came from the sunny south, when we find, according to a return made to the House of Commons, that, for instance, in January, 1812, out of 5,741 prisoners, 131 died. It was apparently among the newcomers who had not become acclimatised that the death-rate was most heavy. As summer came on the deaths diminished in number, and for part of the year it might be described as a healthy prison for those days. The savage wildness of their surroundings had a depressing effect on the spirits of the inmates, as Carrington, the Dartmoor poet, feelingly describes .

"O ! who that drags
A captive's chain would feel his soul refreshed
Though scenes like those of Eden should arise
Around his hated cage ! But here green youth
Lost all its freshness, manhood all its prime,
And age sank to the tomb, ere peace her trump
Exulting, blew ; and still upon the eye,
In dread monotony, at morn, noon, eve,
Arose the Moor ! the Moor !"

Little is known of the life led in the prison which makes the following account from an eye-witness the more important. No entry of deaths appears in the parish register, and we learn from Captain Harris Vernon, who was Governor of Dartmoor Prison about

Dartmoor Prison in 1812

1850 after it was re-opened for the reception of convicts, that—

“Little attention appears to have been paid to the last resting-place of these unfortunates.”

We read in the account published by R. Evans that “the burial-place of the unfortunate captives has been sadly neglected. Horses and cattle have broken up the soil and left the bones of the dead to whiten in the sun.”

In 1865, Captain Stopforth, then Governor of the prison, collected the remains of the prisoners and buried them in two enclosures, one set apart for the French and the other for the American dead.

Only one small portion of the original buildings, still called the French Prison, remains.

In 1812 the single-cell system was unknown. At present the huge establishment, much larger than the prison of 1812, can only accommodate some 1,200 inmates. In 1812 they numbered 6,700!

The Colonel was deputed in April, 1812, to superintend the march of prisoners from Plymouth to Dartmoor. He was, of necessity, constant in his visits to both places. On April 12, 1812, he goes to Dock (Devonport), starting from Ottery St. Mary and riding in to Exeter on “Old Mortimer,” catches the Subscription Coach at the Old London Inn at 8 a.m., and reaches Ivybridge by 2 p.m., “the quickest and best coach I ever was in, and so is its character from Town to Plymouth by ye New Road.”

In a letter to John at Oxford we have first-hand testimony from an eye-witness of the condition of the prisoners :—

The Prisoners

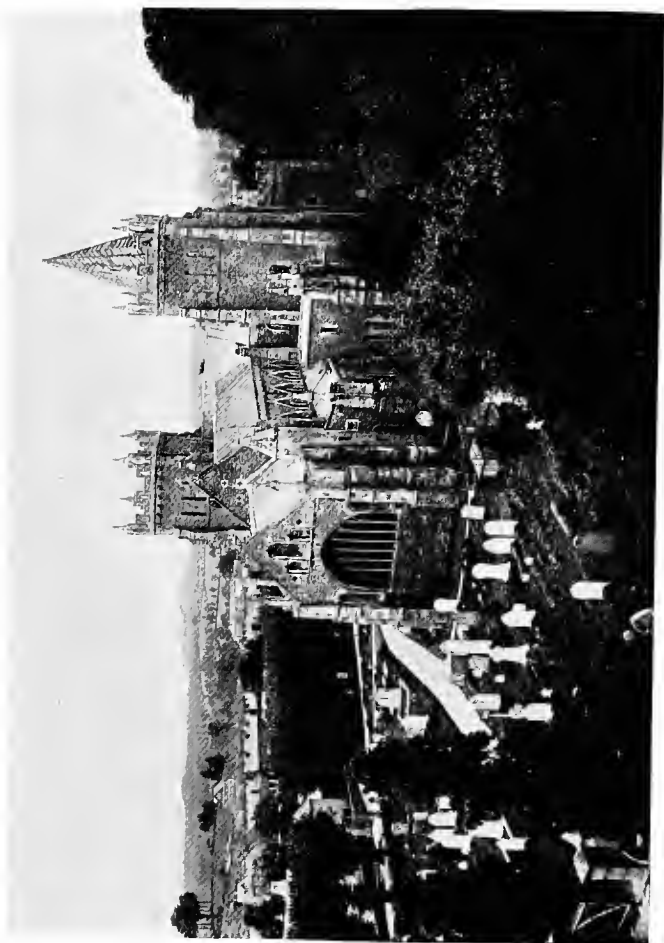
“It is the most extraordinary sight and place I ever saw. Fancy nine acres of ground in a circular Iron Railing $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, within which are various large granite Buildings capable of holding 7,000 prisoners, numberless Lamp Posts round ye Railing. Outside is a circular Way about twenty feet broad, then a Wall about twelve feet high, outside and near ye top of which a walk for Centinels with Boxes ; from this walk you see every man who may attempt, first ye railing, and if he proceeds to ye Wall, he mounts against a Centinel, who stands close by a wire which goes all round the prison wall, to which are fixed Bells from Centinel to Centinel. A Bell sounding goes all round ye nine acres in an Instant, and ye Guards are in an Instant under arms. The Barracks adjoin, which contain a Regiment. All this is in a Country which affords no Tree, no Shrub, or green spot but what has been lately made. Houses are building, fields enclosing, a Church building, a good Inn established, and well-behaved prisoners indulged to work two or three miles off from ye Prison in doing all this, and in digging up immense blocks of Granite. I saw *one* piece divided into twelve Pillars twelve feet long and sixteen inches square, or diameter.

“In the Prison are a set of Wretches (who are styled Romans), about 200 of them, who gamble for everything they have, Cloathes, Provisions. They are governed by a King elected, are mostly naked, all S——s, and live in a place by themselves and are abhorred by all ye other Prisoners. It is horrible, and as bad as Swift’s Yahoos! The King is absolute, they must all lie ’til he rises, must not eat ’til he allows

Dartmoor Prison in 1812

it, and are not allowed to do so 'til ye meat has been played for at some game. They frequently die of hunger."

Over the portals of this inferno you may still read, carved there as though in mockery, the words "Parcere Subjectis."



THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, OTTERY S. MARY,
FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

CHAPTER XIV

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE (*continued*)

JOHN'S spirits are more gay than is wont after his successes in scholarship. He writes from Corpus, November 10, 1810, playfully to brother Frank :—

“Old Herodotus and all his fusty remarks about pigs, and cows, and heifers of Egypt, are set aside for to-night, and my time is more pleasantly devoted to thee, worthy limb of the law. I suppose you know that I am aiming at becoming a little toe of the same body ; however, we will both try and be honest for all that, and cheat the Devil of a steak or two which he looks forward to from our rumps ! Take care, my boy, you don't bring a shabby brief into Court at Exeter when I am at the green table !

“Talking of Herodotus puts me in mind of his *τερατα* and monsters. I had a prodigy myself this evening which is really true. My kettle was on the fire beginning to sing and I began to play, which concert had not been long a-going, when I looks me round, and lo ! you, a mouse was very contentedly dancing a rigadon before my fire. I stopped playing, but Madam seemed nowise disconcerted. I drove her rather rudely about the room and called up Cornish

John Taylor Coleridge

[the author of 'Egloshayle' and 'The Vale of Otter,' a fellow-scholar of Corpus and educated also with John at the King's School] to look at her. A Council was called and I determined that it would be highly improper to violate the rights of hospitality. However, I showed her to the door, and with some difficulty got her to go out, and with still greater difficulty moved her downstairs and turned her adrift. I was sorry for it afterwards, for I might have had her out every evening. I daresay besides, who knows? but it might have been a fairy, who, upon kind treatment, would have started up into a beautiful woman, and holding out a fool's cap would have said : ' Virtuous young man. I was doomed by the fairy Tetrica to wear this odious form till I met with some such liberal young man as you ; take in return this fool's cap and these bells and be for ever happy ! ' Alas ! alas ! what have I not lost by my incivility ? "

About this time John fell in love. His choice was fixed upon his cousin, Elizabeth Yonge.

With all the rashness of a youthful undergraduate he proposes to his father that he should marry and set up a school for the tuition of incompetent boys as a means of livelihood ! Whereat his father strongly but kindly remonstrates, desiring him to fix his mind for the present on his education and the fulfilment of the higher hopes of his friends.

" I sighed as a lover ; I obeyed as a son. " The remark unwarrantably attributed to Gibbon describes John's conduct, but the friendship between them continued through life.

Elizabeth Yonge was, indeed, a charming person.

Southey and Wordsworth

She afterwards married Sir John Colborne, the celebrated soldier who was created Baron Seaton, and when Sir John Taylor Coleridge and Lady Seaton were in their old age, it was touching to see them meet on the footing of an old-world courtly tenderness.

But now while Henry Northcote is the gayest of the gay, galloping in scarlet twenty miles on a covert hack to the meet, and John looks on in somewhat envious rumination, comes the monition of the ever-watchful Uncle George. "The sum of all is, dear John, that I wish you to be great and good" (December 2, 1811).

He is well away from home, for "a fever has made its appearance about 'the Flexton' in rather an alarming way," and Henry, driven from Eton by that gigantic monster, scarlet fever, is interned at home by way of quarantine. Does John answer to the stimulus applied, and speak about ambition? Uncle George puts forth a warning against excess. "Ambition is a kind of balloon filled with gas, which certainly causes the machine to be buoyant, but the machine itself, with its travellers, are liable to be carried God knows where."

Those were the great days of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. Their contents were discussed, abused, praised, as each number came out, by every thoughtful man. The *Edinburgh* reviewer has found fault with Southey because all his love in every poem is that of fathers and daughters, or brothers and sisters. Whereat John comes to the rescue. "I own I do like the high and unearthly morality of Words-

John Taylor Coleridge

worth, Southey, &c. It may be too fine for work-day wear, still it is surely better, even without practising, to admire such sentiments at least; one cannot become very low if you keep your cooler likings very high."

He has read Priestley with pleasure, and when he has a good bit of clear time will encounter Adam Smith.

To brother Frank he enjoins a constant correspondence with his father and Uncle George. The old love the marks of affection, and their advice and counsel are valuable. Indeed, his correspondence with Uncle George is one of the happinesses of his life. Get up early, read before breakfast a chapter from the Old Testament in English, and a chapter of the New Testament in Greek, follow it up by one hundred lines from Milton, and then, in spite of the close labour of an attorney's office, there will be time before the day is over for French, Latin, and Greek.

John May, a wine merchant, a friend of the family, lived in affluent circumstances at Richmond. His generosity was often employed in pecuniary assistance by way of gifts and loans. In aftertimes, when financial misfortune overtook him and the family were in more prosperous circumstances, it is pleasant to think that this generosity was amply requited.

In 1811 John writes to his brother James a curious account of his meeting his uncle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, at the house of Mr. May:—

"When I saw my Uncle Sam last in town I gave him a copy" (of his successful Latin verse) "by his own desire, and he promised to write me by the next penny



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.
By R. Dawe, R.A.

To face p. 191.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

post. I need hardly say that I have not heard one word from him! He spent two days at Richmond, and so delightful and astonishing a man I have never met with. Every subject he was master of, and discussed in the most splendid eloquence, without ever pausing for a word. Whether poetry, religion, language, politics, or metaphysics were on the 'tapis,' he was equally at home and equally clear. It was curious to see the ladies loitering most attentively, and being really uncommonly entertained with a long discussion of two hours on the deepest metaphysics. At the end of this time I got one of them, a beautiful woman, and a superior singer, to sing some Italian Arie to him. His very frame shook with pleasure, a settled smile and a sort of tittering noise indicated his feelings. He prayed that she might finish those strains in Heaven, and, sitting down by Mrs. May, recited some extempore verses on the singer.

"He went with us to Church, and seemed to enjoy it much, and said, as we walked through the yard, that by God's favour man seemed to have fifty-two springs in every year. When we came out of Church he was vehement against the sermon, and by proposing several texts from the Lessons, Gospel, &c., showed that he had been properly attending. His religious principles are certainly now of the most orthodox and zealous nature. Socinianism and Methodism he very ably discussed, and gave us some very striking specimens of Roman Catholic blindness.

"When he saw us first he was affected distressingly, and through the whole time he was affectionate in the

John Taylor Coleridge

highest degree. Henry" (Henry Nelson) "delights him beyond measure. He made a conquest of all the men and women at Richmond, gave us analyses of long works which are to come out, recited songs and odes of his own, told stories of his youth and travels, never sparing himself at all, and altogether made the most powerful impression on my mind of any man I ever saw. Yet I saw and heard *some* things which I did not quite like."

In those days the banks do not seem to have grasped the idea of making fortunes by the simple process of lending to one customer the money of another, the note-of-hand moneylender had not come into his own, and everybody lent money to everybody else on personal bonds without security. Thus we find the Colonel advancing money to John for his career at Oxford, and afterwards for the Bar, by borrowing on a note of hand, John giving his note of hand in exchange to the Colonel. This was mortgaging his future, and he in fact started his career at the Bar £1,000 in debt.

No wonder John is anxious, and peers into the future with some alarm. What about the brothers?

"The brothers may say," replies the Colonel, "why not undertake great things for me? This question, if I judge properly of their Hearts, will not enter into their Heads, for I have seen nothing like envy as yet among them. . . . I participate in your anxious feelings, and I would, if possible, lessen them. Probably you may have discovered in yourself what I possess; certainly more courage at the critical time than in the distant view. Your powers will not, I think, fail you,

Manly Letter

but you may suffer afterwards by ye stretch of your faculties. Be not afraid, and pray to God to give you strength of Mind and Body. Encourage Cheerfulness as ye best Cordial, and thank God for numberless great Blessings, but most particularly that you have ye Love and Esteem of those you regard and venerate."

But John is not so easily put off. Little Edward, the youngest, is of an age to go to Eton, so he writes to his father in a noble, manly strain :—

"While I beg my dear Father's serious attention to it I must desire him also not to attribute it to any fickleness of disposition on the one hand, or a desire (which I hate worse) of saying something fine on the other. I know then (to come to the point) that you wish to send Edward to Eton, a place and education he richly deserves, and I feel that my law expenses will be the sole preventive of this favourite and excellent object. I say sole preventive, for so in fact they will be ; that is, if I did not go to the Temple the boy would go to Eton. Now this reflection is, of course, a very painful one to me, and my meditations on it, not recently begun, I assure you, have led me to propose the following ideas to you, not as what I desire either on this side or that, but that, by stating each side, *you* may determine for me as you please.

"If I renounce the Law to get a *good* (*i.e.*, in emolument and prospect) private tutorship, my income will be too large to spend and too small to save from, so that I shall not only be off your shoulders, but be able to contribute some trifle to Ted's education, and farther, by being on the spot

John Taylor Coleridge

at Eton, I shall make the place worth much more both to him and Henry.

“ These are certain solid advantages ; we will come to the losses presently.

“ As to the advantages of the Law : first, they are dreadfully uncertain. You and my friends are naturally sanguine about me, and I shall not assume any false modesty by saying that your hopes are quite groundless. But so do a thousand other friends of a thousand other young men form sanguine hopes in the same manner ; yet four-fifths at least are disappointed. Next, the advantages, if obtained, great as they are, must be distant. From the time I enter at the Temple I cannot expect, at the earliest, to maintain myself under seven years, nor to be of pecuniary assistance to the family under three more. This is taking the very shortest calculation.

“ Now as to the losses by my plan. That of a profession is nothing, it requires no great philosophy to determine that happiness in life does not depend on the cast of a profession, or religion, to feel that if disappointed hopes gave me painful feelings, such feelings would be improper, and ought to be suppressed.

“ The question then comes to this, whether I shall go to the Law for the contingent advantages of myself and family, to be purchased at the certain disadvantage of a member, or whether I shall give up this for a positive good, purchased by what is really no sacrifice to me and a doubtful loss to the family.

“ It has been long on my mind, but I hesitated to write, for fear you should suppose I was displaying

Storming of Badajoz

a sounding offer in confidence that it would not be accepted."

In truth, we can see the painful effort it must have caused John to write this letter. But the Colonel, prudent in most things, was a complete "plunger" where John was concerned. In him and in his future he had a boundless confidence, which justified the most alarming present pecuniary imprudence. At all costs for the Law he was destined, to the Law he should go. John May strongly advocates the Bar, which counsel he ultimately furthered by lending the necessary money. Aunt Brown, however, says the Colonel, "is strong for ye Tutorship." "Women love Certainties."

In his Diary for 1812, on April 20th the Colonel makes an entry :—

"Badajoz taken by storming ye sixth inst." "Our loss 60 officers and 1,000 men killed, and full 3,000 with 200 officers wounded."

News was also to follow that young Francis Gwillim Simcoe, son of General Simcoe, of Wolford, fell in the breach on that awful day of slaughter. The young officer had been educated with James Duke, John Taylor, and Bernard Frederick at the King's School, under Uncle George, and the General had, on his son's leaving school, presented to the family, as from young Francis, a beautiful silver cup as a testimony of friendship, which is still a cherished possession.

The gift was accompanied by the following letter from General Simcoe to the Colonel :—

"DEAR FRIEND,—Francis desires your acceptance of a token of his regard and my gratitude for your

John Taylor Coleridge

kindness to him. He will bring some Inscription for it, which the time has not permitted me to have executed,

“Most truly yours,
“J. G. SIMCOE.”

The inscription was as follows :—

Amicis
et Condiscipulis suis
J D C. J T C. B F C.
D. D. D.
F G. S
memor actæ non alio rege Pueritiæ.

News had only lately been received of the repute which the young officer had gained.

“I was very glad to hear,” writes John, “from Lord Clinton’s brother the other day that Frank Simcoe is one of the most spirited young men with the army in Spain, and is very popular.”

And now he is gloriously dead. John laments his loss and moralises as is his wont.

April 25, 1812.—“Poor dear Simcoe’s death has quite upset me. Few people, I believe, know how really good and amiable he was; to me he has always been the most affectionate of friends, and till to-day I did not know how much I loved him. I really believe him to have had all that true manly kindness, and domestic feeling that, in every place and employment, still turned with unabating affection to the joys of his own fireside. His last letter to me breathes all this right spirit. He looked forward once more to Ottery and Wulford.



THE SIMCOE VASE.

To face p. 196.

Death of Young Simcoe

Yet this did not make him homesick, or slack in his duty ; he was regular in his vocation and gallant, and had gained a high character. Few events have troubled me more than his death. I went lightly and gaily to look at the papers this morning and his name struck me almost instantly. It is to me a real heavy loss, for I am certain he had that true rectitude of heart, that, in every scene and occupation while it strives to do its duty in that cheerfully, still turns to domestic and youthful pleasures as to those which are to constitute the true enjoyment and happiness in life."

A monument by Flaxman to General Simcoe, the father of the young officer, was at the time being erected in Exeter Cathedral, and on a scroll at the foot an inscription is placed to the hero of Badajoz.

CHAPTER XV

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE (*continued*)

THE date of the dreaded final examination for John's degree creeps inexorably on. Little time is left for the severe student to enjoy the beauties of the authors he is mastering. But he turns aside sometimes to "savourer" his favourites: "Certainly we have nothing like Pindar in his own way in any other language. Why Gray is to be called the British Pindar I cannot conceive; it would be scarcely possible to find two poets of a more opposite character. No one would deny Gray fine feeling, chastened taste, elegant fancy, and a noble diction, but no one ought to claim for him the untameable genius, the moral sublimity of Pindar!"

The collar begins to gall. "If I know my own heart I should be more happy with a moderate fortune in the enjoyment of literary ease and domestic pleasures than in any conceivable eminence to which my present plans open a possibility. I certainly know this was my serious wish for many years. As my father's plans have changed for me I have always deemed it a duty to see the disadvantages of my former and the bright side of my present project." And in order to meet his necessary expenses, he has,



THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, OTTERY S. MARY,
FROM A WINDOW IN THE CHANTER'S HOUSE

Alone in the First Class

although in the very toils of competitive struggle, without telling his father, encumbered himself with a pupil, "a very idle Eton boy," who, of course, of necessity distracts his studies. This pupil is "a good-natured fellow, not deficient of talent, but the merest coxcomb in dress you ever saw, his shirt-collar is of muslin, worked as a lady's habit-shirt; his great-coat is laced across in front without buttons, but fastened with 'frogs.'"

At last the day arrived for his examination. He is said, when asked by the examiners what Latin and Greek books he took up, to have replied, "The Classics," and indeed his reading was so wide that it might well have been no boast, though anything like boastfulness was foreign to his whole nature. Wordsworth was among the audience, listened attentively to his examination, and sent him a note of congratulation on its conclusion.

On May 13, 1812, the printed list came out. The name of J. T. Coleridge was placed alone in the First Class.

He sent the list the same day to his father with the following short note :—

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—The singularity of this honour makes it a little more than usually conspicuous. I heartily wish you joy of it. James is very well.

"Your most affect. son,

"J. T. C."

"PS.—The whole number examined were about ninety-eight."

John Taylor Coleridge

And in his diary he made the following entry :—

“On Wednesday last the Classification paper came out and my name was alone in the First Class. Thus through the favour of God have I concluded in a successful manner my course of University Education. May I, in my course through life, meet with the same success, and always be enabled humbly and thankfully to attribute it to the goodness of God.”

I may as well here complete the history of the successes of John's academical career.

In June, 1812, he was elected to a Fellowship at Exeter College, and gained the Vinerian Scholarship, and in 1813 the English Prize Essay on Etymology, and also the Latin Essay on the subject, “*Quam vim in moribus Populi Romani arrigendis habuerit Potestas Censoria*,” or “The influence of the Roman Censorship on the Morals of Rome,” a feat which, besides himself, only Milman and Keble have achieved.

The Colonel in July, 1813, went for a trip to Richmond to visit Mr. May. “Coming home on ye arrival of ye coach no inside places could be found and we mounted outside. Excepting some hard rain for an hour over Bagshot our Journey was very delightful.” Frank and James Yonge, however, would fall asleep during the whole journey, and the Colonel was holding either one or both to prevent their falling off. The rest of the family met them at Fairmile, the nearest point of the London and Exeter road to Ottery St. Mary, and on arrival the news of brave Captain Broke's victory in the *Shannon* over the American *Chesapeake* fills all hearts with pride. “There is to be a Ball at Sidmouth this week, and

Death of Mr. Perceval

ye taking of ye *Chesapeake* will be a good sauce for ye Dish."

John hears of the death of the Prime Minister.

"By to-day's paper I see that Mr. Perceval's assassination has at length dissolved the administration: it was evident, certainly, that they could not stand any longer, not that they wanted plain sensible men of business, but some politician to manage our external relations. This is, I believe, the Marquis of Wellesley's forte, and so far I am glad that he is to be Minister. Still I think the ex-Ministers have acted very properly in maintaining their ground while they could, and not deserting the Prince all at once in the first panic of the moment. Among the horrible circumstances of Perceval's death, you must have been much struck with the savage disposition of joy manifested in several parts of the country. . . . There is a story which I have heard, and which I give you as interesting, without however vouching for its truth. Mrs. Perceval, it is said, took all her family to see the dead body of her husband, and making them kneel down with her, they all prayed for the forgiveness of the assassin. This is in fine character."

It was in the summer of 1813 that a small party of pupils gathered round John Keble at Sidmouth. He had only once before ever seen the sea, having travelled very little, and writing to an old pupil he says:—

"As I came into Devonshire in the dark and consequently could not (though very quick-sighted) see a great deal of the country, I was not a little delighted on waking next morning to find myself in a little Paradise.'

John Taylor Coleridge

Frequent were the meetings between John Taylor Coleridge and John Keble, as the former describes in his *Life of the latter*.

“ At this time I had gone through my examination and was passing my vacation at my own home at Ottery St. Mary. The footway from one place to the other was over the steep ridge which divides the two valleys of the Sid and the Otter, the distance not more than six miles, and the views on the way remarkably beautiful. It was a delightful walk, and the frequent intercourse between us was principally kept up on foot over the hill. At the termination of the ridge, where it drops down with a steep descent into the Sidmouth gap, are the remains of an Armada beacon, according to the tradition of the country. These at the time I speak of were not, as now they are, suffered to be overgrown and hidden by a plantation of firs. There on the short green turf we often rested and enjoyed a view which for beauty, variety, and extent is not easily to be surpassed. At our feet was spread out Harpford Wood as a grand carpet laid on a surface here and there deeply indented, and beyond lay the rich and wooded valley of the Otter; thence the ground rises in successive ranges of hills until you reach the higher outlines of Dartmoor. Down deep on our left lay Sidmouth and the blue sea; this sea view is interrupted by the bluff and wooded landward end of Peak Hill, and opens again beyond this to a wide range of sea and sea coast, down to and beyond the Berry Head, the westernmost point of Torbay. It needs not to be said how Keble enjoyed this, and I

The Armada Beacon

hope I may be excused for borrowing Wordsworth's verse—

“‘We talked with open heart and tongue
Affectionate and true.’”

After the passage of over fifty years I well remember being asked by my grandfather if I could discover the meeting place above described. I found the remains of the old beacon smothered up in undergrowth under the matted roof borne up by the ruddy columns of the pines, and made an accurate plan of it for him. The old man was pleased, and pathetically mused on the altered condition of the world in habit and in thought since he had sat there and talked

“of time and change
As the world ebbs and flows—ourselves unchanged.”

Duties then, as always, lay thick upon him, and he, the willing drudge, was filling up his time before going up to London to read for the Bar, in coaching his two younger brothers, Henry Nelson and Edward. He compares their minds :—

“I dread Tuesday morning, when I must begin again with Edward. Teaching any one is tiresome to me, for my heart is in it, and I am rather impatient, I believe, but poor Ted's temper is so unmanageable that he worries me more, I believe, than another boy would do. However, as I have undertaken the job, I will make as good a one of it as I can. About five months more will compleat it, and if he makes any figure afterwards at Eton I shall be well rewarded. The boy is quick enough, but he seems totally unable

to apply his mind with intention to any difficulty he meets with ; and it is harder to teach him this habit from his very quickness, which enables him to get much so easily, that he does not think it worth while to labour for more. Henry's nature is very different : he has an inquiring mind, is fond of information, whether to be acquired by reading or in conversation. His turn is literary, he begins to compose from choice, and will make, I have no doubt, a very accomplished scholar."

The said Henry, now a lad of fifteen, goes for his holidays to see the sights of London. At the Opera he is very nearly turned away because, having on trousers, he is not deemed to be in full dress. He gets in, however, and there is Catalani! He hears her "outgo with her voice the whole band and shake it exactly like a flute with great apparent ease and pleasure. Cur plura? It is impossible to describe her. Signor Tramezani too sang in a most noble and engaging manner, but yet he gives way to Braham, who sings (as a very few do) like an Englishman. The famous Vestris danced as well as toes and heels will permit."

He polishes up his French—which was self-taught, but which certainly needed polish!—by often writing in that language. Going to Oxford for the Encænna he hears dear brother John.

On his return to Eton he describes the pageant. "John fut reçu en le Theatre à Oxford avec redoublé applaudissement, et fut arrête par procedant au cri de joie et acclamations en un particulier passage on son Etymologie (une affaire laquelle à n'avenu jamais

A Law Student in London

devant) il retira avec un tonnerre d'applause ; en fin en cela n'était jamais on peut-être toujours sera si splendid un récit encore. De plus il supporte il avec le plus grande modestie imaginable."

From Eton a constant correspondence springs up between Henry and brother John, of the same character as that between the latter and Uncle George. John directs his studies. Henry responds to the full, learns Italian and French and history out of school and generally informs and enlarges his mind. Uncle Sam's play "Remorse" comes out. He cannot afford to buy it, so reads it standing at the book-seller's counter.

The autumn of 1813 saw John settling down to work at the Law at 44, Southampton Buildings. His stable companion was John Patteson, who afterwards married sister Fanny and became a brother Judge of the High Court.

To his father, November 5, 1813, he records his strenuous days :—

"My life here is, I assure you, sufficiently laborious. Patteson calls me and lights my candle soon after six regularly and then lights a fire, which we have always laid in one of our rooms overnight. We read till breakfast, and afterwards to about half-past ten ; then go to the Office (he was reading with a barrister called Sykes) and sit till between three and four. We then return to smarten a little for a walk to the West, generally on some commission. We walk in this way at a good round pace till half-past five, and repair half-famished to a coffee-house in Fleet Street. Here we sit for about an hour, home again for about as

John Taylor Coleridge

long, and then back to our pen and ink till between nine and ten ; then we shut up our Law for the day and come home to read generally as long as we can keep our eyes open, which is seldom more than an hour."

The winter of 1813-1814 was severe. John was too intent on work to visit Devonshire. Ottery St. Mary, however, is gay with Christmas mirth.

January 11, 1814, the Colonel records "Snow three feet deep and all intercourse with neighbours stopt." At the Warden House (Uncle George's) "A very jolly party, singing without music, and with, and to conclude a dance till one o'clock. Band consisting of Myself and Fanny. Your Mother and your Uncle George actually dancing like life!"

And on Thursday sister Fanny is to give a hop. But alas! William Coleridge, the future Bishop of Barbados, whose lawn sleeves may be seen already sprouting from his shoulders, "the Hero," as he was always termed, because of the somewhat inordinate if natural adoration of him by his mother, "Aunt Luke," "dissents," for "the girls will be thinking of ye Ball whilst at Church." Pious William! flighty girls! Never mind, Fanny shall have her hop.

January 17, 1814.—"Your Mother in fullest activity of Tongue, Hands, and Feet. Our Ball was (considering weather) fully attended. We had twenty-nine persons, and about twelve couple generally moving. I played ye Bass to two Fiddles. The Ladies supt first and then ye men, and left off at half-past two." The snow was still deep, the boys off to Eton by the "Clarence," as "the Subscription" was full, having had "a full swing of shooting, skating,

Coach Snowed Up

dirtying, eating, drinking, and flirting, since they have been at home. Henry is quite a Philander!"

Let us follow the boys on their eventful journey.

January 27, 1814.—Henry to John. The "Clarence" did not come on then, so the Auxiliary Mail from the "Half Moon" at Exeter picked them up at Fair Mile. "We set out from home on last Tuesday morning by the Auxiliary Mail, and were very nearly over the wheels in snow on Honiton Hill, where the road has been scooped out with spades. The compleat silence we kept and the snow hanging over the coach gave the idea of a Swiss Avalanche. We were frequently obliged to go through country bye-roads, which, for a wonder, were not so much clogged up as the highway. Near Ilminster we were (I will not say exactly turned over, but) thrown pretty roughly against the hedge, but we got safe off. They would not travel by night, so we slept at the 'Red Lion' at Salisbury. Went off next morning, and with great difficulty got on to Hartford Bridge by night, and here was the most terrible accident of all. You must know, in the first place, we had a very timorous and cowardly coachman. Well, Sir, at about eight o'clock we proceeded on the heath for about a mile, when the Coachman stopped, and told us he could not possibly go any farther. We all got out, for he could not turn his horses on the box, or with the leaders on. I assure you I never was out a doors in such a night.

"Things that love the night
Love not such nights as these, the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark
And make them keep their caves."

John Taylor Coleridge

The sleet blew with such an uncommon violence against the Coachman's face, that it was impossible for him to look up. The leaders would not move forward. In this pitiless night, on a common where there was no track of a road, had Edward and I to hold two restive and impatient leaders. The Coachman positively could not turn his Coach, and very nearly backed into a trench. By good Providence, however, a passenger came along who knew more about it, and turned the Coach for us, and after about half an hour we got into the Coach again and retreated to Hartford Bridge. I was compleatly frozen, and all my extremities were quite dead to any feeling, and it was not till about half an hour afterwards before the fire that the blood began to circulate again, which gave me most extreme pain. We slept at Hartford Bridge that night, and got on to Egham about three o'clock on Thursday, and so to Eton."

January 24, 1814.—John, writing to the Colonel, described the same state of things in London. There is great difficulty when he wants to pay a visit to Richmond to see Mr. May, in getting his coachman to drive beyond the "Cellars" in Piccadilly.

"The river, too, which I crossed yesterday on foot, with all the Mays, is a very curious sight, here and there smooth for skaiters, but, in general, piled up in large masses. Great fears are entertained for London Bridge, and coals are seven guineas a chauldron. The accounts of your merriment, and the dances at Uncle George's and at home delight me beyond measure."

At this date old London Bridge was still standing,



HEAD WEIR.
Scene on the River Otter.

Great Frost of 1814

though the houses on it had been pulled down. A week after we learn that the ice broke on the Thames from Blackfriars to London Bridge. "Thousands of people have been on it all day."

Aunt Brown thinks the boys ought never to have been sent off to school in such weather. "Your Aunt Brown positively made herself unwell with fretting about ye Boys, and said if she had not known we were affectionate parents she must have concluded we meant to have destroyed them, but she hopes their *narrow* escape will be a warning to us in future!"

The advance of spring dissolves the frost, and brings the floods in their train. You cannot pass to the Barracks out of Ottery St. Mary on wheels, and, as the waters subside, out goes Uncle George a-fishing, and catching salmon in the Otter to be eaten on fair-day, whereat John rejoices to see his uncle "renewing the triumphs of the last campaign and exciting the ill-concealed jealousy of all the Human Otters in the neighbourhood. Another salmon and you will fall a victim to a brown-palmer concealed in a sandwich. Have a care, and be not too great!"

Alas! there are no salmon now leaping up "the wild Streamlet of the West," they are all netted at the mouth, and barred by a weir up which they cannot spring.

The war is in full swing. We are fighting both America and Napoleon, not always, in the case of America, with success. The home at Ottery is somewhat gloomy in the absence of all the young males, and the Colonel's spirits droop. "Fanny very seldom

John Taylor Coleridge

plays to me, and your absence causes music to stand still. There is the want of an exciting Power, a fine young Fellow or two, or a party of Amateurs, for she feels like other Girls the love of Admiration, and I must be content to have 'Old Sir Simon the King' played as a favour like Squire Western." Again, "We are all in alarm lest Bonaparte should have proved so strong as to force a peace on the Allies. It will place us short of our hopes, but what a fine old Hero Blucher is, his retreat is ye finest that I ever read of. The Troops admirable, but it is well for him that our John Bulls were not against him, as They have a good faculty at close fighting which ye French dislike."

Moreover there is shortage of money at home. John, ever to the front, is relieving his father's pocket by writing reviews in the *British Critic* and the *Quarterly Review* on Bayle and Montgomery. There is no need for anxiety about him. John May writes from Richmond, March 24, 1814, to the Colonel: "The more I see of him the more I am pleased with him, and it will be a gratification to your affectionate paternal heart to be informed that such is the feeling of every member of our family who has become acquainted with him, and also of all outside to whom I have introduced him. He has, indeed, in all respects approved himself most worthy of my warm affection and esteem."

John keeps his father going with news, theatrical and otherwise. He pushes into the pit with Cousin William. February 9, 1814.—"I have been tempted to the theatres more than usual by Kemble at one

Kemble and Kean

house, and your Devonshire Kean at the other. Of these two I think the latter has more genius and simplicity than the former, though he bears no comparison with him at present as a finished actor. Kemble is a scholar and a gentleman, who has devoted a whole life to attain excellence in the representation of comparatively a very few characters. He has studied Shakespeare as scholars do Homer, and the result is that he teaches you more of the poet's meaning in one representation than you would yourself pick out in twenty readings. Then he regulates the whole stage with very great attention and classical truth, this is particularly observable in the Roman plays such as 'Coriolanus' and 'Julius Cæsar,' where one really learns a good deal of the Roman dress, &c. Kemble's own figure in a Roman toga of scarlet is really the very noblest and most graceful that your imagination can figure to you. With all this he has some great faults, which his imitators are sure to catch, and which Kean has, I think, avoided. I saw him (Kean) last night in Shylock and I think him very great in it, he is certainly the second or third actor on the stage: some call him the first, but none deny him the place I assign him. . . . Among the students of the Law the theatre is considered a matter of importance; we go sometimes in parties of twelve or more, and make quite a formidable figure in the pit. The squeeze to see Kemble is dreadful. Last week, on the night when 'Julius Cæsar' was acted, I was really nearly exhausted. But unless you go into the pit you may as well not go at all to judge of fine acting."

John Taylor Coleridge

Upon the discussion of the Colonel's scheme of retrenchment to meet current expenditure comes the news of the Capitulation of Paris on March 31, 1814, and the abdication of Napoleon. Ottery St. Mary is in full jubilation.

"The great good news coming on Easter Monday, when the Mobility have a Holyday has produced with us Noise, drinking, Laurelling from ye Door to ye Chimney Top all through Ottery."

This joy is only temporary however. Difficulties have arisen in regard to the engagement of James and Miss Sophia Badcock. The view of the Colonel is that the Badcocks, though rich, are, in this matter, stingy. They wish him to come forward more largely in the matter of money. This he cannot do without injustice to others. Sophia astonishes him by her "high and unbending temper." She thinks a man ought to support his wife. James is satisfied that the Colonel has done enough, but the lady determines to put an end to the engagement. This is galling when the Colonel, who never spends an idle shilling, is called upon to produce a larger sum of money by those "who never forego one indulgence, nay, whose very expenses in dress would settle all the difference." So he buttons up his pockets. "I am as kind and attentive as I can be, but I shall not bend to an act of injustice to ourselves to serve any individual of the family. The Common Weal of the Family is my object. If I was a Widower I would readily pinch myself, but your Mother I never will."

In his embarrassment he turns, as ever, to dear

At the Encœnia

John. May 6, 1814.—“I am extremely gratified by your affectionate kindness, expressed so feelingly in your last letter. The Food of ye Heart, my dear John, is delicious to me. Alas! how little is there of it in this world.” The new cook can’t even boil a potato, and “this Food with Tear Sauce from your Mother is what I have every day.”

But now his despondency is for the time relieved by a great honour which is in store for John. There is to be a great gathering at Oxford, to welcome the foreign visitors at the conclusion of the peace. The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the Duke of Wellington, and Marshal Blucher, accompanied by the Prince Regent, are to receive honorary degrees at the hands of Lord Grenville, the Chancellor. John has been selected to recite an English ode of his own composition in the theatre on the occasion. The proud father goes up to witness the gratifying honour bestowed upon his son. On June 15, 1814, he is entertained at breakfast in the library at All Souls, the Prince Regent and Marshal Blucher being present, goes to the theatre and hears John’s ode recited and applauded. Lord Grenville is very kind to John and sends his verses to the Prince.

The return to Ottery St. Mary is made *viâ* Ilsley, Newbury, Whitchurch, Andover, travelling through the night to “Ambresbury,” Mere, Sparkenford, Ilchester, Ilminster, Honiton to Fairmile, near Ottery St. Mary, arriving 6.30 a.m.

As an instance of medical practice of the time, I note that John reports that he has been to Turnham Green, “where Mr. Graham eased me of an honest

John Taylor Coleridge

pound of blood, from which I have felt the best effects."

As if the *res angusta domi* was not sufficiently pressing, the Colonel is asked to contribute towards sending Hartley, the son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to Oxford.

The poet's brothers James and George, correct, punctual, high-principled, self-dependent men, could not look with the lenient eye of posterity upon the failings of the man of genius who, as they regarded it, threw away splendid opportunities and left others to support his family. It is sad to think that in the sequel the money produced with so much effort, was wasted.

"From Mr. May we have an application from Mr. Southey to assist in sending Hartley to the University. Lady Beaumont will allow £30 per annum; Mr. Poole, his Godfather, £10; and my Brother George and myself must, I suppose, muster at least £30. Uncle Edward is sadly out of sorts about it—will give £10 for one year, won't be tied down, and his wife thinks ye Children should not be brought up as gentlefolks, &c. Your Uncle George knows I am willing, but not able, and he is better and as willing, but I trust that by *self-denial* from James and you and Frank and myself we shall make up £10 or £15 a year for the boy, until he can support himself. Southey says the Mother and Children do all they can, and that Hartley is good and well-principled and very clever. Southey seems to have behaved most kindly and generously whilst their *Mad* Father is at Bristol, or God knows where, living on the bounty of his friends. I expect that *that Stream* will dry up

Southey and Hartley Coleridge

and then we must have a heavier blow! unless Opium or something removed him to another World. What a humbling lesson to all men is Samuel Coleridge."

From Southey, who writes to John, March 14, 1815, comes a curious description of Hartley Coleridge on the eve of his going up to Oxford.

"Let me tell you, as well as I can, what kind of youth this cousin of yours and nephew of mine is. Without being an ugly fellow, he is a marvellously odd one—he is very short, with remarkably strong features, some of the thickest and blackest eyebrows you ever saw, and a beard which a Turk might envy. His manners are almost as peculiar as his appearance, and having discovered that he is awkward by nature, he has formed an unhappy conclusion that art will never make him otherwise, and so resigns himself to his fate. My endeavours have not been wanting to remedy or rather palliate this, but it is bred in the bone—and you know the remainder of the proverb. I have even habitually quizzed him for the purpose of teaching him to bear such things with good humour, knowing how much he will be exposed to it.

"Thus much for the outward man. Hartley's intellect will soon overcome all disadvantages that his exterior may incur, if he do but *keep the course*. And here, indeed, I feel how fortunate it is that he has a kinsman upon the spot so willing and able to direct him, and whom he is so well prepared to respect. The great lesson which Wordsworth and myself have endeavoured to impress upon him is that he goes to Oxford to devote himself to the studies of the place,

and that no degree of general ability or general knowledge can, or ought to atone for any deficiency in the attainments which the University requires; that to these he must apply himself *totis viribus* while he is there, and when he has attained by these that establishment for which we look, life will be before him to cultivate his intellect in whatever manner he may then please.

“ His disposition is excellent, his principles thoroughly good, and he has instinctively a devotional feeling which I hope will keep them so. An overweening confidence in his own talents and a perilous habit of finding out reasons for whatever he likes to do, are the dangerous points of his character. To extravagance he has not the slightest propensity—but he knows as little of frugality, and it is well that he has a friend at hand who may question him concerning his ways and means, for in these things he is, and I believe always will be, a child—I ought to say that Hartley has Greek enough for a whole College.”

But John could not guard his cousin Hartley from the perils which were to beset him, as time pressed, and residence at the University must be exchanged for the pursuance of legal studies in London.

This letter was received after John's return from a tour abroad, which was the result of the determination of kind John May that it would be highly advisable for John to complete his education by foreign travel. John May followed up his advice by advancing the money, which was gratefully accepted. Not only so, but when the first sum thus advanced had been spent, he came forward in October, 1814, with an additional

Joanna Southcote

£300, considering that a prolongation of the tour would be "economically laid out in the perfection of those mental powers with which God has blessed him."

A voluminous correspondence between John and all his relatives and friends was the result of this tour.

Among the religious quacks of the age was one Joanna Southcote, a native of Ottery St. Mary, who declared that she was in child of the Holy Ghost, and drew away much people after her.

This is the Colonel's comment :—

"What a fine noise our Townswoman Joanna Southcote is making. Clerk Seward [the old parish clerk of Ottery St. Mary, a great character who used to indite Odes to the various members of the Coleridge family] sent a Certificate of her age, 64. Several midwives declare her to be pregnant, and she says she is ye Woman in ye Revelation, whose seed was to bruize ye Head of ye Serpent. What Blasphemy !"

CHAPTER XVI

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE (*continued*)

TOUR IN 1814

I HAVE already mentioned that John, fresh from his University triumphs, set forth for a tour on the Continent through the generosity of John May, who lent him the necessary money with the object of enlarging his experience and knowledge and of making himself "*Homo teres atque rotundus*." Every incident in his travels is described by him in long letters to his father and to John May. He was accompanied at first by three friends, Dyson and Nathaniel and Noel Ellison, brothers. He started on July 5, 1814, from Southampton, at 12 o'clock at noon. The fleet at Portsmouth made a fine sight, and on getting round the Isle of Wight the breeze freshened and they took in their "flying kites." All night it blew, and it was not until 3 a.m. the next day that they first sighted the coast of France. Soon after they were met by numerous fishing-boats, very much over-rigged and carrying no ballast, "a meet emblem of the national character of their owners." They made the harbour of Havre between 10 and 11 a.m. The harbour dues were so high that the *Paquebot*, Chesterfield, never entered. Instead, he was taken off by a mariner, "well queued with a long tail in three

Tour in 1814

separate plaits, which were joined at the end, his whiskers curled upwards close to his mouth, and over his blue trousers he wore a short brown petticoat." Then he had to run the gauntlet of the Municipality and the Custom House. The officer of the Municipality sat in the common-room of an ale-house, on one side whiskey and water, on the other a middle-aged woman and her daughter disembowelling soles, and in the corner a young woman in bed with a bad leg. After this the Custom House, then the police office, where John was minutely stared at and examined. He was put down on his passport as "*cheveux chatains front haut, sourcil chatain, nez aquilin, bouche moyenne menton rond, barbe chataine, visage ovale, teint blanc.*" Then to the Mayor, and finally to the Auberge in the Rue de Paris, where Phillis, in brown and red handkerchief, waited upon him. The knives are such that you would not soil your garden with weeding with them, and Phillis spits upon them to clean them in his presence.

At three o'clock the next morning they started for Rouen. This was the first experience of a French diligence. "Imagine a thing every way as big again as an English stage, never cleaned, in front the body of a very old phaeton, with a cover glued on to it, basket-work all round the top for luggage, and an immense basket behind. Then harness five horses of a coarse cart breed with ropes to this vehicle, place three abreast for leaders; on the collars of all a large fleece, dyed of different colours and giving the animal the look of a buffalo. On the back of one of the wheelers set a tall strapping fellow with jack-boots,

immense tail, and slouch hat with powdered hair, guiding the leaders with *one* rope and an enormous whip. Over all, on the top place Monsieur le Conducteur, arrayed in trousers, jacket and red night-cap. I say place him at once on the top, and keep him there if you can, for his mode of ascent and descent is by the side-window, and his arm or leg is every now and then bobbing at your nose."

Arrived at Rouen the diligence drove into a church which was used as a coach-house. Fine Gothic windows, here and there painted glass, remains of skreens, niches, &c., then diligences, carts, port-manteaux, straw, horses, filth, and dirty clamorous mendicity. Molière in hand, he strayed into the "Spectacle" to see "Tartuffe" and the "Trois Sultanes," with Mdle. Leverd in Elmire and Roxalane, in which latter part she sang a simple song to her own accompaniment on the guitar quite in Mrs. Jordan's way. She is an improvement, so thinks John, if possible, on Mrs. Jordan. "The scene between herself and Tartuffe, in which Orgon is concealed under the table, was a finished piece of playing, the delicate skill in which she played to Orgon instead of Tartuffe, going just far enough and not too far, was admirable." She was also irresistible in a shawl dance.

They hired a cabriolet to carry them on to Paris at a cost of 140 francs. "It is an open carriage, nodding forward, with shafts, and so deep as to have two seats, one behind the other, and side windows. Where in an English gig there would be rolling leather, is a stiff pannel on hinges, which you close up, and it becomes a close carriage, saving the windows in front. . . .

Tour in 1814

Three horses abreast, and a boy on the nearest, drove away at a furious rate with this load, the harness principally of rope, the horses in three different directions, and the boy swearing and cracking his whip louder than a mail horn."

Then came Louviers, where they were entertained by a little fellow on crutches singing a ballad in honour of Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise. Vernon, where they lay, Mantes, the Cathedral of which in its situation he compares with that of Tiverton, Poissy, birthplace of Louis IX., where that monarch was baptized in a font, all scraped away by the pious who have drunk the scrapings mixed in water as a cure for fever, nearly costing the font its existence, now raised on high beyond reach of mutilation. John finds everybody on the talk. Little enthusiasm for the persons or respect for the talents of the Bourbons, yet no wish for more war on the part of civilians. The Imperial Guard, who marched to Poissy from Fontainebleau after Napoleon's abdication, were many times worse than the Cossacks.

Then came Paris. I shall not repeat the account of Paris which John sends home. It is of the usual guide-book order, delightful and strange to the folk at home. He notes the striking contrast between the Champs Elysées, Tuileries, Place de la Concorde, Arc de Triomphe, &c., and the dirty, cramped, stinking condition of all else.

At the Louvre were the artistic treasures of the world not yet sent back to the countries from which they were ravished. No collection ever approached them in variety and magnificence. Expeditions were

John Taylor Coleridge

taken to surrounding places of interest, and at Fontainebleau, seated in Napoleon's chair at the table at which he signed his abdication, John indites a letter to his father with the pen with which the abdication was actually signed. He carries away part of an ostrich feather from the "bonnet de couronnement," and tears off a bit of gold twist from the sofa in the room.

"One may say of Napoleon, as bold men have said of the Regent, that he would make a good upholsterer. Nothing can be more splendid, more royal, and yet more comfortable than the furniture. The State Bed furniture was made for the unfortunate Antoinette; Bonaparte and her niece used it constantly, and the other day her daughter, the Duchess, slept in it—what reverses! The Empress's dressing-room was most superb and very elegant, the bedroom Bonaparte slept in last of course attracted our attention, and I sat myself upon the steps and half threw myself upon the bed. But his own study in which he signed his abdication was, after all, the great object. The furniture is green velvet and gold, a few chairs, one mahogany table and a sofa, a map of the Forest of Fontainebleau on a large scale hung against one of the walls. We drew out the writing drawer of the table, and it was covered with green velvet on which were spots of ink. Our guide said that he had on the morning of the abdication served breakfast in the next room, and that he was still in the next room when Bonaparte signed the abdication. He laughed at the pistol story and at Bonaparte's passion, said that immediately after he came out and walked in a

Tour in 1814

terrace outside his bust gallery and was very tranquil. We saw his bath and all his common apparatus of washing, &c. We then walked into the bust gallery, which is a long room, without any furniture, but about fifty busts. At the bottom were those of some of his aides-de-camps. Among others, Kleber, Marlborough (so spelled), Maurice de Saxe, Euripides, Demosthenes, Cicero, Washington, Alexander the Great. I mention them, because, perhaps, you will be interested to know, as I was, the taste of this singular man."

He talks with a respectable elderly woman "whose two sons had gone with him" (Napoleon) "as menials in his stable, to Moscow, and of their fate she yet knew nothing."

The traveller's inn at Paris is the Hotel de Beauven. French sanitary arrangements are better imagined than described. But English ideas are arriving, and the latest evidence of that is a motto over a certain door describing the interior as "*Lieu a l'Anglaise!*"

In the Chamber of Deputies at the Palais du Corps Legislatif, although it is full, and crowded with ladies, the proceedings are dull, the members reading their speeches. Perhaps depression was not unnatural, for they were expecting the Minister of the Interior with a report of the debts of the nation!

They next start for Lyons, engaging a carriage and a pair of horses to transport them thither, 300 miles in seven and a half days for £19. On the journey two things strike John. Where are the men? and secondly, where is the animal food to sustain the population? In a journey of nearly 500 miles he has

John Taylor Coleridge

seen fewer bullocks than he would see in a journey from Exeter to Taunton, and as for the crops there are more tares than grain. They passed by Nemours, Montargis, Nogent-sur-Vernisson, to Briare-sur-Loire. It is curious to read that here they first saw coals, and to learn that, owing to a prejudice against them, their use was principally confined to the poorer classes! Then came Nogent, Neuvy, Cosne, Nevers, and St. Pierre le Montier. Here it was Sunday, and the anti-Sabbath-breaking ordinance of Louis XVIII. which gave so much offence to this gaiety-loving people was apparently totally disregarded. The peasants wore straw hats a yard in diameter, and sabots without stockings were on the feet of nearly every one, including the hostess of the largest inn at Moulins where they looked in vain for Sterne's Maria.

Before they got to Varennes "we had the most sublime scene I ever saw. The sun which had set threw a red and really a fearful splendour on the opposite clouds: on the Puy de Dome, which was our boundary on the right, the rain was descending in a black unbroken mass that would seem unnatural in a picture; the clouds dropped in fantastic curtains on eminences near; close to the road was a thinly planted wood and extensive coppice, on our right all was bare heath; the frogs and toads made an enormous noise, and the only living objects we saw were a boy and girl hastily driving some cows from the coming storm. What a scene it would have made for Salvator Rosa!"

At Roanne the Loire is still a fine stream. Here

Tour in 1814

was Bonaparte's favourite route to Italy. He had built the bridge and was building another, he had supped and slept at the inn on his way to Elba, and the travellers dined in General Bertrand's bedroom. Bonaparte appears to have been in tranquil mood on his voyage to Elba, and to have inquired curiously about his bridge.

Here they sent on their carriage, following by post. The system in vogue then was suited to a despotic Government.

"The whole Empire is divided into Postes, about five miles in length (they profess I believe to be more). At certain distances, seldom exceeding ten miles, are houses in which reside Le Maitre de Post and the Postillions, both being registered officers of Government, and the latter entitled after service of a certain number of years, twenty I think, to retire on an allowance, which in some cases is continued to his wife, &c. At this house alone relays can be procured. If an interloper supplies you with horses, he forfeits the money he receives to the injured postmaster, and the next postmaster is forbidden to carry you on farther. The payment both for horses and postillion is fixed, $2\frac{1}{2}$ francs for one post with a pair of horses and fifteen sous to the Postillion. The number of horses is also determined by the size of the carriage and the number of the persons. This last regulation, however, is regularly evaded for the convenience of the postmaster and your own. For example, we ought to have taken four horses, but we took three, paying for four, by which he saved a horse, and we a Postillion. The payment to the Postillion is always

John Taylor Coleridge

doubled even by Frenchmen, and Englishmen are expected to give sixty sous. Then add the number of the horses, the shortness of the stages and the hire of a carriage, there being no post-chaises, and the whole is equal to our English Posting. The Postillions in France are a race, the only one on which fashion seems to make no impression. They are the same now as they are described to have been a century ago ; long and large tails, frequently powder and terrifying cocked-hats, jack-boots up to the middle almost, and generally a tawdry laced coat. They carry a large whip hung round the wrist, of which they make little use on their horses, but employ them as we do horns, to clear the way. The noise they produce is astonishing, and when two sets of four horses meet, the clang of their united weapons is quite deafening. The harness is miserable, principally of rope. The collars are surmounted with immense fleeces, and the chin strap with bells."

They passed by Varennes, St. Gerard le Puy, La Palisse, Droiturier, La Racaudiere and Roanne. The fare and accommodation was scanty and expensive, and travellers are recommended to send their appetites per diligence from St. Pierre le Montier to Roanne.

How important is the attitude of a conquering to a conquered people. "It is quite impossible to express the general detestation entertained for the Austrians through France. Talk of the Cossagues to the French, and amid all their fearful dislike is mixed some contempt and disposition to laugh, but an Austrian they literally hate."

“ ‘My Lord Wellington,’ said a gentleman to me, is a great man, he is great not so much for his talents as for his mode of making war. He did not make war à la Cossaque, or, which is a thousand times worse, à l’Autrichienne.’ And yet the Austrians seem to have exercised no cruelty. We have traversed their whole line of march to Lyons and beyond, and I have met but one village (Maillard) burnt to the ground, and this village, by the accounts of Frenchmen, opposed an idle resistance at a bridge. The country all around bears not the least mark of their advance. I attribute the spirit felt to a general system of robbery, exaction, a fixing of low prices in all the Towns, non-payment in quarters, and probably an insolent triumph, means as certain to excite hatred as the most wanton cruelty.”

They pass through scenery reminding John of the Exe above Dulverton, over the Tarare mountain, down which the diligence bangs with his six horses, two wheelers, then three abreast, then one leader, guided only by a postillion riding one of the wheelers!

And then the Alps! “What a sight of glory was that! Our horizon of mountains was high enough and distant, but beyond them, as if in a mirror, one saw a faint outline at an enormous height, broken here and there quite perpendicularly, and here and there rising into lofty peaks. The mass itself, as the sun shone on many parts, glittered with silver snow.” The sight of these snowy ranges was to him what the sea was to the retreating Greeks.

And then Lyons, a wonderful city, in a wonderful situation. John recollects his Gray as he surveys the

John Taylor Coleridge

two majestic rivers. "The Rhone broad, turbid, roaring, and rapid . . . the Saone clear, deep, swift, and silent. . . ." "The rapidity of the Rhone was very interesting to me. I was never tired of looking at it, and at night I stood at my balcony" (in the Hotel du Nord) "listening for a long time to its majestic roar."

Lyons is Royalist. He saw a solemn service performed to the memory of Louis XVI. in the Church of St. Nizier. The west end of the church outside and the interior were hung with black. A black canopy hung over a cenotaph, adorned with busts of Louis XVI. and XVII. festooned with fleur-de-lis. The whole church was crowded with mourning, chattering, expectorating people. That night the Duchess of Orleans, widow of Philip Egalite, arrived, and the streets resounded with the noble and stirring song of Henry IV. The next evening she attended the theatre. Augereau, the Governor of the Province, conducted her in, and sat on her right, "a fat, vulgar, ill-looking man, apparently not much enjoying his situation. You know it is but a few months since that the Austrians beat him before the Town and drove him out of it, not that he lost any credit, I believe, for his force was very inferior." The Duchess was much beloved, it appears, by the people of Lyons, and had a great reception. "They washed dirt from faces that had had no water near them for years before, and at the end of the Ball one of the dancers advanced with a chaplet and handed it from the stage to the boxes to be passed on to the Duchess."

Tour in 1814

Leaving Lyons they struck northwards along the River Ain. The "grands routes" and bridges are magnificent, but are not constructed for internal or individual comfort. A league above Pont d'Ain a splendid bridge crosses the river because the road to Italy requires it, but at the town itself there is none, whereas "in England we have three good bridges over the Otter to enter Ottery, though not one of them is for the sake of a grand road." The route became more and more romantic through Cerdon and Maillard. At Nantau they came upon a charming scene. It was Sunday evening, and all the village girls, in showy gowns of scarlet, light blue, or yellow, were dancing on the turf with the youths wearing enormous cocked hats. The travellers were pressed into the service, and footed it merrily with the best of them.

Passing Chatillon John exhausts the language in describing the enchanting scenes through which he passed, including the far-famed Perte de Rhone, till, *viâ* Fort l'Ecluse, often taken and retaken in the late campaign, much of the rampart still repaired with barrels, he descended finally upon Geneva, and took up his quarters at l'Ecu de Geneve, in a bedroom overlooking the arrowy Rhone.

After giving himself time to look around him in this already "dear place," he enters the pension of Dr. Odier, who was the earliest advocate for Jenner's vaccination, indeed gave the name to the system, was joint editor of the "Bibliotheque Britannique," and the author of ecclesiastical, civil, penal, and musical codes.

John Taylor Coleridge

"The doctor is a little man, the drollest figure imaginable, who wears a wig, *never* puts on a hat but goes about with a great walking-stick umbrella as high as himself. He has a great deal of humour but more oddity, his little eyes, sunk in his head sparkle with vivacity." "His information is very general on subjects of taste as well as science besides his Latin and Greek, which he assiduously keeps up, he is strong in German, Italian, and English particularly, which he speaks as correctly as any foreigner I ever heard."

Immediately under him is the Bastion, a beautiful public walk, on which is a bust of Rousseau. But terrible memories haunt this place. It was the scene of revolutionary fusillades, and the artisans, from feeling very honourable to them, have to a measure deserted the promenade.

On his arrival he went to see the great actress Talma, in De la Touche's play of "Iphigenie en Tauride."

"Talma entered in the second act as Oreste, chained prisoner, to be conducted to the altar. In the most melancholy tone of voice he begs his guard to leave him alone, and commences a soliloquy which informs you of his misfortunes. And as the recollection grows on him the actor gradually warmed into indignation. His agitation increases on seeing recumbent blood on the altar, which he concludes, with the natural ingenuity of grief, to be his friend's, of whose destiny he is ignorant. At this moment Pilade is brought in as a prisoner, and when Orestes learns that he has weathered the storm, and afterwards been

Tour in 1814

taken prisoner in landing to learn news of himself, the idea of occasioning his friend's death works him to madness. He sees the Furies, his Mother, and even Pilade pursuing him. 'Et toi, Pilade aussi, comme eux tu' me persuis! Toi, mon Dieu tutelaire!'

"There is something, I think, very beautiful in this combination of a pathetic idea, with the horrid terrors of the rest of the scene. In the representation Talma was wonderful, his countenance colourless, his black hair dishevelled, big drops of sweat starting from his forehead, his eyes sometimes stirring wildly and sometimes closed, as if afraid to look at what was before him, the voice hurried and various, and the chains violently rattled and twisted about his body, really giving one the idea of serpents. His success was as great as his merit. A general stir and agitation commenced in the theatre which one cannot describe, numbers of people wept, and a lady near me burst into violent and hysterical shrieks. In other parts of the play . . . he was equally great. If he failed anywhere it was where all Frenchmen and all nasalities must fail, in calm pathos; the tone is bad, the pronunciation too rapid and too uneven. To borrow a musical phrase, it is always as if one should staccato a slow and pathetic air. His costume is very correct, his action all that you can wish, at the same time it has some peculiarities of his own and some of his nation. In scenes of passion the French actors make a great deal of their fingers. The arms are thrown out as if they were in the act of addressing a body of people, and they produce a violent vibration which quivers even in the fingers. Talma's own par-

John Taylor Coleridge

ticularity was that in speeches of vehement reproach and expostulation he folded his arms close instead of extending them, and bent his body forward, making the action with the head alone. His person is rather large but tall, his face and head rather out of proportion, his eyes good, but not much colour or expression in his features, his hair black and in great profusion, his voice strong and varied, but, like all French declaimers, rather sepulchral. On the whole, I think he has more nature than Kemble and much more art than Kean, but certainly less nature than Kean, and perhaps less art than Kemble."

After the tragedy came Molière's "*Les Fourberies de Scapin*." In the scene in which Scapin's master, fancying that Scapin has betrayed him in a love affair, threatens to kill Scapin if he does not confess his crime without telling him what he suspects him of, and Scapin, really innocent, confesses one after another all his little thefts and lies in the drollest manner, John longs for Mathews as Scapin.

The household of Dr. Odier consisted of Madame and their daughters, Amelie and Junie, and a niece, Mdle. Louise La Cointe. "If this same Louise were ten years younger she would be a most dangerous animal to go near; she is very pretty and very interesting, and will talk to you by the hour of sweet melancholies, touching scenery, solemn silences, and silver moons."

He plunges at once into the best society of the place.

"The amusements are music and dancing. Simple French airs, 'Romances,' are sung by the girls, and

Tour in 1814

if not French, then Italian music is performed. Cimarosa is the favourite composer, Corelli not known, and Handel hardly even by name. They dance the Waltz, just coming in, very pretty, and with none of the fuss or preparation of an English Country Dance. You begin when you please and end when you please. You ask a lady to waltz, up she gets, arm round her waist, swing her some dozen times round the room ; down you sit again, or march round in time.

“The Allemand, a dance of four, is very pretty and simple. The *Ecossais à neuf*, a dance of nine persons, is ‘more complicated, but very tasty,’ and Lady Charlotte Campbell, a great friend of the Princess of Wales, is busy introducing Scotch Reels.”

Excursions are taken up the various mountains, Copleston, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff, joining the party, and Ferney, the home of Voltaire, visited. My desire being rather to set forth the state of society and the manners and customs of those days than to give descriptions of scenery or accounts of expeditions, I pass by the voluminous narratives often sent home of them by John.

On one of these, fired by Madame de Staël, he pays a visit to Pestalozzi in his Institut at Yverdun. “He is an old man, and nearly toothless, speaks French badly, and with difficulty, add to which his powers of arrangement are very imperfect, so that you may conceive it was no easy matter to follow him in all he said. But I saw an Arithmetic and a Drawing Class, and was wonderfully struck with the perfect command and the *reasonable* knowledge the children

John Taylor Coleridge

had acquired of numbers. My object of interest here was to see Pestalozzi's Institut of Education, respecting which you have read in Madame de Staël. A large old Château is devoted to his school at present. We called on him, and found a very dirty old man, in sad *deshabille*, but still, whether from association or really, a very venerable personage. He was flattered by our call, and as I was the better Frenchman now I was the Paul of the party, but he is a German who learned French very late in life, and has neither fluency nor pronunciation, which circumstances, added to the loss of his front teeth, make it no easy matter to follow him. His elementary principles are much like Dr. Bell's, but his system is certainly more philosophic and the detail is carried much farther. It is applied to all branches of knowledge, and even to all the arts and sciences. The scholars all learn even to sing and draw as far as they can all be carried equally without natural talents. If peculiar talent is developed the boy is then advanced to his peculiar line. His notion is that every human creature, of whatever age or condition, has *some* knowledge, and that to make education pleasant it should begin by developing in each individual that knowledge which he possesses already, that (agreeing with Dr. Bell) you must never advance till you have made sure of the ground behind, and that everything must be done by reasoning and reflection. Let no one say that this is visionary till they have seen his school. It was a promenading day, but Pestalozzi was good enough to promise us at two to have a class or two ready for us. After dinner we went and saw an arithmetic class and

Tour in 1814

a drawing class. Both surprised me, the first especially, which was the most interesting thing *I ever saw*. The little fellows stood before a large square paper divided into rows of ones, two's, and so on, to thirteen or fourteen, but the figures all made by lines and not by cyphers. You will see that this is important. The infants are thus saved one process of the mind, the translating 11 (which they see must be twice 1) into 2, which is conventional, and does not actually denote the double of 1. Fixing their eyes on this table, the master exercised them in all the different proportions and relations of one number to another, and they manifested the most surprising command and facility. From this he went on to difficult sums, which he proposed *viva voce*, and they answered in the same way. They generally took about a minute to deliberate conversing with each other, then one went through the whole process; in the most logical manner he stated the question, showed the principle which was the key to the solution, and then followed the process on that principle, and infallibly arrived the answer. The reasoning was really the most delightful thing you can conceive: and yet was quite diverting to hear the little fellows with their '*par consequence*.' After this process another table was suspended for fractions. The first row of squares was blank to denote integral numbers, the second had a line drawn down for halves, the third two lines for thirds, and so on. In this they were equally ready, and indeed one sees at once how palatable and how reasonable a way it is to learn the science of fractions. I have

no room for a detail of the drawing class, but I have brought away some specimens which will serve to explain the plan, a plan which can never fail of bringing *every* boy (in a given time almost) to a certain pitch, and which can yet be of no harm in repressing or equalising native genius, as it gives merely that which every one must have to be a painter, strength of hand and eye and knowledge of perspective. The musical class I was anxious to hear, but Pestalozzi said the master was out of the way, and would not return till five, too late for us to stay. I bought a work on the system which he recommended, and after a delightful hour we left the Institut and proceeded towards Vallorbes."

A delightful glimpse is given of the quiet philosophical and literary taste of Genevan society. He goes with Dr. Odier to a meeting of the Société de l'Histoire Naturelle. The members meet fortnightly in each other's houses. The master of the house is the President and is bound to read a paper on some philosophical subject. That done, there is discussion on the essay. Then tea and a pause, after which "the President resumes his chair and demands in turn of each member if since the last meeting he has met with any fact or made any discovery which he wishes to communicate. This part of the evening was very entertaining. From the variety of the pursuits of the members the communications were very distinct one from the other and several very pretty experiments were made. The surgeon brought his cataract patient to explain a modification of Adam's mode of cure. The physician told his case. The

Tour in 1814

botanical Candolles brought his plants, &c., and all done with a simplicity of manner, a conversational yet fluent delivery, and frankness of argument that was quite delightful." The main theme of local discussion was the decision of the little Spartan Republic of Geneva to enter the Confederation and become a Swiss Canton.

On August 24th John writes to his father:—

"We had at dinner Madame de Staël, Sir Humphry and Lady Davy, Sismondi, and Schlegel, with other persons. Schlegel is a great German luminary, a translator of Shakspeare and late Secretary to the Crown Prince. Sismondi you will see something about in the *Quarterly*. I was not much the better for Madame de Staël's eloquence. The argument, arising out of the Debates in the Corps Legislatif was the Liberty of the Press, and such a babel scene I never witnessed, all talking at once as fast as their tongues could go. But could my mother have seen the derangement of dishes! Poor Madame Odier! everything found its way to the centre for her to carve like the old song of—

"'Barring all pother of this, that, or t'other
They were all of them ate in their turn.'

". . . I dined with Sir Humphry, or rather 'Chevalier,' Davy, who has a pleasant house literally in the Lake, so that if you fall out of window you fall into the water. Here I met Lady Charlotte Campbell and her two eldest daughters. On our return home Sismondi came with us and read an essay which he had drawn up that day

John Taylor Coleridge

against the New Constitution; it was very warm and eloquent."

The gist of it was that the franchise should be confined to those citizens who had passed a certain educational class, which, seeing that education in Geneva was gratuitous and had recourse to by the great majority of the inhabitants, was not so impractical as it might seem.

On one occasion he slept at St. Martin's. In the next room was Canning the Ambassador, "who has been treated as a King in his Tour through Switzerland, and who was attended by the savans of Geneva on his way to the Glaciers and the Simplon. At such a time I thought it not convenient to remind him of our bread and cheese suppers in College and so did not call on him. I want nothing from him, and he might have chosen to be '*en grand homme*' with me."

Joseph Bonaparte, refusing all demands that he would "move on," finds a lovely retreat from his Spanish throne in a château bordering on the Lake of Geneva, where, by the way, John vaults his hedge and steals his grapes!

"The Bonapartes are good at a retreat anyhow. Marie Louise, too, is at Geneva. I have not seen her and I have no great curiosity. She is not handsome and is a silly, sordid woman. The following anecdote you may depend on. A young female artist of Geneva, Mademoiselle Romilly, had executed a beautiful set of drawings from Mathilde Corinne, which I have seen. Marie Louise heard of them while at Aix and sent to see them. She liked them

Tour in 1814

and demanded the price, Mademoiselle named it, and Marie complained that it was too much. Mademoiselle replied that the price she had named was on the idea that she was to make no copy. If Marie Louise would let her take a copy she would sell them for much less. Marie Louise affected to hesitate, and desired they might be left with her for a few days. They were so, and she employed the days in having them copied, and then sent them back without a sou!"

The gates of the town shut at 9 p.m., so that parties outside close early. At evening parties the old people perhaps play at cards. If there is a piano there is dancing and music. Or the young ones form round a large table, the girls sew while some one reads a tragedy or comedy.

"A Frenchman cares not how much he exposes himself, and reads exactly as if he were acting. In this way it becomes very animated and amusing—sometimes, to an Englishman perhaps, a little ridiculous. One young man, for example, reading a play of Molière goes through all the parts, changing his voice, whining, crying, laughing, and grimacing, so that really with your eyes shut you might fancy yourself in a theatre."

The walls of the rooms are divided into compartments and in each compartment a spirited drawing; in one room each compartment contained a strip of paper on which was an adventure of Don Quixote. If you call in the morning you will find the girl in the garden with a coarse Savoyard straw hat and a blue apron, and in the middle of the conversation she

John Taylor Coleridge

exclaims, "Mon Dieu! I must make the pudding for my Papa." Yet the same girl may be an adept musician and songster, or painter of miniatures, and a great reader of French and English literature. The girls are very religious without the least reference to doctrine. All the world goes to the Thursday sermon. The doctrine, kept in the background, appears to be a mixture of Socinianism and Arianism, but all the pastors discourage any employment of the mind in discussing dogmas. To hear a popular preacher the damsels will secure a place at eight o'clock in the morning, and in education, which is gratuitous, all classes mix together. Society in the main seems to be fresh, simple, interested, and God-fearing.

John gets a peep into the *ménage* of an old feudal family by a visit to the Baron d'Arufans at the Château de Vuillerens in the Pays de Vaud. The Baron, a plain man in dress and manners, his person handsome, altogether you might take him for an English gentleman-farmer. His ancestors' arms in the hall are regularly mounted from the year 1300, the stone staircases and halls as white as snow. Everything in John's bedroom very proper, but a great scarcity of water and no soap.

"I pass over some things that will keep to August 16th, when I went to Coppet to a *bal champêtre*. Cumming, an old Corpus friend, who has been wandering all the world over, took me on his carriage. Madame de Staël received us in the Salle de la Comedies, her theatre. We found the musicians on the stage and the whole area crammed with all the farmeresses and tradeswomen of the village. Here

Tour in 1814

I saw waltzing in natural and original simplicity, and a more grotesque sight can hardly well be conceived. The hall was crowded to an excess, and all were dancing on the tessellated pavement; yet it was wonderful to see thirty or forty couple moving round and in all directions with considerable grace and with scarcely any confusion. I tried a *russe* with a Miss Constant, but soon gave in for want of sea-room. In the Allemand a part of the figure consists in throwing your arms mutually round each other's back and spin round on the same spot. The rapidity with which this was done by some of the couples was really astonishing. With Madame de Staël I had a little, and but a little, conversation about Southey and my Uncle [Samuel Taylor Coleridge]. She introduced me to Schlegel, and we had a good deal more upon the latter personage. Since this halt I have breakfasted and passed a morning at Coppet and have also dined there, so that I have had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of this wonderful woman, for such both her works and her conversation prove her to be. Coppet is a large baronial château forming three sides of a square, the fourth, opening on a single paddock, which they call a park here. It stands on the borders of the lake in Switzerland, but has the village between it and the shores, so that you look from the drawing-room on the roofs of the houses. Madame is very rich and has her house always full of company, but it is badly furnished, and an Englishman sees a great air of desolation and untidiness; her breakfasts are very odd, stewed beef, fried potatoes, &c., but she gives a good dinner and excellent wines. In her

John Taylor Coleridge

manners she is very agreeable, but not I think what we would call very well-bred, her attentions are not equally divided among her guests, but she seems to attach herself to the person from whom she can derive most information, a selfish sort of politeness. On the morning on which I breakfasted with her General Lambert and I had a great deal of political discussion with her. She blamed our Minister for want of energy in his exterior policy, and thought we ought to give the Cortes an army to resist Ferdinand's measures and the Italians another to make them independent. She said it was very melancholy to think that Bonaparte, the worst of despots, was universally regarded in Italy as the friend of freedom, and that the saviours of the world, the English, were there regarded as the friends of tyranny and unjust conquest. Then discussing the Liberty of the Press she asserted that France was retrograde in all the arts and sciences; that she did not know ten young men who could read the Classic authors in the Original; that whereas in England there were at least 10,000 people who could do it, there were not 600 in France; that the law which subjected small pamphlets only to the Censure was artfully framed and conclusive upon the whole for small pamphlets, and the journals were literally all that the French read. Then in a very luminous manner she took the constitution to pieces and shewed the essential differences between it and the English and how the two houses from their very nature must always remain dependent on the Crown. She gave General L. and me an account of a visit

Tour in 1814

which Joseph Buonaparte had lately made to her. It is certainly most honourable to her feelings that at *this time* she should receive the brother of her persecutor, because when King of Naples he had offered her an asylum in his kingdom. She said he was the vainest man she ever met with, brilliant in conversation, and of a good person. He calls himself still King Joseph, and asserts that he had a very strong party in Spain and that if he could have persuaded Napoleon to withdraw the French troops he should have maintained his ground in Spain very well, and that he should have had all the free party in the Cortes with him. Is not this a strange infatuation? Not but that there must be many I fear in their present condition who repent of their opposition to him. What a state of things we now behold in Europe! The nineteenth century seems destined to behold the restoration of all the history and superstition of former times. Madame de Staël has one daughter, Albertine, who possesses all her mother's brilliancy and more than her accomplishments. She is, too, what some people call very beautiful, but spite of fine eyes, auburn hair, and great ambition, I cannot get over a very freckled skin. She talks English *very* well, German and Italian also, and reads Latin well. She sings very sweetly and simply and has a number of young Englishmen at her feet at 17 years of age. I was pleased to hear from her some Spanish songs in honour of Le Wellington, and some with a good deal of sarcasm in the manner on poor Marmont which she gave with great effect."

John Taylor Coleridge

Amelie Odier, the elder of Dr. Odier's daughters, becomes very intimate with John, although John premises that he is not, and there is no chance of his being, in love with her. She gives him to read a collection, in two volumes, of letters written by her to her sister in the course of a travel in Italy. They are adorned with little drawings of the remarkable scenes.

"I am much flattered by her letting me read them; no other man has ever been permitted, and you may imagine it is rather a curious thing for me to be let behind the curtain of a correspondence between two sisters, and to see all the little agitations of every sort that pass in a female mind." No; there is another young lady, Louise, the daughter of M. Maunoir, the great surgeon of Geneva, who more disturbs John's impressionable heart. "The Maunoirs have two of the most dangerous daughters I ever set eyes on, both pretty, but the youngest, Louise, really the handsomest girl I ever met. Louise's fine form bending over the harp is a picture for painters to study." She speaks Italian, German, and English, the latter perfectly, for her mother was an English-woman.

"I have much ado not to be in love with Louise, but I believe I shall come away and return to England without the appendage of a wife, which would be no very disposable piece of furniture in my little room at Mrs. Sly's."

An air of sadness breathes through his farewells to Geneva and the kind friends he leaves behind him when he sets forth for Italy, due partly, no doubt, to

Tour in 1814

his lingering recollection of "the fine form of Louise bending over her harp," and a small letter of hers, carefully preserved, written in an exquisite hand, bears testimony to the surmise that her gentle heart regretted sadly his departure.

But Italy beckons him on. In face of unknown dangers he makes his will, and sends it to his father. He skirts the southern shore of Lake Geneva, passing into Savoy, whose inhabitants are rejoicing at being joined to the Kingdom of Sardinia. "We are Savoyards now," is their answer to the question why the charges are higher than in France! The château in which Rousseau places his *Nouvelle Heloise* throws its reflection on the placid bosom of the Lake and up the valley the Rhone, milky white, carrying down billets of wood on its surface, sawn somewhere up the valley, to be caught at the *embouchure* is an unpleasant contrast to the noble, clear blue river issuing from the waters as he left it at Geneva. Nor have the inhabitants of the dreary valley any charm. Goitres, idiots, dwarfs abound, and all the peasants have a lourd-mischievous air. The women wear a small, round straw hat, flat, with a very trifling elevation for the crown; round this elevation, and almost covering it, is pleated a gawdy ribband, very often with gilded fringe, the shoes generally wooden with an immense patch of wool on the front; the men almost universally wear large cocked hats. Over the Simplon he goes in a little phaeton drawn by four horses, not without dangers from the snow. Two English gentlemen had been snowed up in a miserable village on the summit, and Lord Conyngham's carriage had been

John Taylor Coleridge

repeatedly upset, the family having to pass the night in a refuge, and then comes the descent into Italy, and finally the Lakes. John fills pages with glowing descriptions, but perhaps his feelings are all summed up in one sentence: "I really felt a sort of love for the inanimate objects that Nature had rendered so lovely."

He finds in North Italy the land let for vine culture at a rent of two to three pounds a year, sometimes for a return of two-thirds of the produce, the leases being generally for nine years. Wages for manual labour are twenty-five to thirty sous a day. The Austrian Government is to the full as unpopular as the French. True, they dignify by the name of a revolution the pulling down of the Minister of War's house, hunting him like a hare from shop to shop, and at last pulling him to pieces like so many dogs at the corner of the street. But the Italians are police-ridden. Even excessive applause of actors at the theatre is forbidden as being dangerous.

Milan is reached, and of course a visit is paid to the Opera. German music is invading Italy. Mozart is in his zenith, and he hears "*Il dissoluto punito*." It is a fashionable lounge. The people in the boxes play cards, pay and receive visits and keep up a noise in the midst of the most exquisite singing that is distracting, and, in a musical nation, puzzling to account for. At the theatre he hears a play of Goldoni, who writes "rather for a nation of boys and girls than men and women." Trifling distresses, passions torn to tatters, and Aristophanic laughter are the order of the day. The cathedral, although

Tour in 1814

infinitely amazing, he would not buy for England at the expense of Salisbury or Westminster. He admires a novelty in the streets. On each side the Kennel, which is in the centre, runs a flight of flat stones on which the horses and wheels of the carriages go.

Passing from Milan and Brescia he comments on the husbandry, which reminds him of Virgil. The oxen carry a curious flowered work rising from the middle of the back, and the tail of the front oxen are tied by a knotted red strap and a band round the middle to prevent their swishing in the face of those behind.

“In many little details they are much superior to us. Nothing can be more unpleasant than to see in England a yoke of oxen with their heads painfully bowed down and directed always by a goad on the head or neck. Here the pole bends upwards so as to rise a foot above the head. The animal is quite at his ease and is guided like a horse by a halter round his nose. In this way I have seen a man, sitting in his cart, drive four-in-hand along the road and turn out of the way of carriages just as well as if he had been driving horses. The most common carriage in the country (after the *cabriolet*, a sort of half-open, half-close concern for four people) is the ‘*Seggiola*,’ but incontestably the most absurd thing you can conceive.

“Upon a pair of wheels and carriage, larger than an English Whiskey, is placed a little seat, much like an antient car, exactly big enough for *one* person without room for the smallest article of luggage.

John Taylor Coleridge

I have seen a man obliged to tye even a little bundle in a handkerchief between his feet. Behind, suspended by two straps, is a little board, where the servant stands bobbing over his master's back ; the shafts, instead of coming out to the horse's shoulder, reach only to the belly-band, and give you always an idea that the animal is within one minute of escaping from his unpleasant situation. When two people attempt to travel on these machines nothing can be more familiar and amorous than the manner ; one sits on the lap of the other ! ”

Past Brescia to the Lake of Garda, with its “*fremitus marinus*,” where he was “rowed out” to Dezenzano, and Sirmio. In the very grotto of Catullus he muses on the poet's feelings when he wrote his matchless lines on returning thither after a long absence. A sudden home-sickness overcomes the traveller and he fancies himself repeating those lines with fresh delight on his return to his home, another “*ocellus*,” after many wanderings. At Peschiera he crosses the Mincio, Virgil's stream, cloathed with reeds, “*velatus arundine glauco*,” as in Virgil's time, and at Verona, “birthplace of my favourite Catullus,” he comes upon a display of horsemanship in the ancient Amphitheatre. Here all reminds him of classical times. The women wear the head-shawl of the Roman matrons, the carts, too, like the old pictures, the wheels very small, with the spokes, as it were, cut out of the solid mass, and a beam descending from the side of the cart to the nave to keep it in. Canzone singers parade the streets, two women, a bass, fiddle, clarionet, and horn, the music simple,

Tour in 1814

unornamented, sound, and sweet. Then Vicenza, and "Padua the renowned," glorious place for book-collectors, where he buys for a few francs a beautiful old Petrarch printed in the fifteenth, and a Virgil early in the sixteenth century. The University is shut up, for it is holiday time ; but John, always on the search for information, is told by old Lord Clare that it is no loss that the professors are away. Their library, however, is very good, and contains some choice classics, but so low is Greek literature in Italy that they have no professor of that language. This, indeed, is the branch of learning that distinguishes us most on the Continent. Your saying that you know Greek is a matter of astonishment, and when a library is shown you the Greek authors or manuscripts are pointed at curiously, "as we should just remark a file of Persian MSS. in the Bodleian."

The ground covered by Bonaparte's Italian campaigns has been traversed, but kindly Nature has passed her soothing hand over the marks of ravage caused by war. At Maestro the land journey is over, the carriage locked up in a large "remise" with four hundred others, and the gondola takes its place. But the water stage is regulated exactly as if by land ; the gondoliers are reckoned as horses, and you are even obliged to pay a stable-boy to these bipeds ! And then comes Venice, approached over the water, sky and lagoon blending together on the horizon, the Rialto, close to which in old days was the Exchange, which emphasises, "What news on the Rialto ?" Palaces, St. Mark's, and especially the mysterious appearance of the black gondolas at night,

John Taylor Coleridge

lighted by a single lantern, which conceals the dark form of the gondolier until the boat has passed.

Madame de Staël compares the inmates "not inaptly but somewhat fantastically to shades conducted by a star to the other world." There are generally troops parading the street, and sometimes "a *raconteur* telling history to a large audience formed round him, a tambourine in his hand, on which from time to time he gave a single stroke; his manner was very animated and his delivery quick, but fluent and distinct; his action was appropriate and graceful."

This lively interchange of ideas does not permeate the grand social *Conversazione*. He goes to one given by the Countess of Albrizzi, a Greek by birth. "Heavens and Earth! talk of English stupidity! I defy the picked dunces of all the little towns in the three kingdoms to make so flat, so laborious a thing!" Then to an Armenian convent of monks in an island off the Porto Franco. They lived out of the world, these celibates, and gravely informed him "that there was a rebellion in England in favour of Bonaparte, that the King had been dead a long time, but that the *courtiers* concealed his death (is not this so like the Arabian Nights)?" As these reverend ecclesiastics printed a gazette, which they sent to Constantinople, the Turks must have been recipients from time to time of startling news! The clamorous cries of a large flock of turkeys in their court pointed to there not being many Fridays in the week!

To get to Florence (the lower road to Mantua by Monselice and Este being impracticable), they had to

Tour in 1814

reach Mantua *viâ* Padua and Verona. It is curious that Virgil, in speaking of Mantua, never mentions the lake with which it is surrounded, and from which so much of its beauty of aspect is derived. Here is Imperial Austria *in excelsis*. To get horses and passport you pass from the officer of the Guard to the Douane, from the Douane to the police, from the police to the General Commandant aide-de-camp to the Lieut.-Colonel, who gives you a paper with which you retrace your steps, presenting it with due solemnity to the various officers in turn. You would soon find out a difference in the look of the people in Modena. They are gay and cheerful, the reason being that they are restored to their Grand Duke, who appears at the theatre in the evening.

In Italy the pieces are sometimes good, but the acting generally below criticism. "I have never seen one woman who knew how to throw the least pathos or affection into a love scene. In the middle of an impassioned declaration round comes her eye regularly to the audience to ascertain what effect she is producing; the voice is entirely artificial, and there is something in the staccato pronunciation of a round period in Italian singularly unfavourable to our notions of the unrestrained flow of passion."

Italian buffoonery, however, is very entertaining. Romantic scenery generally leaves an impression of melancholy, but now the road lies through an uninteresting country, but full of the joyousness of rich plains.

Bologna is next seen. One good thing the French have done in Italy. To the monasteries were attached

John Taylor Coleridge

fine churches, the parish churches were miserably small. In suppressing the Regulars the French handed over the churches to the Secular Clergy. In one of these which belonged to the Dominicans sleeps, "if haply so great a sinner can sleep, the Saint himself, the Grand Inquisitor." In Bologna, John was hospitably received by the Countess Hercolani. "Among the company was the Pet of Bologna, a man certainly of great talents and extraordinary facility in many things, but, like most extraordinary men, a little spoiled. His name is Mezzofanti, a Professor of the Oriental Languages (I believe) in the University of Bologna. His friends told me that he spoke thirty languages. . . . He spoke English remarkably well, a thing in itself sufficiently curious for a man who has met with few of the nation, and has never been so far as Rome from Bologna. He was, on the whole, well acquainted with our literature, and had dipped into our Saxon, having read Alfred's translation of Boethius. I had a good deal of conversation with him, but did not derive so much information as I had hoped for. He was much more interested in stating what he had read and done than in answering or dilating on my questions."

On politics they have much talk. The Austrians make them maintain their troops and insult them by their hauteur, but they dread the Pope still more. Between the two they live in a state of uncertainty and wretchedness.

Had Bonaparte, thinks John, made a kingdom of *all Italy*, even under a Viceroy, it would have held together. But his kingdom was a mere spot in the

Tour in 1814

north, surrounded by French provinces, for Tuscany, Rome, and all the Adriatic coast were departments of the Empire. In the kingdom, too, Milan was a cause of jealousy. Milan was not to the kingdom what Paris was to France. The love of the Veronese was for Verona, of the Bolognese for Bologna, not for Milan, which they considered to be half Germanised, and not partaking of Italian taste or talent for the arts.

A characteristic interlude signalled the departure from Bologna. John refused the demand of the postmaster for the hiring of extra cattle for the diminutive phaeton. An appeal was made to the Syndic, "a man about as respectable as the gentleman who supplies you with your admirable beef." The Court was held in the open street. "It was a curious scene; the fluent and impudent rogue, the oily magistrate, my studied periods of *choice* Italian, interrupted constantly by a *lingua franca* of Horry (his fellow-traveller) between French, Italian, and English, perfectly unintelligible, and to crown the whole three pigs dragged by the ears one after another into the street within a yard of us, and slaughtered amid the applauses of a numerous audience!"

Over the Apennines they went, in bitter weather, past the curious flames of Pietra Mala to Florence.

All the talk there is of Bonaparte, cooped up in his miniature island kingdom. He is receiving constant visits, and Elba is a common jaunt for young Englishmen at Florence.

"All who go and are well introduced to him come

John Taylor Coleridge

back delighted with him. They say that he talks of past events with great good sense and with the coolest impartiality. Colonel Campbell's account and opinion of him is very different, and as he is an older man and very much with him, there can be no doubt as to the account you are to prefer. According then to Colonel Campbell, he is indifferent from mere heartlessness and selfishness. He says that he has great fears of assassination, and is beginning to be very restless. He has laid out a vast deal of money on a country house, and is making a road to it from his palace. This made him poor and he laid heavy taxes on the islanders. The islanders, who had been unaccustomed to such visitations, in many instances refused to pay. Bonaparte, after much negotiation, was reduced to send his troops in a body to live on the recusants. On these accounts he is at present very odious and literally governs by the terror of his armed force. He talks of himself as a dead man with regard to France, but seems to consider the Bourbons as by no means secure. He says they will feel, what he felt always, the want of an English aristocracy. The murder at Jaffa he makes no scruple of acknowledging to a certain degree, but says that the people killed were ministers of religion whom it was necessary to sacrifice to the safety of his army. The profession of Mahometanism he relates with great glee as a jocular expedient which answered extremely well, and relates his interview with the priests and the arrangements he made for his soldiers that they might be allowed wine. He said that he had been thinking of St. Domingo, and had a notion that by allowing polygamy among the

Tour in 1814

blacks he might have brought matters to an accommodation. Then he gave laughing accounts of his dialogue with a French Bishop on this plan. As to the slave-trade, he said he should never have hesitated as to its abolition.

“Colonel Campbell says that nothing could be more ridiculous than his attempt to make a drawing-room at Elba, in which he went through with the fishermen’s wives all he had used to say at Paris. Colonel Campbell, it appears, has neither regard nor esteem for him. He is quite free at Elba, and not the least restraint is pretended on his leaving the island, which he has a corvette to enable him to do when he pleases.”

Florence was the southern limit of John’s wanderings. A dread of spending more money, a sense that his profession, as an imperious mistress, called him home, and the absence of any strong encouragement from his father and John May to prolong his travels determined him to give up Rome. He turned his footsteps, crossed the Apennines once more, passing by Parma, Castel Guelfo, Borgo St. Domino, Piacenza, and so across the border into Piedmont. On the boundary came forth, of course, the *douaniers* of the Sardinian King, but “my maps, my blue cap adorned with a little gold lace, and my stock made them take me for an officer,” and he passed unmolested. Constant rain and the flooded state of the country impeded his progress, and the little phaeton, now on its last legs, was constantly in need of grease, always highly paid for, for its wheels. On such occasions “if you had seen the crowd of idle fellows that were round my

John Taylor Coleridge

carriage in a minute, you would have thought two conscriptions not enough for the scavengering the streets of its human filth." Casteggio, Voghera, Tortona, are passed, and then comes Alessandria and Turin. On the way he remarks on the curious inconsistency in the peasants' apparel. The men almost universally wear cocked hats and large scarlet cloaks, and the labouring classes of both sexes are commonly in possession of cloaks, muffs, and umbrellas, while they have no stockings, and large wooden shoes, and inhabit houses which are filthy and admit the cold wind in a thousand places in every door and window. At Turin he must sell the little phaeton which has accompanied him in his wanderings all the way from Geneva, and he fared not a whit better than Gil Blas with his mule.

But the Alps must once more be crossed to get to Lyons, and John and a party of five start on December 11, 1814, in a vehicle of the size and capacity of a road waggon. His companions are a French Colonel of Dragoons, an enthusiastic admirer of the late Emperor, an *émigré* of Provence fond of and grateful to England, and delighting in his broken English, a Swiss merchant of much simplicity of manner and character, Bonapartist in sympathy, and a Colonel Williamson, dry, but friendly, and always speaking to the purpose. The subjects on which they could agree must have been indeed but few in number.

At Susa they slept, and at four in the morning were squeezed into a smaller diligence for the ascent over the Mont Cenis. Up the pass he walks in the pitchy darkness, in order to get an undisturbed impression of

Tour in 1814

sunrise among the mountains. Solitude, silence, and distance sends his memory slipping back to the well-loved fireside at Ottery St. Mary. In attempting a short cut he gets almost lost among the snow-drifts, but easily outpaces the heavy, toiling coach. Then to Lans le Bourg for dinner, and off again at 10 o'clock at night for Chambéry.

The French Colonel has a pang at discovering the stone marking the boundary between France and the rest of Savoy fixed by the Peace of Paris. However, he consoles himself with the reflection that La Belle France has all that is worth having of Savoy, and as for the rest, with a significant shrug, "Eh bien, nous verrons!"

On December 15th they reached Lyons, and from thence to Paris. John simply retraces his former steps. The silver wall of the majestic Alps recedes from view, and by way of contrast follows Paris—gay, careless, vicious Paris!

On Christmas Eve he leaves this "Temple of dissipation," and the morning of December 28th finds him once more sighting the chalk cliffs of Dover.

"So ended my wanderings, which had employed me nearly six months, and six such months, so full of pleasure, novelty, and instruction I never passed before, and when shall I again? They are delightful to me whenever I think of them. Perhaps some things might have been better managed, and perhaps I lost some opportunities. But I lay that to my pardonable inexperience, and will not repine what could not be avoided."

The cares of business, the need for strict economy,

John Taylor Coleridge

the ties of domestic duties kept John in England with the exception of one brief trip abroad in later years, for the rest of his prolonged and useful life. He had no wish, like Ulysses, to seek another world. But he treasured the memories he had stored in times gone by, and loved his home more dearly for his wandering in the brief but golden days of early manhood.

CHAPTER XVII

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE (*continued*)

LONDON LIFE, 1814-1818

GEORGE MAY COLERIDGE, the only son of Uncle George, was educated at home at the King's School. His father watched anxiously over his son's growth. Although he has retired from the profession of teaching, and might naturally feel himself entitled to enjoy his leisure, this is not the view the saintly man took of life. We find him in 1814 setting to work to learn Hebrew in order to be able to teach his boy, who seems inclined to go into the Church, and not only so, but he assiduously devotes himself to the acquisition of the old "Anglo-Saxon" language that he may teach his son to go to the true fountain-head of our language, and to thoroughly understand the merits of Chaucer, the Father of our Literature.

"Though May," he writes to John, "has opened upon us with smiles, and the face of Nature and the political world is looking gay, the great business of my life is scarcely begun. *Expergiscere aliquando*. May some one brawl till the ears of my soul are unclosed, and till every faculty of mind and body is brought into action for the glory of God and the service of Man."

John Taylor Coleridge

He has been confined to the house with illness, but "In this I think myself peculiarly blessed that my own relations are daily furnishing me with such rare instances of worth and excellence that I need not travel abroad for materials to furnish my store-room of friendship and affection. Natural love cemented and comforted by virtue and excellence gives me the sweetest picture of social happiness imaginable. Long may I have to boast of being a member of such a Society."

These lines breathe a deep peace.

He is sarcastic about brother Edward advertising in somewhat puffing terms for his pupils. "Our family is not usually given to much quackery, and I trust it has been that they have some sterling Ware to go to Market with, and I own I was sorry to see this deviation from the family usage." The age of advertisement was not yet.

John, though keeping up his hard reading with Patteson, is interested in everything around him. He goes to see Kean with the Poet Wordsworth. He also sees much of his uncle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, at Highgate.

"It appears that my Uncle Sam has intimated his intention of having Hartley with him in the Long Vacation [Hartley, by the assistance of friends and relatives, had gone to Merton], which the boy's friends deprecate very much. At the same time Wordsworth feels the delicacy of any direct interference to separate him from his father, but says he is convinced that he would be glad to have him go into Devonshire. I have no doubt that it would be beneficial to the boy,

London Life, 1814-1818

at the same time it seems idle to think of separating him for ever from the effect of communication with his father. That father, it seems, is going to re-edit his poems with great additions so as to make them two volumes, and he certainly is at present in good earnest employed in collecting, writing, and altering. He lives at Calne, with the Morgans, who are devoted to him."

Christmas, 1814, saw the family assembled under the paternal roof-tree, and the first letter from John to his father on his arrival back in town describes the incidents of his journey.

January 10, 1815.—"By the light of a clouded moon I discovered that the man on the box had a most odd, ugly face, which appeared by day to be really a masque worn to keep off the wind; it was tied up with twine in a knot, which he could not undo, and as he did not apply to me, I made him no offer of assistance. So we entered Andover, and this strange 'Man in the Masque' soon collected a large crowd, the delight of men, women, and boys was excessive. When we took coach again more boys were assembled, and were much disappointed to find him appear without it, and to add to the poor fellow's mortification, the waiter followed him out with the masque, which he intended to leave behind unobserved. Near Andover we were very near a dreadful accident; as we were travelling rapidly with six horses, the postillion's horse came down a compleat tumble on his nose, the middle horses contrived to clear him, but the wheel horse got upon the horse with the boy under him before we could pull up. The poor fellow

John Taylor Coleridge

extricated himself the moment he had an opportunity and got up, but could not stand. We were passing a waggon, and he tried to catch at one of the horses to prevent falling. This frightened the waggon horse, who shrunk from him, and he was very near falling under him, but the waggoner and guard luckily caught him. In a short time he was able to stand, and said he had broke no bones, so we left him to ride in slowly."

He attends the Courts, watching, criticising, admiring, hoping.

On February 14, 1815, he writes to brother Frank, the attorney :—"It may be very presumptuous in me to say, but *entre nous* I have not been very much impressed either with the talent or the eloquence of the Bar. In legal knowledge, Abbott¹ among the elder men, and Richardson² and Littledale³ among the younger, are certainly conspicuous. Gifford⁴ is very neat, but for the union of all qualifications give me Brougham.⁵

"I have no doubt that you would feel much surprised to see or hear him ; one always forms an idea of men of whom one has heard much, and never did any man so little correspond to his picture as I had drawn it in my own mind. Instead of a bold, bristling, harsh man, he is excessively interesting, very respectful to the Court, saying at times in a quiet manner very sarcastic things, and yet by no means giving you an impression of a sarcastic temper ; generally taking an old question in a new light, and pressing it earnestly yet with perfect command of

¹ Lord Tenterden.

² Mr. Justice Richardson.

³ Mr. Justice Littledale. ⁴ Lord Gifford. ⁵ Lord Brougham.

London Life, 1814-1818

himself. His diction is beautiful, always choice and correct, while his voice has just enough Scotch tone in it to make it very musical and agreeable. I cannot help predicting very great things of him if ever he is called to great occasions. Lord Ellenborough is a very astonishing man; the grasp and vigour of his faculties are quite delightful; then as to his diction every sentence may be written down as it falls from his lips without any alteration. I do not know whether you have observed how very seldom it is that men even of eloquence speak grammatical sentences; either they do not finish them at all, or finish with a construction different to that with which they began. With Lord Ellenborough it is not so; an eloquent man, according to my notions of eloquence which include poetry, he is not certainly, but the most correct, energetic speaker I ever heard. I have heard him *read* judgments, and deliver them quite extempore; not the least difference is to be found either in the arrangement or language. His style is, to be sure, rather inflated. I have heard him talk of the 'elongation' of a stage-coach and the 'dislocation' of a common, when he meant that the allotments of a new enclosure must be new made. But his remark on the Brewers' plea was admirable. To a charge of mixing a certain noxious drug in their beer, the Brewers pleaded that true it was they did mix a certain noxious drug, but averred that they also put in another which neutralised the bad qualities of the former. Lord Ellenborough exclaimed 'that it was not to be borne that the human stomach should be made the arena for hostile poisons to contend in.'

John Taylor Coleridge

Spite of all this, long live Lord Ellenborough say I, we shall not soon meet with a better Chief Justice. Poor Dampier has not been in Court once this Term, and I understand he is not expected to recover. He will be much lamented. Abbott, I suppose, will succeed him, who will make a capital Judge. Yet even Abbott surprised me very much the other day by showing how necessary preparation is even to such an old and excellent lawyer. A cause was called on unexpectedly ; that is to say, he knew of it the night before. He stated that he had an idea that his ground was maintainable, but begged to be allowed time to prepare and argue it. He said enough, on what the Court at first thought very clear, to raise their doubts, and so time was given to him. It was a curious point but in the pleading, and, therefore, I do not retail it to you. However this is very consolatory to a student."

In May, 1815, John has disclosed views on religious questions which somewhat disturb and alarm the peaceful orthodoxy of home, and a disapproval of the continuance of the war, which shocks his soldier-father. John thinks that we have no call to settle for the French whether a Bonaparte or a Bourbon shall rule over them, our duty begins and ends with self-defence—a reflection which has occurred to other minds since then, but was only to be whispered at that time. Waterloo dispensed with the necessity of further misgivings, and if ever religious doubts oppressed the mind of John through life, as undoubtedly they did, he always held it to be his duty to fight manfully and overcome them.

An interesting side-light is thrown upon the early



LADY COLERIDGE (MARY BUCHANAN).

London Life, 1814-1818

years of Samuel Taylor Coleridge by Uncle George :—

“It is a little remarkable that the School Compositions of my Brother Sam should have given no Token of that exuberance of Fancy, for which his Writings are so much admired. His Master could scarcely commend any of them. His excellence at School consisted mostly in the facility with which he construed the most difficult Classics, and in his various and deep English reading. Their beauties he must have admired, but possibly his practice in writing later did not keep pace with his knowledge, and he found it embarrassing every moment to be confronted in his progress.”

By June, 1815, comes the announcement of John's growing attachment to Mary Buchanan. She was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gilbert Buchanan, of the Scotch family of Buchanan of Lenny, Rector of Woodmansterne, in Surrey. There is dismay on the part of his mother and counsel of prudence from his father. But it was all eventually to end happily.

Waterloo was fought and won, but John was detained at the Temple till near 12 o'clock. “You may guess I did not see much of the illuminations, but it was a strange contrast to me, when I sallied from the office, where I had been long left quite alone, and passed from the gloom and silence of the Temple, through the wicket, into Fleet Street, where all was broad day.”

What is to be done with Bonaparte? Will Louis execute him? John (July 10, 1815) takes a strictly legal view. “By recognising him as Emperor of Elba he ceased to be a French subject and became a rival Monarch, and by concluding a Treaty with him

at all you gave him an amnesty for all *past* offences, and he has committed none since for which he deserves death any more than any other Imperial fighter of battles and slayer of Thousands."

To brother Frank, the attorney, he continually describes his experience in the Courts. He hears a case. Sugden (afterwards Lord St. Leonards) for the plaintiff and Gifford for the defendant. "Great as he is, rather an 'impar congressus Achilli,' Sugden's manner implies as much talent as I ever saw in any man; his language was good and delivery fluent and unembarrassed. Indeed it was the excess of this in which he failed, for he treated the Bench with as little respect as Garrow would treat the Magistrates at a Quarter Sessions. To be sure they cut rather a poor figure before him. My Lord was silent and Le Blanc equally cautious. Bayley committed himself by a supposition or two, to which he only got for answer that *all* the cases were against such a notion. His manner to them certainly was very insufferable, but it was quite impossible not to see that on that particular subject he was their master compleatly, and equally so not to admire his uncommon readiness and precision. Attack him anywhere, start what point you would, direct him to argue in this or that direction, all seemed like his alphabet to him, and he enunciated his axioms and propositions in the clearest and most precise words, yet with a fearless, easy rapidity that was quite astonishing. Littledale says that he wishes Lord Kenyon had been in Lord Ellenborough's seat to have shown a little more spirit in checking him, but

London Life, 1814-1818

he admits that he was like the Indian Juggler who can keep six balls in the air at once, an unfair match for common men who can only play with two at a time."

Yet all this interest in the great performers did not bring in briefs.

"Patteson and I sit and grumble together sometimes at the folly of Fortune in leaving such fine fellows in such forlorn plight; we are really much in the plight of the Author of the 'Splendid Shilling,' as our galligaskins fail us, and visit the tailor almost daily!"

He gets, however, constant news from home. Says the Colonel, November 8, 1815:—

"I walked to ye Eight mile-stone (from Exeter) on the Sunday to meet James from Whimble, but as ill-luck would have it, he had *trot* out Miss Jones to Rockbeare; so off I trudged, my legs against his Horse, and really by a little trotting down-hill made good to ye Old Gallows before James could return to take me up. I was not hurt by it, although I did more than five miles in ye Hour."

Has any father ever been troubled with a high-spirited and somewhat unruly son? Let him take example from the wily Colonel.

"I will write to Edward, and rather praise him for a supposed alteration for ye better in his Temper, and comment on ye advantage of it."

John to his father, November 28, 1815:—"My admiration of Southey has been very much increased by his conduct in an affair that was a compleat trial of principle.

"I will give you the circumstances when we meet, but, in short, he has run the risque of quarrel with his

John Taylor Coleridge

friend Croker and exposed himself to the full weight of the Duke of Wellington's personal indignation for the sake of historic truth. Besides which, a consequence of his conduct will perhaps be the breaking off of his very lucrative connection with the *Quarterly*. Lord Wellington has behaved as *smally* as Southey has greatly. This you may depend upon."

It is interesting to compare the cost of travel in 1816 with that at the present time. When the question of the sons coming down to Devonshire for Christmas is mooted, the Colonel counts the cost. From Eton to Honiton is 140 miles. If they went in a post-chaise carrying two it cost 1s. 3d. a mile, or £8 15s. If by coach the outside fare was £2 5s., the inside £3 15s. each. Now the journey from Waterloo to Ottery St. Mary, 164 miles, costs (24 miles further) first class £1 7s., second class 17s., and third class 13s. 6d.

1816 witnesses John in Chambers at 2, Pump Court, a member of the Middle Temple, and brother Frank with him, reading Law. One day Sir Vicary Gibbs, Master of the Rolls, calls on him and asks him and Patteson to dinner, saying he wishes to know him. At the dinner there were no other guests. Law was not mentioned, but "the Chief" talked a great deal of Scapulas, Stephens, Æschylus, Euripides, &c., and evinced a prodigious memory for quotations. All his scholarship, he said, had been learnt at Eton.

On June 18, 1817, we get from John a graphic account of the public celebration of the opening of Waterloo Bridge. It would serve for a description in every detail of Constable's great picture.

London Life, 1814-1818

June 18, 1817, John to Friend:—"The Wollastons, having an offer of places on a coal wharf between Waterloo and Westminster Bridges, made my way there about one o'clock and mounted a stack of coals on which boards were placed and a few seats. The day was very fine, the tide running up rapidly, and a light wind. The sight was glorious and beyond description from the immense numbers of people assembled; all the terrasses, roofs, windows, wharfs, gardens, barges, boats, and bridges groaned with people on either side. Waterloo Bridge was filled with select company, as I am told, guards, horse and foot, horse artillery, and music. On each pier a yard was erected. In this state of things, the crowd on the water continually thickening, waited till three; in the meantime the city barge had gone up to Fife House (just at the back of Whitehall), and collected there were seen a great number of boats with flags; exactly as the clock struck, flags were as if by magic spun up the yards on the pier; these were those of the different nations engaged in the battle; in the centre were two Prussian flags, white with the black eagle, then the British, Belgian, &c. At the same moment the Prince embarked in a superb boat, carrying the Royal Standard, and the guns thundered away from the bridge, continuing the whole time he was on the water, preceded by the Lord Mayor, his state barge carrying at least a score standards, and some men-of-war's boats were followed by the boat of all the public officers, Admiralty, Ordnance, Victualling, Transport, &c., with their respective flags; he pulled down through the centre arch and

John Taylor Coleridge

went about opposite our gardens, then returned through a side arch, taking the lead, and landed on the Surrey side just above the bridge, ascended the steps and walked over, but I was not near enough to distinguish persons; he descended on the other side by the steps above the bridge, embarked, and again taking the lead, so returned, the guns thundering as before. In the return fortunately there was no need of rowing, the tide running strong, for except the Prince's no other boat could get oars into the water, and it was fine to see them floating up with a forest of upright oars. Wherever the Prince went there was a good deal of applause, but the Duke was with him. I longed for a grand burst from the people at once, which I think you would have heard at Ottery. I never in my life saw anything like the assemblage; as far as the eye could see everywhere was a mass of heads; all London seemed to be let loose in a holiday, exactly like Southey's description in the Nuptial Ode. It continued all day, and at eight o'clock the bridge was crowded and there was quite a rush to get at it. I wish you could have seen it."

April, 1817, was noted for a great flood in the Otter at Ottery St. Mary.

"Edward," writes the Colonel, "has lost nothing in the fishing way by his absence, for there is great Scarcety of fish in the river, the Floods having washed away all the Weirs, and carried the Fish to Sea where they were taken, half dead, in great numbers."

He hopes Patteson is not going to be incautious in plunging into hasty matrimony. "Tell him he will

London Life, 1814-1818

have plenty of Time to rear a crop of Bipeds for the future support of Church and State."

Patteson, however, does not unduly delay. He was married to his first wife in February, 1818. "Patteson," writes John, February 25, 1818, "was married on Monday. He did the thing like a man of business. We dined together on Saturday, and he went by the mail that night to Dickleburgh. On Monday he was married by a little after eight, ninety-six miles from London, which he reached by nine that night, though the roads were heavy with the snow and he had only a pair of horses till the last stage. Tuesday, at eleven o'clock, we were discussing some pleas together in Chambers."

Verily the Law seems to have been Patteson's first mistress!

Frank, according to Uncle George, has got the right trick of manner for a legal adviser from his sojourn among lawyers in London.

"Face dressed in good-natured smiles, save when a knotty point is infected on his mind. Then those who know him well wonder at his would-be gravity, his irrevocable decisions and his irrefragable arguments, graced too by some strain of throat as well as Thought, and a gesture worth a thousand a year."

The Colonel is busy administering justice, and his wife attributes his present good spirits to her keeping from him complaints of impending rack and ruin. That little rogue Fanny steals off for two days and stays away two months. No wonder that she is a fixture wherever she goes.

We may trace the influence of Uncle George in the

John Taylor Coleridge

reviews written in the *Quarterly* by John on Leigh Hunt and Shelley—Uncle George approves of the strictures on the former and the Christian pummelling he has received together with his “compeer or rather his co-fiend Shelley.” Shelley thought the review of the “Revolt of Islam” was by Southey, and the world knows the correspondence that took place on the subject. No one would write such a review now, but at that time Shelley was, no doubt, very vulnerable, and in literary attacks the buttons had a habit of coming off the foils. A more mature article was written by John at this time in the *Quarterly* on Southey’s “Brazil.”

His meetings with men of letters become more frequent, for Murray the publisher kept a sort of select reading-room, whither, after one invitation, you went when you liked. He dresses himself up for such occasions, puts on “steam-engine shoes,” but still wears a recommended hare’s skin next his chest.

1818.—John, always the shaft horse in the family coach, now by strenuous and unremitting efforts gets an Exhibition of Corpus for his brother Edward. Kissing appears often to have gone by favour, for again Uncle George, on hearing that “your friend Rennell” has been promoted to the valuable living of Kensington, remarks slyly, “I have never heard from you or from any other person in what way the presentation of this living to so young a man was so creditable to the Bishop of London. That his Lordship’s motives were perfectly good I have no doubt, but it ought to be more generally known what those

London Life, 1814-1818

motives were as the younger clergy in particular might be benefited if not beneficed by it !”

The state of the poor laws is the theme of much letter-writing about this time. The pauperising effect of their administration strikes Uncle George, and he moralises on the consequences of a system that removes from the idle extravagant or heedless the result of their weakness of moral fibre in a manner that would please the Charity Organisation Society of to-day. John has been an attendant at Uncle Sam's lectures. Uncle George takes heart at the news.

February 14, 1818.—“ You have been an Auditor at Coleridge's Lectures. I trust that you can continue the account that William gave of the first of them—that they are excellent. If he gets through them with credit and regularity I shall take it as a new era in his life, since he has for once performed what he promised. I should like to know what sort of a Balance sheet he is likely to make of it, for Fame at this part of his life is coming rather too late to fill his pocket. Poor Fellow ! he has been walking in a vain shadow certainly—but cannot be said to have been heaping upon riches *ignoto hæredi*. I pray that his latter day may be spent in a manner more consentaneous with reason and common-sense, and that Theology which has taken possession of his head may diffuse itself through his heart and actions.”

On April 30, 1818, John sends to Aunt Brown the following account of a function of the London schools at the Egyptian Hall :—

“ All the ladies smartly dressed in caps and flowers,

John Taylor Coleridge

of those in the hustings, there were several full dressed with feathers, &c. The Queen and her party in bridal white. She wore a large medallion miniature of the King, set in diamonds, and she had a diamond wreath in her turban. Anything more ugly than she is, it would be in vain for imagination to try to conceive. She is shrunk and bowed to nothing almost, and her face with its immense mouth is much less human than baboonish, but she looked clear-complexioned and healthy, and her and her daughter's unpainted skins were in favourable contrast to the brick-dust ladies around her.

"Dining with 'Murray,' our party consisted of Mr. Hobhouse the traveller, Lord Byron's friend, Anacreon Moore, Mr. W. Spenser, a minor sort of Anacreon, Shiel and Milman, the two tragedians, Dr. Black, who wrote the 'Life of Tasso,'¹ Everett, a young professor of Greek from an American University,² Ugo Foscolo, a curious Italian writer now in this country, one or two literary M.P.'s, and your honourable servant." They sat down at eight, drank hock, claret, sauterne, and shiraz from Persia, and he did not come away till the morning, refusing to stay for a *petit souper* with Moore and some of the choicer spirits who were now beginning to expand. And why? Because he had to be up before six next morning and go down to Clapton for Mary Buchanan.

The contest for the representation of Devonshire between Sir Thomas Acland (Tory) and Lord Ebrington (Whig) occupies the Western minds.

¹ Author of "The Mount Vernon Papers," 1860.

² Mentioned by Lord Byron in the Preface to the 4th Canto of *Childe Harold* in laudatory terms.

London Life, 1814-1818

July 17, 1818, the Colonel to John :—

“I am engaged in dinnerings and addresses to Sir Thomas, attended one at Honiton with Frank, go to ye County Meeting at Exeter on Friday, and on Tuesday we have an Ottery dinner of all ye Voters at the Schoolroom.

“‘Little do ye Townsmen know
What we poor Squires do undergo’

in keeping forty-shilling Voters in the right path !”

These same pure and independent voters, however, returned Lord Ebrington. The whole family go into mourning over the defeat of Sir Thomas. There is collapse, from the heat, it is said, and Fanny writing to “My dear old Dulce” (John), says she can do nothing but gather fruit in the Warden House garden every morn before breakfast. John, no doubt, grilling in Pump Court, Temple, does not pity her. His thoughts are more bent on his approaching marriage with Mary Buchanan.

Shortly before her marriage the prospective bride gets the following charming welcome from John’s sister Fanny :—

“July 17, 1818.

“MY DEAREST MARY,—I am *very sincerely rejoiced* that you are indeed coming down, and as I cannot be your bridesmaid, pray let me have your piece of Bride Cake, as that is the next best thing? Now, Mary Buchanan, I do positively *insist* on your writing to me the day after you receive this, and let it be a long account of everything you think I should like to hear. If I don’t get a letter from you on Wednesday I shall

John Taylor Coleridge

think you don't care for me one straw. John says you are to be in Town on Friday to consult Mantua Makers. Pray what *ladies* do you mean to employ? have some blue dress, for blue suits you. Frank says that all women have some *cursed whim* about travelling in a coach when they are married, and Papa begs me to say that you may post to Salisbury and then come on in the mail, but never mind them, they know nothing at all about it. I have heaps of things to tell you and to talk about, and do not promise at the altar to let John into all our secrets. If you fail to write to me I shall be in a rage, which, considering the excessive heat of this weather, is not particularly desirable. Fancy leading off at the Ottery Ball as a Bride! . . . I am very happy : everything conduces to make me so, and your coming down is not amongst the smallest part of my comfort."

They were married at Woodmansterne on August 7, 1818, having got a house at No. 7, Hadlow Street, for £50 a year. This street has now disappeared to make way for the British Museum. They sped westwards after the marriage, visiting Dorking, Winchester, Southampton, Dorchester, and were met by the family at Colyford and escorted home over the wild range of moorland hills to Ottery St. Mary, where they spent the summer.



Lady Coleridge {M. Buchanan} Mrs Carpenter.

LADY COLERIDGE (MARY BUCHANAN) IN 1829.
By Mrs. Carpenter.

CHAPTER XVIII

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE (*continued*)

1819-1831

ON returning to London after the Vacation John determines to leave special pleading and come to the Bar, joining the Western Circuit. He is enabled to do this by a loan from John May of £1,000.

"The blessing of Heaven surely is upon me when God gives me so rare, so inestimable a Friend. I feel towards him far more than I can express face to face. God give me some day an opportunity of proving it."

On January 22, 1819, John alludes in a letter to the Colonel to his review of Milman's "Samor" in the *Quarterly*. Thus did he eke out from time to time money for domestic purposes. He contrasts also his view of life and his tastes and pleasures with those of his fellow-student, Patteson.

"I am sure, too, of another thing, that, whether from original weakness, or that my body gives up, or that my mind has not been rightly disciplined, I shall never master at the Law so as to be esteemed a good lawyer or to be one."

He contrasts Patteson's absorbing love for the Law to the exclusion of everything else. "Yet though I am prepared to be outstripped by him in the course

John Taylor Coleridge

I cannot say on the whole I regret the difference between us on this point ; certainly, if it were possible, I should wish to be as good a lawyer as he will be, but I would not buy all the law in Lord Coke's head to be narrowed in my tastes and pleasures by it, as he is and will be more and more."

On July 3, 1819, John held his first brief at the Devon Assizes at Exeter.

In the summer of 1819 Mary Coleridge gave birth to a child, which only survived a few months, a great grief to the parents and to all who loved them. This year they took a house for the summer vacation at 3, Well Walk, Hampstead. John did not have the opportunity of being a neighbour of John Keats, who spent that summer and autumn at Winchester.

December 9, 1819.—John to the Colonel, narrating his first appearance in the London Courts :—

"One day I had to fight a point a little before all four, and I was dreadfully embarrassed ; it was altogether an awkward thing ; the three came in just as the single judge was disposing of the point against me without hearing me, and I was obliged to get up three or four times before I could catch an eye or gain audience ; when I did it was not a very patient one. But frightened as I was, I determined not to sit down without being heard."

On December 30, 1819, John writes to his brother Frank a letter which I believe genuinely expresses the feelings he held through life.

"I like my Profession very much ; I feel a positive pleasure in the exercise of it, but I think it of so little

consequence whether a man passes thirty years out of Eternity as a lawyer or a soldier, or whether he dies Lord Chancellor or simple gentleman, that, if my own feelings were concerned alone, if I did not know I should give pain where I wish only to give pleasure, I should certainly think my wife's health and my daughter's education reasons enough for leaving London and either becoming a provincial or taking orders and a few pupils. But, as it is, I think of this as little as possible. . . . There is nothing so likely and so to be dreaded in my profession as that it should absorb me more and more the older I get. 'Dying in harness,' which some old Judges talk of with so much delight, is something shocking to me now."

This feeling clung to him through life, and he avoided this abhorrent fate by a comparatively early and, as some thought, an almost premature retirement from the Judicial Bench.

On January 24, 1820, John receives from the Colonel the following information characteristic of the time: "I have been attacking the idle Rascals of ye Town . . . and this week I have sent a lot of eight to go to the stocks for being drunk in Bear Bastyn's house on a Sunday, unless they pay five shillings each and ye expenses."

These old stocks are still there. In June comes the cheering news that Henry, who is now at King's College, Cambridge, has won both the Greek and Latin Odes and has shown that the family have produced the best scholars of their year both at Oxford and Cambridge.

John Taylor Coleridge

October 31, 1821, the Colonel gives his views on simplicity of life to John :—

“I am of opinion that most people would have less to complain of if they would be getting rid of false Pride and ye Nonsense of External Appearance, and be more particular about realities. If my servant is clean, and waits well, what care I if he has not a laced livery, or if my meat be sweet and my Plate clean, what better is it for being eaten off a Silver or China Plate? And in truth I am more comfortable to have ye Patriarch and a pair of rough plough Horses, than a Fat Coachman with a Cocked Hat and a pair of sleek steeds that are as delicate as a Vapour-headed Lady. Your boy is our delight.”

By this time a boy, John Duke, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, had been born.

A kindly warning as to Mary's habits is directed to the Temple, lest the domestic advice should be too strong for his better half!

In February, 1821, we learn that in the little town of Ottery St. Mary there were “five hundred persons sick in Small Pox by Inoculation.”

June 25, 1822.—The Colonel to John :—

“It affords me very great satisfaction that Henry sticks so well to ye Harness and that he seems to be so happy and contented. Such a disposition will be most beneficial to his Worldly Comforts. I wish I could have as strong a power of throwing off anxiety. I should sleep better at nights than I do. All my power of Reasoning is utterly unable to dispel a restless nervousness of ye Stomach and Breast, but it does not deprive me of Resolution to act as I ought.

It is very possible that advancing age naturally dreads anything that breaks in on ye quiet tenor of life drawing towards a Close. And very sensibly do I feel any Matter that is at War with the earnest desire I have to leave my Family happy and their possessions free from Trouble and Dispute."

Overleaf from Sister Fanny :—

"Tell Henry he is a saucy rogue and wants two Issues in his back to keep him in order!"

John is never left long without his father's gossip from home. We read such items as that Hurrell Froude came to see him, that he entertained Lord Rolle to dinner, that Sir Stafford Northcote dined and slept, and that Sir John Kennaway brought Sir Francis Burdett to church, and that on November 24, 1822, Mr. Smith, the vicar, read the Marriage Act instead of a sermon at the morning service, whereat most of the people went out of church! Also that Frank, having been successfully engaged as an attorney in a local lawsuit, has gained friends and raised enemies. Whereupon follows the perspicuous reflection, "Our family carry their minds entirely into what they undertake, and are too sincere to keep on good Terms with all men."

John finds it hard to be quite philosophical about his prospects. He has received news of the possible offer to him of the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*. He writes gloomily about his outlook at the Bar, has only opened his mouth once in the King's Bench this term, and regarding the offer, should it be made, says that it means discontinuance at the Bar, but that it may be one of those *retreats* which he expects to

John Taylor Coleridge

be his fate after the struggle of a few more years. Whereat the Colonel writes, November 5, 1822 :—

“I acknowledge that I am jealous of any path that leads you out of the way to a seat on the Bench, where *I* shall never see you, but where I have a sort of prophetic feeling you will be, if God spares your Life for a competent number of years.”

On March 22, 1823, he sends the following humorous account of a visit from Mrs. Samuel Taylor Coleridge :—

“Mrs. Sam and Sara [her daughter] arrived at Fair Mile about six on Thursday. . . . Sara is indeed a sweet creature, and she has attached herself to me, and indeed to us all. Fanny is delighted with her. We get on with Mrs. Sam and let her run on about all the literary World. And I begged her not to think ill of me because I only read the Bible, search the Encyclopædia, &c., &c. I shall not quiz her for the love I feel for her Daughter. . . . I should think we might add £20 a year towards their support.”

Frank, now in full swing from a professional point of view—he has just been elected Clerk to the Justices—has occasion to pay a visit to Ireland on business. There he sees Irish justice being dispensed.

He writes from Cork, August 21, 1823 :—

“What a picture of fearful anxiety is a wretched White boy, listening to the evidence against him and standing in a large, grated place, with two soldiers, bayonets drawn, on each side of him. Upon my word there is something inexpressibly frightful in it to me when I reflect on the barbarous Ignorance and Desperation of those fellows. O’Connell’s Cross-

examination of a witness in an action for seduction was the finest thing I ever heard. He satyrizes a witness down to nothing."

Tom Moore is there, a great lion, and Edmund Kean, the Devonian, drawing great houses.

At this time Henry Nelson, whose health had been undermined by an attack of rheumatism, was invited by his cousin William, who had been appointed Bishop of Barbados, to accompany him on a tour to the West Indies. His experiences on that tour he subsequently set forth in his "Six Months in the West Indies," a book replete with wit and humour, graphic and poetical descriptions, and sage reflections, which gives a striking picture of the condition of the colonies at that time. Slavery on the one hand and missionary Christianity on the other. He views matters, naturally enough, now through the slave-owner's and now through episcopal spectacles. The slaves are to his mind happy children. Years later I well remember a discussion on American slavery at my grandfather's (John's) table. A South American gentleman discoursed on the happiness of the slave. My grandfather looked quietly up and said, "Are there no bankruptcies in the Southern States?" The American was silent. "Judge, you have me there!" was all he said. Of course, in case of bankruptcy the slaves were sold as so many cattle, husband sold away from wife and parents from children. Lucky it was for Henry's complacent view of domestic slavery that he saw no sale of bankrupt slavery stock.

In spite of members of the family taking brilliant prizes, writing descriptions of travel and articles

John Taylor Coleridge

in reviews, there is a constant absence of ready cash.

The reader will note that from time to time, as John's hopes and spirits fail, he looks with envious eyes on the quiet, useful life of a clergyman led by his brother James. Occasionally a cry escapes him. Writing August 31, 1823, to brother Frank he says :—

“I cannot help thinking that all good fellows with snug livings, pretty parsonages, and nice wives are much to be envied. I perfectly loathe the thoughts of winter in London. Oh that my wig was frying!”

The Colonel, February 21, 1824, writing to John, thus reviews the situation :—

“I intended to have written to dear Henry by this conveyance ; he shall, however, have my next ; he deserves it from me, for he writes often and long and cheerful. My letters to you are only the unloading of my Bodily Groans on you, and yours, I am sorry to say, have of late been emptying your groans of Purse on me. I wish we could each send a cure for the Grief. Yours will mend, mine will increase. But it is all in the usual course of things. Nothing out of the Common has happened after all. It is only a journey, and I am farther advanced on ye Road. I pray God to bless you ; you have what's better than riches—a good Conscience, and with so many other Blessings I hope a thankful Heart. Adieu !—J. COLERIDGE.”

And again, June 25, 1824 :—

“As far as I am concerned I want but little, and if I alone were concerned, all above that little should be

annually divided among you. I have increased the property entrusted to my care, not for my own sake, but for my children. I took an enlarged view of Education, and God has blessed my wishes by the success which has attended our Endeavours. I view my family with honest Pride and Delight. I am satisfied that they hold firm to that which is honest and right, and that they have improved their natural talents above those of others equally gifted."

In December, 1824, John took a very serious step. He was offered by John Murray, and accepted, the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, which he held between December, 1824, and November, 1825, filling up the gap between Gifford and Lockhart. He was glad when the position was relinquished, for in truth, as he said before, the holding of it was incompatible with professional success, and it never had the approbation of his father.

I do not wish to revive forgotten controversies, but the circumstances surrounding the selection of Lockhart gave rise at the time to some amount of criticism on the part of John's friends, and particularly of Southey who had counselled his appointment. Lockhart had powerful allies : he was the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and the fact that John ever had so modest a view of his own services and was so incapable of lasting resentment at any slight, real or fancied, made those who loved him especially jealous on his account. That tact was wanting on the part of Murray is shown by the following letter written by John to Murray which discloses the high-breeding of the author :—

John Taylor Coleridge

“ November 19, 1825.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I am detained at Chambers this morning by pressing business, and as I am unwilling to keep you in suspense, I send you my answer to your proposition of yesterday which I hope I can do at no very great length.

“Since I saw you I have considered it very deliberately, and the more so, as I have a right to suppose you still free from any positive engagement in any other quarter. Were I to look to my own interests only, perhaps it would have been better that my retreat should have been delayed till a more *ostensible* change had taken place in my professional rank. I say perhaps, because there are a great many reasons which make an immediate surrender of my post, and especially one at this moment, very desirable for me; and I am not sure that these do not preponderate. Indeed they did press upon my mind so much a short time since, that I consulted with two most confidential friends on the propriety of them proposing the change to you. But whether the advantage to myself or the disadvantage will be the greater, I shall not think it right, nor do I feel any inclination to let that consideration influence my judgment. Your's is a very large stake at hazard, and upon due reflection you have satisfied your mind that Mr. Lockhart's conduct of the *Review* is likely to be more beneficial to your interests than mine. I, on my part, could not undertake to give more time to it than I now do, nor could I pledge myself to hold it for any long time in advance. I shall therefore certainly not interfere with your forming a permanent arrange-

ment with him, which you can do now, and may not be able to do at any future time. So far therefore, as my perfect and cordial consent is necessary to Mr. Lockhart's succeeding me in January, I give it in the fullest possible manner and I heartily hope that the *Review*, maintaining the same principles in the same moderation, may flourish under his guidance longer and better than it has under mine. So far as I can render it service by such occasional contributions, as my professional engagements will permit, I shall do so very gladly, if they are considered acceptable by him. I mentioned to you one point, and one only on which I must insist—that the coming number is to be my last. I hope this will be no inconvenience to you or him; but it is essential to me to be quite a free man early in the next year. Any assistance which I can afford him consistently with this, I shall gladly. I had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with him at Oxford—will you present my compliments to him and offer him from me any information which he may require, and perhaps I alone can give him, as to the existing engagements of the *Review*? I will transmit you for him, whenever you please, the papers I have under consideration, but if he could come to Town, an hour's talk would be of more help to him than a sheetful of writing.

“I have now only one more observation to make which I do with the same candour I have uniformly observed towards you. I own I think that so many and such full formed reports of my retreat should not have been suffered to get into circulation before the circumstances were disclosed to me. My concurrence

John Taylor Coleridge

at any moment to the slightest intimation from you was certain, and I might have been spared not merely the trouble of considering papers, and making engagements for future numbers, but the mortification of contradicting rumours which I was bound in justice to you to regard as unfounded, but which now appear to have been circulated on good authority.

“I am willing to suppose that much of this may be attributed to the indiscretion of those who may have been necessarily consulted, but I still think that the moment the report was in circulation, I was entitled in courtesy and justice to have been fully informed of your wishes. This is the only unpleasant part in the transaction.”

By this time John's repute as a lawyer was becoming more secure. In June, 1825, he had brought out his edition of Blackstone's Commentaries in four volumes, dedicated to Robert Lord Gifford, Baron of St. Leonards, brought up to date; a work containing all that was known in contemporary law illustrative of the original text. This book was for some time the accepted edition of Blackstone. This involved severe labour, but it brought in money, rooted John's legal knowledge in the principles of the Common Law of England, and gave him an invaluable preparatory training for judicial office.

Aunt Luke, always a bustling, capable and managing woman, in June, 1825, fell ill, and the circumstances are thus waggishly described by the Colonel:—

June 16, 1825.—“In your Aunt Luke's case she would never alter one of her modes of dieting. Then she thought that by reading Buchan she knew her own

case. Then she bullied old Hodge, who to please her gave her a new Disorder once a month. Then old Robinson prescribed—then Dr. Collins—then Barnes—then old Hodge himself—then Blackall, who laughed at Robinson's prescription. Then Hodge prepares her for Blackall's prescription by an Emetic and which (he being great at ante's when he meant pro's), causes such a clearance as has produced a better countenance, and a prospect of a better state of health."

John's professional coach begins from this time to move ahead.

On February 7, 1826, he thus describes the Western Circuit and his position on it :—

"The chart of the circuit is a very plain one; before me the only men to be *seriously* thought of are Wilde,¹ C. F. Williams, Merewether, Selwyn, Erskine,² Fraser, and Carter. Wilde will always hold his ground as long as his health permits. No. 2 cannot. No. 3 will always be respectable, but he has no speed, six miles an hour is the top of his speed. No. 4 is so nervous and weak, that he never will get great business, and if he did it would give him a dysentery and destroy him. No. 5 I think a great deal of, but not as an advocate; had he possessed much talent in that way he would not have been where he now is. Six and 7 are very clever, learned, and industrious men, but I do not expect ever to see them in the lead. You see, I think the course pretty clear, but whether I have blood and bone enough remains to be seen."

On April 30, 1827, he gives to his father the latest

¹ Lord Truro.

² Mr. Justice Erskine.

John Taylor Coleridge

political news on the accession of Canning to the office of First Lord of the Treasury.

“London is in great ferment, the Whigs have triumphed, and Brougham is understood to have had the great hand in bringing the parties together, wherefore he declines taking anything—even a silk gown he doubts about accepting. As yet he does not even ostensibly join, but is to sit up on the back benches (where Pitt used to go when out of administration) and watch ; if all goes to his liking he means to aid with zeal ; if not to go into opposition.”

The solicitor to the Duchy of Cornwall has been privately to ask him, on behalf of Lord Lyndhurst, about the state of the circuit. He has recommended Wilde, Selwyn, and Erskine for silk gowns, and coifs to C. F. Williams and Merewether, declining from motives of prudence to take rank himself.

On December 10, 1827, comes from the Colonel a delicious morsel of local gossip, a quarrel between him and one Luther Elliott, which happily went no further than is here described :—

“He speaks of my quarrel with Luther Elliott, who in October last wanted to get a Welch ejectment against a tenant, and really wished me to send a Family to Gaol for a felony, because they broke open a padlock he put on their own door. I was informed that he reported that he could get no justice from ye Ottery Magistrates, and that I had prejudged the case. About ten days since, after hearing a complaint of a workman against him for non-payment of wages, which was adjourned to Woodbury, he, having with Mr. Bates behaved most disrespectfully, I left the

Chair and said that as the case was closed I would observe that I never more wished to hear a case of his *or any other neighbour*. This made (him) behave very rudely. I repeated, 'or any other neighbour.' He then continued violent and abusive on which I observed that I had a reason, and then told him the reports. These he denied, and called for the Author, and on my declining to give him, he accused me of being the Inventor of the Story. I then produced Mr. Smith, who boldly came forward and repeated what he had heard from Mr. England, of Somersetshire, who had been to purchase Salveston. Elliott again denied, and said he would write to England. Smith then said, 'You must have said so because Mr. England repeated circumstances.' On which he (Elliott) avowed himself and owned that he had so said. I then said, 'Mr. Elliott, if you or any other person has dared so to say, you or he have said what is an accusation of perjury against me, and I tell you that it is an abominable lie.' 'What, Sir, will you say so?' I then repeated slowly and distinctly as above. On which he flew round the Table as if to knock me down, and on his approach I bolted up and placed myself within three inches of his face, touching his Body with my Corporation. 'Will you, Sir, dare to say so?' I did it again, looking full at his eye and prepared to catch his blow. When lo! he said, 'I forgot I wore a black coat,' and turned about and walked back to his seat. I then said, 'I care not for your coat whether it be black or any other colour.' I received the next day a dubious letter from him, and answered it by Frank's advice. He desired me to

John Taylor Coleridge

name a Friend. I did, Captain Stupart, and he was to send his friend to Captain Stupart, instead of which, after three days, he came himself and wanted Stupart to hear his Story. Captain Stupart refused to do so, and said he would not be Umpire—he had seen the Letters, he had heard my Story, and he had heard it from two respectable persons present, and he believed their Story. I wrote him that I was the person aggrieved, that I should retract nothing till he had done me Justice for the untruth he had uttered behind my back. So the matter rests.”

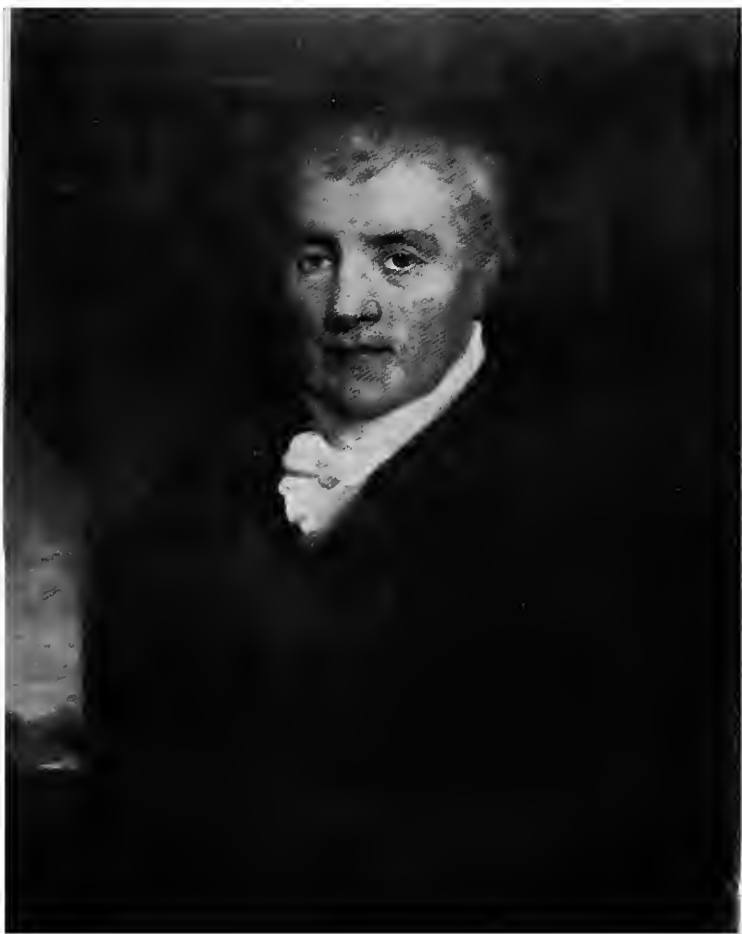
And so it happily ended.

It was pleasant to receive the news on December, 1827, of the appointment of John to a Commissionership in Bankruptcy which was worth at least £300 a year.

But all thoughts were absorbed in anxiety for Uncle George. His last days had come. In January, 1828, he quietly passed away. Two touching letters from the Colonel and John show the loss all felt they had sustained by the passing away of this kindly, simple, modest, God-fearing man from the family circle.

The Colonel to John, January 13, 1828.

“My letters and Frank’s to Henry must have apprised you how near to the final Termination your dear Uncle had drawn. It finally *closed* at noon on Saturday, without pain or struggle. He took an anodyne with difficulty Friday night, and slept fourteen hours, never to wake but for one Instant, looked abroad, sighed, and ceased to live. He has borne illness with pious Resignation, has foreseen the event,



THE REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE.
By J. Keenan.

To face p. 292.

1819-1831

has been tranquil, kind, grateful for helps, and what a Christian should always be, entirely submissive to the Will of God. His poor Wife and George [his son] have been incessant in attentions and affectionate kindness. For thirty nights has your Aunt continued this Duty, and George with her for a fortnight ; they are both much shook by it, but doing their best. George has shown great strength of mind and most excellent feelings of the Heart. He has written all the necessary letters, and is a perfect Son of an excellent Father. It is nearly a week since I parted from your Uncle ; it did *him* harm and tore my poor Breast to pieces—but I can't go on. If my Brother Edward attends the Funeral, which I hear he intends to do, I *must* do so likewise. But, my dear John, I am ill able to bear such a scene. My heart swells with Grief and it affects a weak part I have about it, but God will help me. Keep up your Spirits and sink not under an Event that is a blessing to the object of your love. He suffered scarcely any Pain, but ye Pain of parting from those he loved, during all his illness, and a sigh removed him to happiness. Adieu. May God bless you."

John to the Colonel, January 23, 1828.

"The more I *reflect* upon all that my dear Uncle was in himself and to me, the more deeply shall I feel his loss, and that reflection I shall make often and for a very long time. I do not know where to point out any man who lived so blamelessly, so much in charity with all mankind, had more benevolent feelings for those with whom he was in any way connected, or passed so much time in religious study and meditation.

John Taylor Coleridge

One reads of such men in the biography of old divines, but I never met with one beside him. Blessed now he is beyond all doubt, and that must be our consolation; our hope must be to go where he is gone, and we must be thankful that we have been bound to such a man, and that he was spared to us so many years. I shall never forget his precepts or his example. I wish I could retain the same lively image of his countenance which I now have in its playful, benevolent, and unassuming humour, or as he met us on our return from a long absence in its hearty cordiality. But this image must I know fade away."

These sad reflections on death, which beset the minds of those who perceive the inevitable goal to which they are speeding for ever drawing nearer, continue to hold more and more sway over the mind of the old soldier. The yearning outlook, the sad retrospect, the loss, one by one, of those whom he loved, the solemn preparation for the inevitable passage, all these influences henceforward dominate in larger measure the tone of his letters. Yet he could shake off depressing thoughts for a time. Grandchildren began to be born in whom his patriarchal heart delighted. The following letter is a gay account of a christening celebration of a grandchild:—

The Colonel to John, September 24, 1828.

"Our dinner on Friday at Frank's Christening was a grand display. A noble Haunch of Venison succeeded to a capital dish of fish. Fowls and Ham, Calf's Head, profusion of Sweets, Potatoes, Peas, Pears,



LOWER TERRACE WALK AT THE CHANTER'S HOUSE.

To face p. 295.

Cauliflowers, French Beans, Salad, Cucumbers, Port, Claret, Sauterne, Sherry, Lisbon, Old Jamaica Rum, White Brandy, Noyeaux, Sweet Cyder, Strong Beer and Small, and finally Old Hodge, who is much improved in his Calibanic character. For instance, at Cards your Uncle Edward revoked; Old Hodge (whose hand was scratching his flour-covered head) bangs down the whole Palm Powder and Grease on a New Card Table, and screamed out a 'Revoke,' leaving an indelible impression to ye utter Dismay of poor Harriet [Frank's wife]. He won half-a-crown, and on departing, being properly primed, the servants being all assembled to light him out, 'I have won half-a-crown, there 'tis, take it among ye,' and chucked it in among them and marched off in high glory."

Nor could a toil-worn barrister in hot and smoking London (John lived at 65, Torrington Square, from 1824 to 1831, when he moved to 4, Montague Place) have a more hearty invitation to visit the summer delights of fair Devon than is contained in the following letter. John had hesitated about coming for fear the boisterous grandchildren should prove too much for the old people.

The Colonel to John, June 7, 1829.

"I do not understand why you hesitate about coming to us. I have got ye house in better order than ever it was. We are freer from Point d'Argent than ever I was. We have two good riding horses; one draws a gig. Blake will supply us for the Chaise, and as for Baggage I have ye best black long-tail in

John Taylor Coleridge

ye country in ye cart and I have Cuddy [the donkey] for riding or drawing, the small cart for Nurse and ye Maids, and, besides, I am in fair health, and I have a good stock of wines, Beer and Cyder of all sorts, and have two sorts of Brandies, Rums, Hollands, Whisky, and Usquebaugh, besides anti-bilious and other Cathartic Pills to set all right! Never mind ye Trouble. Next year, if I live, I shall be less able to bear any noise or trouble that may be created. Of what use am I, if it be not to do good and to make those I love happy? Therefore I say come!"

The Colonel to John, June 26, 1829.

"I have written a note to ye wife to beg her to cast away her anxiety about ye trouble her train will bring on us. We are prepared for it and shall make it as light as possible and bear it with pleasure for the love we bear to you and yours. At ye mother's age and mine we can have no great reason to expect many opportunities of seeing our children and grandchildren, and as God Almighty has blessed us with a goodly habitation and ye means of keeping it warm, and I hope with hearts suited to ye occasion, what need we more than to enjoy our opportunities and be thankful."

Henry, in the intervals of professional work which comes to him but slowly, is visiting his uncle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, at Highgate, and laying the foundations for the "Table Table." He gives in April, 1829, but a bad account of him. He found him on his face upon the floor of the room. It was not

thought to be an apoplectic seizure, but it proved him to be very weak and failing. John goes to sit for his portrait to Mrs. Carpenter. "It is a failure. I shall never have the heart to sit again till I am an old wooden-faced Judge, and cannot be mis-taken." He did so sit in after years and the result was a masterpiece.

Death continues busy in the family. One of the sad results of a family being numerous, loving, neighbourly, is that these losses leave the survivors with an increasing sense of solitude.

The Colonel strives against his constitutional melancholy. November 29, 1829, to John:—

"I am not, however, the man I was as to hilarity and spirits, and things I used to pass over easily, now depress me. I know that, weighing my Blessings against my Troubles, that the latter are as nothing compared with the former. Of course the Balance being so favourable I ought to feel grateful and light-hearted. But melancholy becomes a pleasure by Indulgence, and as I have no Companion to cheer me up, I am likely to get worse rather than better. For there are few pleasures left for me to enjoy in this World, out of which many of my Friends are gone."

On February 4, 1830, "Aunt Luke" died. She was buried on February 12, 1830, at Thorverton, in the vault in which her husband had been buried. The Colonel attended the funeral, and, looking into the grave, saw the remains of his brother Luke, which completely overset him. Yet he will not encourage repining in others. His sons always come in for a

John Taylor Coleridge

cheering word on their way through life's troubles and disappointments.

John thus revives his recollections of "Aunt Luke," February 13, 1830 :—

"Death cannot be looked on in any light than as her release. I have many times in the course of the week thought of the time when we slept by her side, James and I, in the bell-chamber, and she was like a Mother to us.

"Follett has already one hundred retainers for this Circuit, which is enough to account for my decline, and if, as seems very probable, the Attornies should take into their heads to try him as leader, and he should succeed, as I think he would do, my occupation on the Circuit would be nearly gone."

The Colonel confesses his own indulgence of melancholy thoughts, but he will not suffer his dear son John to be depressed.

The Colonel to John, February 22, 1830.

"No man can be better loved or esteemed than you are, and I do really believe that you deserve it. You have the warm Affection of your parents and your brothers and sisters and you are in comfortable circumstances with better Health yourself than you ever before enjoyed. Look up therefore! and be assured that you will do well, and think not that you are Landlocked, for as you proceed the Valley of Good Fortune will open upon you!"

The Colonel was able to leave home for change of scene from time to time. In September, 1830, he



MRS. BROWN (DOROTHY AYER TAYLOR).
By J. Keenan.

To face p. 299.

paid a visit to the Lakes, where he saw Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge, his nephew. But the following year was to bring with it the heaviest blow to the family. On January 11, 1831, "Aunt Brown," of Combesatchfield, died. Her death brought an accession of fortune to the Colonel and his wife, but the beloved house, which was sold to strangers, and the beloved owner were no more.

On January 18, 1831, the Colonel writes to John:—

"I will muster all my Fortitude to controll my Feelings, but in truth I suffer acutely and am weak, where I should be for such an occasion strong. I really feel oppressed by the Loss of your Aunt. The increase of Riches is no Joy to me, they will bring new Duties of Stewardship on me—they come too late for any Worldly Enjoyment, and the departure of such a Friend and my own age makes me feel like a *respited* person whose turn comes next. . . . Still I say, let us all watch! for to some, good fortune becomes a snare. Work whilst you are able—be found in your place, try to become necessary and then you will be sought for. I am Blessed in my Family and have a heavy duty of Gratitude to God for such manifold Kindnesses."

And James Duke, the eldest son, writes also to John describing the scene:—

"Her interment has taken place, and it has been a very trying time for us all. My Father at one time seemed likely to faint, but it ended without any illness whatever. Vent was found in copious tears, and indeed there is room for lamentation and regret from us all. You have been spared taking leave of *her* as

John Taylor Coleridge

it was to-day, of the house and all its recollections since we were eight or nine years old. I am thankful I have no need to go there again."

She was found dead on the floor of her bedroom. About to retire to bed, she had obviously felt the coming stroke, and falling on the floor, had had sufficient consciousness to arrange her clothes in becoming modesty and to fold her hands across her breast before life fled.

Henry Nelson composed the following beautiful elegy which gave fit utterance to the feelings of those she had left behind :—

Lines on the Death of Aunt Brown.

What didn't Thou fear—or—fearing not—did'st guess
Would rend in sunder thy Life's silver zone?
It came, Beloved! less to hurt than bless
And struck thee in thy house—at night—alone!

The custom'd Duties of thy day were done,
As thou had'st done them many a year that's past.
Devouter, gentler, never did'st yon Sun
See thee, than when he shone upon thee last!

The crutch laid down—the sleeping Light set in—
Thou would'st have sounded for thy help to bed;
Then snapped at once the springs of Life within,
And, Dearest, thou wert numbered with the dead.

Grim Death lay sleeplike on thee—and again
Brought back the Beauty of thy youth—the while
As if in gentle Censure of our pain
Thy lips were wreathed into an angel smile.

Lips, where a Boy a thousand times I've hung
Scarce knowing those my Mother's self were not,
Whilst round my neck thy fostering arms were flung
Till every Infant trouble I forgot.

1819-1831

Yet can I hear that clear melodious voice
As when we talked down Summer's Suns alone ;
Cold is the tongue which made my heart rejoice,
Snapped is the cord—th' informing Spirit flown !

So be it ! Scenes and playthings of my sport,
Each room, each bed, each picture on the wall.
The Lawn, the Myrtle-walk, the trees, the Court,
For ever, and for ever, Farewell all !

Around their Images, and thine, Sweet Friend,
Memorial Love shall work a shrine of skill,
Where 'midst all chances to Life's utmost end
Fresh shalt thou smile, and unforgotten still !

CHAPTER XIX

JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE (*continued*)

CLOSING SCENES

THE first thought of John on the accession of fortune to his parents was for their comfort. He was now succeeding in his profession and he wrote to his mother informing her that he was about to buy a "Britska" for them to drive about the country in instead of the more modest "Sociable" which had hitherto sufficed, whereat the Colonel writes to him, February 21, 1831 :—

"Your letter to your Mother did not arrive till after eight last night, and as you may in your Kindness buy a Britska for your parents to be exhibited in, I got up early to write to you. We know that your Head is Good and your Heart overflowing with Love and affection for us both. And these kindly affections carry you full fast for our sedate age to keep up with you. When we have paid ye Legacy Duty, the Probate, and all ye demands on ye Estate, and cleared off all the etceteras, we shall examine our condition, and look about first to perceive what Acts of Benevolence are due from us and to whom they are to extend.



THE HON. MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE.
By Mrs. Carpenter.

Closing Scenes

Now we think that a Britska, and our being publicly exposed to view, will rather increase Envy, and give rise to ill-tempered observations. I asked a Tenant of the Peer, 'Aye! aye! when will you take out the Patent for your Peerage!' Others will say, 'Set a Beggar on Horseback,' and &c. No, my boy, *Festina lente*, let the outward comforts come last and let us begin by showing our gratitude to God by acts of kindness to our neighbours who are in want, and to those of our *own household*, and let *me* not forget that I started at fifteen years of age, January, 1776, with a small kit and ten guineas sewn up in the back of my waistcoat. But be assured that we will *want* not nor waste not nor be in any way lifted above our station, and as far as *I* am concerned your Mother shall have every wish complied with that money can produce. However, my opinion and belief is that Talents of Mind or Talents of Gold are given to us entirely as Stewards, and for ye use or abuse of them to be called to a severe account. So much for the Britska."

It was true, it had come too late. Feeling unequal to the duties, the Colonel in April resigned the position of Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Magistrates of the County, which he had held for many years. Never had there been a more vigilant and successful Chancellor of the County Exchequer. The elder generation was leaving the stage, the younger was coming into public notice. Patteson, who had married as his second wife, Fanny, the beloved sister of the flock, was appointed a Puisne Judge. Henry Nelson was slowly coming into notice at the Chancery Bar, and was employed at a fee of

John Taylor Coleridge

100 guineas at the Ipswich Election Petition; and John was offered the Chief Justiceship of Calcutta with an income of £10,000 a year, which, having young children and considering that his duty lay in guiding and educating them, felt himself forced to decline. The Colonel received an invitation to come up to London, which he accepted, visiting the theatres and hearing the renowned violinist Paganini.

April 17, 1831.—John to the Colonel:—"Do come up. By that time I suppose my Lady [Fanny, Lady Patteson] will be installed in Bedford Square. The Judge [Sir John Patteson] is in capital looks and spirits, and has covered himself with glory on the Circuit. I have been at some pains to inquire and there is not a dissentient opinion; every one approves most highly. One or two talk of a *little* inconvenience as to hearing—others say that was nothing—all say he was kind, patient, firm, clear, quick, and knew his work. This is more than I expected, but it rejoices me to hear it. Henry is very well. Sara [Sara Coleridge, Henry's first cousin, the only daughter of Uncle Sam, whom he had married] I have not seen. He has had some work to do in his profession, and out of it he has a growing reputation for talent and power of the pen. I warn him against too much *pamphleteering*; it is a dangerous line for a lawyer, however brilliant the success may be for a time. He certainly has remarkable talent and much information."

Fanny's first child, a son, was born in the Chanter's House, whither she had gone for her confinement. It did not long survive and was buried on April 22nd.

Closing Scenes

A touching account is given by the Colonel of his daughter's acceptance of the heavy blow.

The Colonel to John, April 20, 1831 :—"The death of ye dear little Infant was so sudden and so unexpected that we are not yet brought to a calm and resigned state, although the example of dear Fanny is a pattern of Imitation to ye best Christian that ever lived. No affectation, no false show, but all quietness and anxiety for the Feelings of those she loves, perfect Resignation to ye will of God, and gratitude for ye quiet manner and ye ease of the poor Child's departure, and for the blessings she has left her. I forbear to say more, but be assured that your Sister has been quite herself in the Hour of Trial. I was quite upset and my Nerves are still trembling, but may God's will be done; and may I be wise enough to believe it always for the best."

From time to time news of the doings of the great world travels westward from the pen of John.

He thus describes (June 13, 1831) an interesting gathering at Merchant Taylors' Hall :—

"I was at a very gorgeous and interesting banquet on Saturday at the Merchant Taylors' Hall. *My* invitation was not political, but because I am one of their Counsel. They are, however, the great Tory Company from very Early times (as the Fishmongers are the Whigs), and all the great Tory lights but Peel were there. I was on high rather, and placed so as to be quite near to the Duke and Lord Eldon, &c., and to hear all the speeches well. I wish I could have had you and Frank on my right and left to hear the Duke and Lord Eldon and Lord Harewood

John Taylor Coleridge

speak. Eldon especially was impressive and affecting to a great degree. I do not wonder at the influence he possesses at such Meetings. He conveyed the idea of an old man, wise, sincerely honest, and speaking to younger and misguided people from the experience of a long life of exertion and reflection. Wetherell spoke and was most amusing, the whole tide was whole spring flood against reform."

So it might be in the City in the presence of Eldon, Peel, and Wetherell. But in fact the country was on the verge of civil war. "Swing" led the southern labourers in their rick-burnings and destruction of machinery, and the gaol and the gallows were the only remedy proposed for the starving people whose ignorance and despair led them to the commission of crime.

The summer of 1831 was spent by John and his family quietly at home, and on their return to London in the autumn they were followed by a message from the Colonel to John and Mary, assuring them "of my constant love and affection which will only cease with my last breath."

Infirmity descends upon him. It is not due to any irregularity of life.

"Breakfast at 8, dine at 2 on one dish. Tea at 6, and to bed by 9, or soon after. Brandy and water, or two glasses of white wine after dinner, alternately, and take nothing after tea. I read as much as I can, and avoid sleeping also on the sofa that I may have better rest at night."

On December 15, 1831, John writes :—"I am to go to Bristol for the Crown." This was the trial of the

Closing Scenes

Bristol rioters before a Special Commission, presided over by Sir Nicholas Tindal, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Counsel for the Crown were : The Attorney-General (Sir Thomas Denman¹), Serjeant Wilde,² Mr. Wightman,³ Mr. Coleridge, and Mr. Follett.⁴ One hundred and two prisoners were tried : 81 convicted, 21 acquitted, and against 12 no bills were found. On 13 indictments no evidence was offered, 5 were sentenced to death (4 of whom were hung and 1 respited), 26 were sentenced to death and transported for life, 1 was transported for fourteen years, 6 for seven years, and 3 were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment with hard labour. The "high spring flood-tide against Reform" from this time began to ebb.

John to the Colonel, January 12, 1832 :—

"To-day has been the day of reckoning ; 5 sentenced to execution, and about 18 to transportation for life. I assure you it was a very affecting sight ; 3 of the 5 were rude Herculean fellows, of whom one was in such frightfull hysterics that sentence could not be passed upon him for some time. The other two blubbered like women—they were astounded, and I verily believe, plunged into the havoc of the riot without any notion of the consequences. The other two, Davis and Clarke, were a better sort of men ; they made no *loud* demonstrations, but, with their heads upon the dock, groaned horribly. Tindal *read* the sentence ; it was very beautiful, but he evidently

¹ Lord Denman.

³ Mr. Justice Wightman.

² Lord Truro.

⁴ Sir William Follett.

John Taylor Coleridge

put such a check upon his feelings that he read it tamely."

His fee was 300 guineas, and in the same month he was appointed to the Recordership of Exeter, and in February he was made a Serjeant-at-Law.

He was also offered and refused the Recordership of Barnstaple and South Molton, although South Molton offered to double the salary, and Barnstaple paid the same as Exeter.

On hearing the news his mother wrote to him, January 28, 1832 :—

"I cannot let the present occasion pass without sending your Father's and my sincere congratulations on the Termination of the Election at Exeter. Though not, my son, a lucrative, yet it certainly is an Honourable step, and may a good God bless you in the undertaking of it. We made our domestics merry in the Hall, and the ringers paid you the compliment of a peal."

And on the news of his donning the Coif his father writes, February 15, 1832 :—

"Your letter arrived at ye right time, just after dinner. We had Frank with us, and Mr. Serjeant's health was drank with all Love, and I heartily and honestly think you well deserve it. And I have no doubt but the public marks, as well as private, of esteem and Regard shown to and for you will fill Mary's heart with Pleasure and Gratitude. It has this Effect on me, and may God protect you on your voyage through Life."

In March John writes in high spirits from Salisbury about the Circuit. At Winchester, Follett and Mere-

Closing Scenes

wether being away, he has been pitted against Wilde. The Court sat at 8 a.m. Wilde only concluded his case at 6 p.m. Mr. Justice Park refused to adjourn, and he had to begin his case then, the cause lasting till 2 a.m. the next morning. His speech lasted three hours. Again the same thing happened in a two-day case at Salisbury, he winning in the end, after a speech which he modestly describes as having some capital points, but being well lashed by Wilde.

"Your progress," writes the Colonel, "meets our most sanguine wishes, and I do think is equalled by your Deserts. It gives us all a great delight, and fills my Heart with Gratitude to God."

John in June, 1832, attends another feast at the Merchant Taylors.

"Our Tory Feast at Merchant Taylors was splendid in show, provender, and guests, . . . but the greeting of the Duke was even finer. He was really overwhelmed : his face coloured, his fingers fidgetted about, and he returned thanks all the better for it. . . . The best speaker of the evening was decidedly Peel. For a short speech on such an occasion I never heard anything better. Perhaps the manner was too solemn and the periods too rounded for long continuance, but it was excellent as it was, and such an unpromising beef-headed prig as he is in appearance you can hardly conceive. Old Wetherell delivered a long tirade, parts of which were very good. . . . It was curious to see how the lower ends of the tables crowded up to hear the old boy, raving almost in manner, using action and gesticulation the most outrageous, wiping the moisture

John Taylor Coleridge

from his face, and talking three parts nonsense, but, long as it was, they seemed to like it better than Peel's stately periods and beautiful train of thought."

By this time the sails of John's professional bark are continuously filled with a steady trade wind. His letters cheer his father's heart.

"June 18, 1832.

"Mr. SERGEANT,—Your letter gave us great delight. The stream of gold which has flowed to you and your excellent spirits gave a sympathetic flow to all of us, and added a double zest to our old Port. But you seemed as though you would not be satisfied with a common canvas Vessel, but to have got on board a Steamer for your Circuit Voyage."

As to the Grand Jury, "I will, if possible, answer to my name, and have a bow from old Patty."

But John humorously complains of his experience of practising before the said Patty. "I think *I* am rather like you, whipped more severely because you were the master's son."

July 6, 1832, John to the Colonel:—

"Long may the parent tree look down upon its numerous suckers flourishing and in peace. Seeing what I see in so many families around me, I cannot be too thankful for the blessings showered on our own; among so many sheep not one black one at present. I doubt if we shall do as well with ours as you did with yours. There was less of indulgence, less that tended to selfishness and self-conceit than is nowadays the fashion. For my own part I never cease being un-

Closing Scenes

comfortable to think how little I can turn my boy's holidays to profit ; the constant occupation of my time forbids it."

But this summer the health of his parents did not permit of the constant presence of the racket of young children. The Long Vacation (1832) was passed first at Weymouth, and afterwards at Budleigh Salterton, so that he could constantly visit the old people.

"God bless and support and comfort you," John writes on September 3, 1832, "my dear, dear Father. He does signally bless you and my dear Mother by sending you Fanny at such a season as this. O! that He may have enabled Jem to be with you also."

Henry is less fortunate. Success is slow indeed in coming, and he cannot well afford to wait indefinitely.

January 17, 1833, John to the Colonel :—

"Poor Hen's is a sad story. I think at present he has distress of mind at times, without the comfort of much professional advancement to keep up his spirits and employ his mind. He is really not extravagant, but his income, of course, is wholly inadequate to his wants. I was thinking whether, in his case and Jem's, my Mother and you might not like to increase your annual bounty, if you had no feeling about the rest of us. Now I am quite sure no one of the other four, who can all swim by themselves, but would rejoice and be thankful to you if you were to double your annual gift to these two, who need it much by no fault of their own. Henry *will* succeed, I have the most confident hopes, but it will not be yet awhile according to all present appearances, and help to him

John Taylor Coleridge

now would be most valuable. I am sure you will forgive me for mentioning this."

Circuits were valuable pursuits in those days for lawyers who had got their feet on the ladder, for we read, for instance, that after a week at Taunton Mr. Justice Park had still 120 prisoners to try and 500 witnesses to be examined.

The summer of 1834 found John again with his family at Budleigh Salterton, from whence he could constantly watch with tender solicitude the shortening days of his father's life. On his return to London in October he sends to the old man his solemn tribute of gratitude and love.

"We have reached our home again [4, Montague Place] in safety." . . . As regards the continued illness of the Colonel he says: "May God, My dear Father, support you under it as He has done, or even more effectually—the heartiest prayers of Mary and myself for your relief and support constantly attend you. So far as my presence can be of any comfort to you, I hold to my resolution of affording it to you before long. I daresay I shall be able to manage it with much less inconvenience and loss than I would gladly incur to show you in all that I have in my power how gratefully I feel all that I owe to your love and excellent judgment in my bringing up and guidance through life. Upon this subject I will only say that my great ambition would be to follow your example in the education of my children. I may be as loving and as liberal (hardly perhaps the latter, for my liberality is not founded on so much self-denial as yours was), but I would wish also to be as firm and discreet, which I

Closing Scenes

fear I never shall be, and my children suffer for it. I will not say any more on this now because I do not wish to say too much on a subject so affecting to you."

He stopped on his journey home the first night at Wincanton, the second at Hartford Bridge, where an old waiter, who had served since 1799, moaned over the improved roads. In days when George III. was King, families "went thirty or forty miles a day, slept on the road too. Now they whisk their 100 miles a day and spend nothing by the way!"

But now a great event cheered the Colonel's closing days. What he had ever looked for, hoped for, prayed for, prophesied, came to pass, for in January, 1835, John was raised to the Bench which he was to adorn for three and twenty years. He thus announces the happy news.

January 25, 1835.—"We were very much gratified and affected by Jem's and Frank's letters. It delights us that you and my mother received so much pleasure from my appointment, and were not made the worse for it. I assure you the manner in which it has been received by the Bar and in London generally, has been most gratifying, except that it shows me how much is expected from me, and makes me feel more acutely the difficulties I have now to encounter. But I must not allow myself to be frightened, and I begin to be more courageous than I was a day or two since. I dined yesterday with the Chancellor, and as I rolled away in my own carriage, I could not but think with gratitude, and yet a sense of trembling too, what a change in my station and comforts a single week has made, and now I had attained the highest object to

John Taylor Coleridge

which my sober ambition as a man and all my wishes had long aspired. I heartily thank God, and pray that I may be enabled and spared to do my duty creditably to myself and family, and usefully to my country."

This is surely in the right spirit. But his happiness was overclouded with anxiety.

"For I assure you, in my own happy state, it pains me to think that dark days should have fallen on those whom I so dearly love. Now, my dearest Father, may God in Heaven mercifully support and preserve you, prays

"Your affectionate son,

"J. T. COLERIDGE."

Functions, as usual, follow on.

"On Thursday I dine with our friend, Lord John, as Home Secretary. Upon the occasion, I have been having your Beresford Sword cleaned up, put into a new scabbard, and adorned with a new hilt. I think I chose the plainest hilt that was sent to me and yet that will cost seven guineas; rather a costly weapon for such a peaceful knight as I am likely to be."

This sword, which belonged to Field-Marshal Beresford, who served in the Peninsular War, became the property of the Colonel, who was a great friend of his, by their exchanging weapons with each other. It was long valued in the family, and was always worn on State occasions.

As usual the new Judge was offered his old circuit, the Western, that summer.

June 23, 1835, John to the Colonel:—



THE RT. HON SIR JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE, P.C., D.C.L., at the age of 82.

By Jane Fortescue Lady Coleridge



NORTH AISLE OF THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF OTTERY S. MARY.

Closing Scenes

"I hear some rumours of your talking of coming to the Assizes. I hardly know what to say about it. Of course, so far as my own feelings are concerned, nothing but a fear of the consequences to you could make your presence other than a great additional delight to me, and it is to be considered whether you are strong enough to undergo, without injury, such excitement and fatigue. If you resolve on it, all shall be done to lessen the fatigue in our power."

The old man did in fact attend.

As a grand jurymen he had made his bow to "Patty." He would make his bow to John preparatory to standing up while the charge was delivered.

The scene was too much for him, his emotion overcame him, and he had to ask leave of his son to sit down. The meeting of father and son has been described to me by an eye-witness as tender and affecting beyond measure, and my eyes fill even now as I think of it.

The old father did not live to see more of his son's judicial career, for he died, after a lingering illness, the following year at the age of 76.

He was buried in the family vault in the north aisle of the old Collegiate Church, that noble fane under whose floor lay the bones of his father, his mother, his sister, and his brother George. A memoir appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1836, and a sounding inscription was placed on a tablet over his tomb; but more in keeping with the simple, loyal, unaffected character of the man was the pious elegy composed to his memory by his son, Henry Nelson :—

John Taylor Coleridge

“ His mourning children murmured not,
But laid him in the appointed spot,
Their being's source, their stay in youth,
In joy their pride, their help in ruth,
Who labouring loved, and loved the more
For all the toils he for them bore.

True as his sword, with even sway
For them he worked his onward way,
Moved with free step, and mirthful mien,
The world's perplexities between,
And left untouched by shade, or shame,
Their best inheritance—his name.

Through Christ redeemed, escaped the night,
We trust he glories in God's sight,
Though dim the passage, sharp the strife
By which he left this mortal life,
Death, with the body, could not win
The everlasting Soul within.”

My tale is told. It is the fate of memoirs that they always end with death. So must it be. Day seldom throughout sees a cloudless sky, though the sun of life rises ever upon a hopeful world. The best to be desired is that he shall not ere nightfall disappear, and set in radiance rather than in gloom. But stern is the motto of our house—

“ Qualis Vita Finis ita.”

I doubt whether in the years to come such a history could be written. Materials will be wanting. The severances of to-day are so quickly bridged that we do not now pour forth in letters our hopes, our fears, our thoughts, ourselves.

Closing Scenes

I have only culled from well-nigh countless writings such extracts as perchance may interest an outside mind. I know that I have failed to give a faithful record of the thirst for knowledge, the continuous high thought, the strong endeavour, the love of all things pure and noble, the clinging to the home, on which the characters which I have striven to portray were mainly formed.

But "Oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy," and the only antidote is the preservation for a while of the annals of those who have gone before us, and have left us examples which we should all of us do well to follow.

DE MAJORIBUS.

'Twas not in vain they loved, they worked, they died,
Fought on against temptations round them spread,
Were honest, pure, unselfish, sanctified
By God's own Mercy with the honoured dead ;
For on deep summer evenings, when from earth
The tumbling waters lift to heaven their sigh,
Or by the dying embers on the hearth
When all is silent save the owlet's cry,
Memorial Piety calls them from the past.
The quaint old Scholar at the College gate ;
The orphaned Exile generous to the last
So careful for his unknown sister's fate ;
The gallant Stripling, scarce to manhood grown
Fall'n in the breach for his dear land's renown ;
On deck the Sailor Boy beneath the stars
Dreams of his home, his kin, his garden's breath,
Or rocked aloft amid the reeling spars
Clings, all unknowing of his coming death ;
The Dominie grave ; the Soldier stern, whose tears
His heart of woman's tender fondness prove ;
The Judge both wise and humble, last appears
Crowned with the glory of our common Love !

Index

A

Abbott, Lord Tenterden, 262 ; anecdote of, 264
 Acland, Sir Thomas, 274, 275
 Adam, Dr., mode of cure, 236
 Æschylus, Sir Vicary Gibbs' knowledge of, 268
 Ain, River, 229
 Albrizzi, Countess of, 250
 Alessandria, 256
 Alexander the Great, 223
 Alfieri, 160
 Andover, 261
 Angoulême, Duchess of, 141, 222
 Antony, 114, 115
 Archdeacon, Captain, 38, 45 ; death of at the siege of Seringapatam, 50
 Armada, Beacon on East Hill, 202, 203
 Arnold, Dr., 149 ; influence of John Taylor Coleridge on, 152
 Augerau, General, 228

B

Bacon, Sir Francis, sells the manor of Ottery S. Mary, 1617, 74
 Badajoz, storming of, 195
 Badcock, Miss Sophia, 212
 Bagshot, 200
 Bankypore, 25
 Barbados, W. H. Coleridge, Bishop of, 55
 Barnstaple, 308

Bartlett, Elizabeth, marries Staplehill Heath, 78 ; dies in Chanter's House at age of 112, 79
 Batts Close, 80
 Bayley, Mr. Justice, 266
 Beaufort, Duke of, 178, 179
 Beresford, Field-Marshal, exchanges swords with James Coleridge, 314
 Beresford, author of the "Miseries," 159
 Berry Head, 106, 202
 Bertrand, General, 225
 Biggs, Captain, meets John Coleridge, 30, 36
 Black, Dr., 274
Blanche, H.M.S., sunk by the *Topaz*, 114
 Blizard, Sir William, teaches Luke Coleridge at the London Hospital, 54
 Blucher, Marshal, 210 ; at the Encænna, 213
 Bocampore, 49
 "Boethius," Alfred's translation of, 252
 Bologna, 251, 252, 253
 Bombay, 32
 Bonaparte, Joseph, 238, 243
 Bonaparte, Napoleon, 161, 222, 223, 225, 250, 252, 253-255 ; legal position of, 265
 Borgo, San Domino, 255
 Bowden, Ann, marries Rev. John Coleridge, 13

Bowden, Ann, marries Rev. Edward Coleridge, 56
 Bowden, Roger, 13
 "Brazil," Southey's, reviewed by John Taylor Coleridge, 272
 Brescia, 247, 248
 Brest, blockade of, 89-91
 Bridport, Lord, 89
 Bristol Riots, 306, 307
Britannia, H.M.S., 110
 Broke, Captain of the *Shannon*, 200
 Bronescombe, Bishop, 21
 Brougham, Lord, description of, 262, 290
 Brown, Mrs., 68; letter to, 98, 195, 209; death of, 299
 Brown, Henry Langford, 68
 Browne, Sir Thomas, 20
 Buchanan, Rev. Dr. Gilbert, 265
 Buchanan, Mary (Lady Coleridge), 265, 274; letter from Frances Duke Coleridge, 275; marriage, 276
 Budleigh Salterton, 311, 312
 Buller, Sir Francis, 15
 Burdett, Sir Francis, 281
 Burrampore, 36, 37
 Butterfield, William, 80
 Butterleigh, 43, 44
 Buxton, Speech of, 146

C

Cadhay House, 77
Cæsar, H.M.S., 113
 Calder, Admiral Sir Robert, 92, 109; court-martial on, 110; cowardice imputed to, 111
 Calne, Samuel Taylor Coleridge at, 261
 Camden, Lord, 138
 Campbell, Captain, 107, 108
 Campbell, Colonel, account of Bonaparte in Elba, 254, 255
 Campbell, Lady Charlotte, 233, 237
 Candolles, 237
 Canning, Right Hon. George, speech of, 145, 290
 Canning, Right Hon. Stratford, 238

Carrington, the poet, lines on Dartmoor, 183
 Casteggio, 256
 Castel Guelfo, 255
 "Castle Spectre," the, played on board H.M.S. *Impetuous*, 99
 Catalani, Mdme., 204
 Catullus, 248
 Cawnpore, 32, 38
 Cerdon, 228
 Chambéry, 257
 Chatillon, 228
 Chaucer, 144, 259
Chesapeake, the, captured by the *Shannon*, 200
 Christ Church, fire at, 174
 Cicero, 149, 223
 Cimarosa, 233
 Clare, Lord, 249
 Cochrane, Lord, 91, 100
 Coleridge, Ann (Bowden), marries Rev. John Coleridge, 13; death of, 177, 315
 Coleridge, Ann, daughter of Rev. John Coleridge, 19, 23, 32, 35, 37, 39, 66, 178, 315
 Coleridge, Bernard Frederick, 66; gazetted to H.M.S. *Impetuous*, 89; storms at sea, 101; account of, 104; loathsome food, 105; action off Brest, 113; death of, 114, 165, 195
 Coleridge, Rev. Derwent, 59
 Coleridge, Edith, life of Sara Coleridge, 149
 Coleridge, Rev. Edward, 56, 250, 295
 Coleridge, Rev. Edward, 23, 66, 83-88, 94, 96, 97, 106, 131, 136, 193; taught by John Taylor Coleridge, 203; snowed up in coach, 208, 267, 272
 Coleridge, Rev. Edwin Ellis, 18
 Coleridge, Frances Duke (Taylor), 68; entry in Diary, 114, 206
 Coleridge, Frances Duke (Lady Patteson), character of, 66, 97, 205, 206, 271; letter to Mary Buchanan, 275; death of first-born, 304

Index

- Coleridge, Francis George, 84, 94, 98, 116 *et seq.*; birth, 118; visits London, 120; marriage, 123; buys the Manor House, 124; pursuits of, 125; illness of wife, 127, 129; tour abroad, 130; death of, 135, 167; letter from John Taylor Coleridge, 187; ditto, 262; description of, 271; describes Daniel O'Connell, 282
- Coleridge, Francis Syndercombe, birth, 23; sails for India, 28; meets his brother John, 32, 33; ensign, 34, 38, 45 *et seq.*; death, 31
- Coleridge, Rev. George, 23; facts concerning, 57, 58, 66, 67, 82; resigns mastership of King's School, 167; warns his nephew, John Taylor Coleridge, 169; on politics, 171, 189, 206, 259, 260; on Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 265; describes Francis George Coleridge, 271; on preferment in the Church, 272; Lectures of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 273; death of, 292, 294
- Coleridge, Rev. George May, 58, 82, 259, 293
- Coleridge, Hartley, 59; describes his cousin Fanny, 66, 86, 214; description of by R. Southey, 215, 216
- Coleridge, Henry Nelson, 66, 94; birth, 138; Eton scholar and Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, 138; wins Greek and Latin odes 1820, 138; Greek ode 1821, 138; tour abroad, 139; writes in the *Etonian*, 141; friend of W. M. Praed, 141; publishes "Six Months in the West Indies," 142; "Introduction to Homer," 143; anecdote of, 144, 145; hears anti-slavery debate, 145; lines on death of twins, 146, 147; death of, 149, 173; delights Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 192-203; hears Catalani, 204; describes John Taylor Coleridge's success at Encænna, 204, 205; "Remorse," 205; account of travel, 207; "Six Months in the West Indies," 282; describes illness of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 296; elegy on death of Aunt Brown, 300, 301; Ipswich election petition, 303, 311; lines on death of the Colonel, 316
- Coleridge, Herbert, 149; Newcastle scholar, Eton, and double-first class, Oxford, 149; death of, 150
- Coleridge, Colonel James, 23; captain, 37; birth, 62; facts concerning, 62 *et seq.*; marriage, 63; letter from Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 64; buys the Chanter's House, 65; anecdotes of, 70, 71, 79, 174; aids extinction of fire at Christ Church, 174; humorous letters to his sons, 175; describes Dartmoor Prison, 185, 192, 195; ball at the Warden House, 206; views on Hartley Coleridge, 214; on Joanna Southcote, 217; Parliamentary election, 1818, 274, 275; puts malefactors in the stocks, 279; quarrel with Luther Elliott, 291; describes death of Rev. George Coleridge, 292, 293; christening celebration, 295; reflections on death of Aunt Brown, 299; resigns chairmanship of finance committee of Devon county, 303; death of child of Lady Patteson, 305; bows to his son on the bench, 315; death of, 315; elegy on by Henry Nelson Coleridge, 316, 317
- Coleridge, Rev. James Duke, 65, 67, 81-83, 133, 136; letter from brother John describing Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 190, 191, 195; death of Aunt Brown, 299, 300
- Coleridge, John, marries Sarah Ealeb, 12
- Coleridge, John, marries Mary Wills, 12; fails in business, 12
- Coleridge, Rev. John, birth, 12; scholar Crediton Grammar School, 12; marries Mary Lendon, 13; schoolmaster Clysthydon, 13; Sidney Sussex College, 13; master of

- Squires School, South Molton, 13 ; lectureship at Molland, 13 ; marries Ann Bowden, 13 ; friend of Dr. Kennicott, 13 ; master of King's School and vicar of Ottery St. Mary, 13 ; publications of, 14-17 ; anecdotes of, 18, 19 ; death, 20
- Coleridge, John, birth, 23 ; letters of, 24 *et seq.* ; death of, 24, 44
- Coleridge, John Taylor (Sir), 65, 66, 67 ; visit to Combesatchfield, 69 ; Samuel Taylor Coleridge on, 88, 150 ; description of, 151 ; friends, 152 ; birth, 153 ; Eton, 153 ; letter to Bernard Frederick Coleridge, 154 ; fight with Mann, 157 ; his manliness, 157 ; his reading, 158 ; anecdote of Sir W. Scott, 159 ; Manchester riot, 162 ; makes confessions, 167, 169 ; scholar of Corpus, 175 ; death of his grandmother, 178 ; the new Chancellor of Oxford, 178, 179 ; Æschylus, 179 ; Latin verse prize, 180 ; letter from his father about Dartmoor Prison, 185 ; playful letter to brother Frank, 187 ; falls in love with Miss Yonge, 188 ; Southey, Wordsworth, Priestley, Adam Smith, 189, 190 ; description of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 191 ; letter from his father, 192, 193 ; self-sacrificing letter of, 193-195 ; Pindar, Gray, 198 ; alone in first class, 199 ; academical honours, 200 ; meets John Keble on Armada Beacon, 202 ; describes his strenuous days, 205 ; great cold in London, 208 ; articles in *British Critic* and *Quarterly Review*, 210 ; sees Kean and Kemble, 210, 211 ; tour, 218-258 ; Rouen, 220 ; anecdote of travel, 261 ; views on Bonaparte, 265 ; account of Sugden, 266 ; admires Southey's conduct, 267 ; dines with Sir V. Gibbs, 268 ; reviews Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Southey, 272 ; marriage, 276 ; joins the western circuit, 277 ; contrasts Patteson with himself, 277 ; first brief, 278 ; retort to proslavery American, 283 ; editor of *Quarterly Review*, 285 ; letter to Murray, 286, 287 ; edits Blackstone's Commentaries, 288 ; chart of the western circuit, 289 ; consulted by Lord Lyndhurst, 290 ; Commissioner in Bankruptcy, 292 ; reflections on death of Rev. George Coleridge, 293, 294 ; portrait by Mrs. Carpenter, 297 ; refuses the Chief Justiceship of Calcutta, 304 ; prosecutes in Bristol riots, 306, 307 ; Recorder of Exeter, 308 ; refuses Recordership of Barnstaple and South Molton, 308 ; circuit successes, 308 ; dons the coif, 308 ; feasts at Merchant Taylors', 305, 309 ; tribute of filial love, 312 ; raised to the Bench, 313 ; his father on the grand jury at Exeter, 315
- Coleridge, Luke, 23, 39 ; death of, 54, 82
- Coleridge, Mrs. Luke (Hart), 67, 181, 206, 288, 289 ; death of, 297
- Coleridge, Nicholas, of Dunsford, 11 ; is granted the goods of Scipio Heywood, 11
- Coleridge, Rennell, 56
- Coleridge, Richard, of Farrants, 11
- Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, Gillman's Life of 18, 19, 23, 29, 48, 51, 58 ; influence of Ottery St. Mary on, 59-61, 87, 147 ; his grave at Highgate, 150, 160, 165 ; lectures at the New Institute, 169, 170, 178 ; description of by John Taylor Coleridge, 190, 191 ; "Remorse," 205 ; Madame De Stael on, 240 ; and Hartley, 260 ; Rev. George Coleridge on, 265
- Coleridge, Sara, 59 ; marriage, 143 ; learns Greek, 147, 149 ; visit to Ottery St. Mary, 282 ; death of, 149 ; grave of, 150
- Coleridge, William, collection for in Crediton Church, 12

Index

Coleridge, Rev. William, 23, 52, 54
 Coleridge, Rev. William Hart, 54 ;
 double first-class, Oxford, 54 ;
 baptizes Benjamin D'Israeli, 54 ;
 Warden of St. Augustine's College,
 Canterbury, 56, 142, 168, 173 ; the
 Beau Nash of Ottery St. Mary,
 179 ; objects to dancing, 206, 210
 Collins, Robert, buys the Chanter's
 House, 1628, 74
 Collins, Robert, entertains Fairfax at
 the Chanter's House, 1645, 74, 75
 Collins, Rev. Robert, sells the Chan-
 ter's House to Thomas Heath, 1685,
 74 ; ejected from Talaton, 76 ; per-
 secution of, 76-78
Colossus, H.M.S., 95, 103
 Combesatchfield, 68, 97, 99, 105, 173,
 175 ; sold, 299
 Convention Room of Oliver Crom-
 well, 75, 89, 166
 Conventicle Act, 1664, 76
 Conyngham, Lord, 245
 Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff, 233
 Coppet, Bal champêtre at, 240
 Core Hill, 117
 Corelli, 233
 Corinne, Mathilde, 238
 Cork, 282
 Cornish, Rev. G. K., 187
 Cornwallis, Admiral, 90, 91, 107
 Cornwallis, Lord, 50 ; presents Francis
 Syndercombe Coleridge with a gold
 watch, 51
 Corporal Trim, allusion to, 168
 Corporation oath, 78
 Cosne, 224
 Cosserat, Mary Anne, 103
 Cotton, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles, 107
 Courtenay, John, tenant of the
 Chanter's House 1561, 74
 Courtenay, Roger, tenant of the
 Chanter's House 1599, 74
 Courtenay, Sir William, 74
 Croker, Rt. Hon. John Wilson, 268
 Cromwell, Oliver, visits the Chanter's
 House 1645, 75 ; ejects the Rev.
 Pynsent from Talaton, 75, 76

D

Dampier, 138, 264
 Dante, 143
 Dartmoor, Carrington's lines on, 183,
 202
 Dartmoor Prison, 182-186
 D'Arufans, Baron, 240
 Davy, Sir Humphry, 237
 Denman, Lord, 307
 De Quincey, anecdote of Rev. John
 Coleridge, 18
 De Stael, Albertine, 243
 De Stael, Madame, 233, 234, 237, 240,
 241 ; on gondolas, 250
 Dezenzano, 248
 Diamond Rock, the, 107
Diamond, H.M.S., 101
 Dickleburgh, 271
 Dinapore, 45
 D'Israeli, Benjamin, Earl of Beacons-
 field, baptized by Rev. W. H.
 Coleridge, 54
 Doddiscombesleigh, 11
Doris, the frigate, 94, 108
Doris, H.M.S., 107, 108
 Douglas, Captain, 106, 107, 109
 Drewsteignton, 11, 12
 Droiturier, 226
 Duchesnois, 139
 Duke, John, 15
 Duke, John, tenant of the Chanter's
 House 1545, 73
 Duke, Richard, tenant of Chanter's
 House 1552, 73
 Dulverton, 227
 Dunsford, 11
 Dyson, Rev. Charles, 218

E

Ealeb, Sarah, 12
 Ebrington, Lord, 274, 275
 Egremont, Lord, 69
 Elba, 225, 253 ; Bonaparte in, 255, 265
 Eldon, Lord, 178, 179 ; speech at
 Merchant Taylors' Hall, 305
 Elizabeth, Queen, seizes for rent at
 Chanter's House in 1599, 74

Ellenborough, Lord, description of, 263
 Ellison, Nathaniel, 218
 Ellison, Noel, 218
 Elliston, Dr., 15
 England, Lieut.-General, 115
 Erskine, Mr. Justice, 289, 290
 Este, 250
 Eton, Queen's play at, 97
Etonian, the, Henry Nelson Coleridge and, 141
 Euripides, 179, 223; Sir V. Gibbs' knowledge of, 268
Euryalus, H.M.S., bears body of Nelson home, 114
 Evans, R., 184
 Everett, Professor, 274
 Exeter, John Taylor Coleridge, Recorder of, 307

F

Fairfax, Sir Thomas, guest of the Rev. R. Collins at the Chanter's House 1645, 74; presentation at, 75; Convention with Cromwell at, 75
 Fair Mile, 153, 200, 207, 213
 Falconer's "Shipwreck," 115, 157
 Farrants, owned by Richard Coleridge, 1
 Ferney, 233
 Ferroll, 105, 107, 108, 109, 110
 Finisterre, Cape, action off, 109, 110
 Flaxman, John, R.A., 197
 Flexton, The, 85, 189
 Florence, 250, 253, 255
 Follett, Sir William, 298, 307
 Fontainebleau, 221
 Fools' Meadow, the, 80
 Fort l'Ecluse, 229
 Fort St. Matthew, Brest, 100
 Foscolo, Ugo, 274
Foudroyant, H.M.S., 100, 108; Bernard Frederick Coleridge sails on, 113
 Frere, John Hookham, meets Edward Coleridge, 86
 Froude, Hurrell, 281

G

Gallows, the old, 267
 Garda, Lake of, 248
 Garrow, 266
 Gatchell, Parson, 20
 Geneva, 229, 256
 Gibbon, Edward, 188
 Gibbs, Sir Vicary, 138; entertains John Taylor Coleridge, 268
 Gifford, Lord, 262, 266; John Taylor Coleridge dedicates Blackstone's Commentaries to, 288
 Gil Blas, 256
 Gillman, F. P., anecdote of Rev. John Coleridge, 18
 Goddard, General, friend of John Coleridge, 29, 31
 Goldoni, 246
Goliath, H.M.S., 107
 Goodall, Dr., 160
 Goosemore, owned by Richard Coleridge, 1
 Gordon, Lord George, Riots, 53
 Grandisson, Bishop, 21
 Grattan, Rt. Hon. Henry, his oratory, 161
 Graves, Admiral, Frank Syndercombe Coleridge enlists under, 28, 95, 108
 Gray, Thomas, the poet, 198, 227
 Grenville, Lord, 161, 178; sends John Taylor Coleridge's verses to the Prince Regent, 213
 Grove, Sir William, 147
 Guard, Mrs., 114
 Gunville, home of Josiah Wedgwood, junr., 57
 Gustavus, King of Sweden, 179

H

Handel, 233
 Harewood, Lord, 305
 Harpford, Rev. A. M. Toplady, Vicar of, 15
 Harpford Wood, 202
 Hart, Jane, betrothed to William Coleridge, 54

Index

Hartford Bridge, coach snowed up
at, 207, 313
Haydn, 140
Haydon, Mr., of Cadhay, 77 ; arrests
Rev. R. Collins, 78
Heath, John, 78
Heath, Staplehill, 78
Heath, Thomas, buys the Chanter's
House 1685, 78
Henry IV., 228
Hercolani, Countess, 252
Herodotus, 187
Hibernia, H.M.S., 109, 110, 111
Hicks, Captain, Francis Syndercombe
Coleridge sails with, 28, 32, 33
Hill, Richard, 125, 132
Hilly Field, the, 79, 147, 164
Hobhouse, 274
Hodge, Dr., 289, 295
Holcombe Farm, 79
Homer compared with Virgil, 143,
158
Hopton, Sir Ralph, 75
Howe, Lord, 89
Hunter, Captain, 106

I

Ilminster, 207
Impeteux, H.M.S., Bernard Frederick
Coleridge gazetted to, 89
Indefatigable, H.M.S., 113
Irving, Edward, meets Edward
Coleridge, 86

J

Jackson, Cyril, Dean of Christ Church,
applauds William Coleridge, 52,
169 ; letter from, to Colonel James
Coleridge, 174
Jackson, Mr., anecdote concerning,
71
Jefferies and Sir Walter Scott, 159
Jenner, Dr., 229
Jervis, Captain, 107, 108
Jones, John, 119
Jordan, Mrs., 220

K

Kean, Edmund, 120, 123, 139 ; com-
pared with Talma, 232, 260 ; in
Dublin, 283
Keate, Dr., 160
Keats, John, 278
Keble, Rev. John, 132, 152 ; at Sid-
mouth, 201, 202, 211
Kemble, John, 120, 123, 139, 211 ;
compared with Talma, 232
Kennicott, Dr., 13, 15
Kenwyn and Kea, 81
Kenyon, Lord, 266
Kinglake, A. W., pupil of Rev.
Edward Coleridge, 56
Kleber, bust of, 223
Knox, Hon. Lt.-Col., at siege of
Seringapatam, 50

L

La Cointe, Mdle. Louise, 232
La Firme, French vessel, 111
Lamb, Charles, writes of the Ottery
bells, 59 ; meets Edward Coleridge,
86 ; letter to Samuel Taylor
Coleridge, 87, 140, 142 ; letter on
Henry Nelson Coleridge, 142 ; "Six
Months in the West Indies," 142
Lambert, General, 242
Lans, le Bourg, 257
La Palisse, 226
La Racandière, 226
La Rappel, French vessel, 111
Lawford, Captain, 106
Lawhitton, 81
Le Blanc, Mr. Justice, 266
Leigh Hunt, Review on, 272
Lendon, Mary, marries Rev. John
Coleridge, 13
Leverd, Mdle., 220
Lewannick, 81
Littledale, Mr. Justice, 262, 266
Lockhart, J. G., 285, 286
Loire River, 224
Louis XVI., 228
Louis XVII., 228
Louis XVIII., ordinance of, 224

London Bridge, old, in danger, 208
 Long Chamber at Eton, 153
 Louviers, 221
 Lovers' Bridge, the, 79
 Lucknow, 44
 Lucretius, 143
 Ludolphus, "Vita Christi," 127
 Luther, suggested life of, 55
 Lyndhurst, Lord, consults John
 Taylor Coleridge, 290

M

Macaulay, T. B., 138
 Maestro, 249
 Magrath, Sir George, 182
 Maiden Milk Field, 98
 Maillard, 227, 229
Malta, H.M.S., 111
 Mann, Horace, 157
 Manor House, Ottery St. Mary, 73,
 83, 117, 124
 Mantes, 221
 Mantua, 250
 "Maria," Sterne's, 224
 Marie, Louise, 221 ; anecdote of, 238
 Marlborough, Duke of, 164, 223
 Marmont, General, 243
 Martin, Admiral Sir Byam, 91, 92, 102,
 106
 Mathews, Charles, 232
 Maunoir, Louise, 244
 Maurice de Saxe, 223
 Maxwell, Lt.-Col., siege of Seringa-
 patam, flank movement of, 50
 May, John, 190 ; advocates the Bar for
 John Taylor Coleridge, 195, 200 ;
 account of John Taylor Coleridge,
 210, 214, 216, 218, 255, 277
 Merchant Taylors' Hall, dinner at,
 305, 309
 Meredith, Captain, 39
 Merton, Hartley Coleridge at, 260
 Mezzofanti, 251
 Milan, 247, 253
 Milman, 274
 Milton, 147, 190
 Mincio River, 248

Mirabeau, 181
 Molière, 232, 239
 Molly, the Nurse, 42, 46, 48, 49
 Monghyr, 25
 Monk, General, 80
 Monselice, 250
 Monsieur, 141
Montague, H.M.S., 100, 113
 Montargis, 224
 Mont Cenis, 256
 Montem at Eton, 158, 159
 Moore, Henry, 132
 Moore, Thomas, 274, 283
 Mordaunt, Captain, 32
 Moscow, 223
 Moulins, 224
 Moultrie, Rev. John, 142
 Mozart, 140, 246
 Murray, John, 272, 274, 285, 286

N

Nantan, 228
 Naseby, Battle of, 75
 Nelson, Admiral Lord, 90, 110, 111
 Nemours, 224
Neptune, H.M.S., 100
 Netherton Hall, 77
 Neuvy, 224
 Nevers, 224
 Newcome's Academy, Hackney, 53, 57
 Nogent-sur-Vernisson, 224
 Northcote, Henry, 189
 Northcote, Maria, 47
 Northcote, Sir Stafford, 6th Baronet,
 15, 47
 Northcote, Sir Stafford, 7th Baronet,
 story of, 70 ; drinks John Taylor
 Coleridge's health, 175, 281
 Notre Dame, Fête of the Assumption,
 139-141

O

O'Connell, Daniel, cross-examination
 of, 282
 Odier, Dr., 229, 232 ; at meeting of
 Société de l'Histoire Naturelle, 236

Index

Orleans, Duchess of, 228
 Orleans, Duke of, 141
 Otter River, 21, 22, 58 ; sonnet to, 60,
 202, 209, 228 ; flood in, 270
 Ottery St. Mary, description of, 21
 Oxford Movement, the, 128

P

Padua, 249
 Paganini, 304
 Paris, capitulation of, 212
 Park, Mr. Justice, 309, 312
 Parma, 255
 Patteson, Bishop, 66
 Patteson, Sir John, 66, 120, 205, 260,
 267 ; dines with Sir V. Gibbs, 268 ;
 marriage, 271 ; contrasted with
 John Taylor Coleridge, 277 ; ap-
 pointed Judge, 303
 Peak Hill, 202
 Peel, Sir Robert, 305 ; speech of, 309
 Pellew, Sir Edward, 90
 Perceval, Rt. Hon. Spencer, assassi-
 nation of, 201
 Peryns, John, the Chanter, 73
 Peschiera, 248
 Pestalozzi, visit to, 233
 Peter Plymley, his letters, 161
 Petrarch, 249
Phoenix, H.M.S., Bernard Frederick
 Coleridge gazetted to, 113, 114 ;
 falls off mast of, 114
 Philip, Égalité, 228
 Piacenza, 255
Pickle cutter, the, 102
 Piedmont, 255
 Pindar, 198
 Pixies' Parlour, 60
 Platt, 138
 Plymouth, 104, 113
 Poissy, 221
 Polwhele, 75 ; mistake of, 79
 Poole, Thomas, 214
 Praed, Winthrop Mackworth, 141
 Prideaux, Sir Peter, 77
 Priestley, 190
Prince George, H.M.S., 103, 109

Prince Regent, the, at opening of
 Waterloo Bridge, 269
Prince of Wales, H.M.S., 109
 Princetown, 182
 Prussia, King of, at the Encænica, 213
 Puy de Dôme, scene on, 224
 Pynsent, Rev., Vicar of Talaton, 75 ;
 his vow, 76

R

Randolph, John, Regius, Professor,
 applauds William Coleridge, 52
 Ramgwr, 26
 Rennell, Rev. T., 272
 Rhone, Perte de, 229
 Rhone, River, 228, 229, 245
 Rialto, the, 249
 Richardson, Mr. Justice, 262
 Roanne, 224, 226
 "Robinson Crusoe," 33
 Rochefort, 108
 Rock House, Ottery St. Mary, 56
 Rolle, Lord, 281
 Romilly, Mdlle., 238
 Romilly, Sir Samuel, 162, 163
 Rosa, Salvator, 224
 Rouen, 219, 220
 Rousseau, 230, 243
 Russell, Lord John ; John Taylor
 Coleridge dines with, 314
 Russia, Emperor of, at Encænica, 213

S

Salston, 22, 56
 "Samor," Milman's ; John Taylor
 Coleridge reviews, 277
 Salisbury coachman frozen to death
 on box, 153, 207
San Josef, H.M.S., 107, 110
Santa Margareta, H.M.S., 103
 Saone, River, 228
 Schlegel, 237, 241
 Scott, Sir Walter, and "Marmion,"
 159, 285
 Seaward, parish clerk, 121, 217
 Seaton, Field-Marshal Lord, 189

- Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand, 131, 133, 134
 Seringapatam, siege of, 49, 50
Shannon, H.M.S.; victory over the *Chesapeake*, 200
 Sheil, 274
 Shelley, P. B., review of, 272
 Sid, River, 202
 Sidmouth, John Keble at, 201
 Sidmouth Gap, the, 202
 Simcoe, Francis Gwillim, death of, 195, 196
 Simcoe, Captain John, 163
 Simcoe, Lieut.-General J. G., facts concerning, 163, 164; presents a vase to the Coleridge family, 196, 197; monument to, 197
 Simcoe Vase, the, 196, 197
 Sirmio, 248
 Sismondi, 237
 Small-pox, inoculation for, 280
 Smith, Adam, 190
 Socrates, 180
 Somerset, the Lord Protector, 73
 Sophocles, 179, 223
 Southcote, Joanna, 217
 Southey, R., lines applied to the brothers, 66; on Henry Nelson Coleridge's "Six Months in the West Indies," 142, 189; subscribes for Hartley Coleridge, 214; describes Hartley Coleridge, 215; M^{de}. de Stael on, 241; his conduct, 267, 270; suspected of being author of review of Shelley, 272, 285
 South Molton, 308
Spartiate, H.M.S., 100
 Spenser, W., 274
 Sprat, Rev., 76
 Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, 76
 Sprigg's "England's Recovery," 75
 Sterne, 142
 Sternhold, 142
 St. Gerard le Puy, 226
St. George, H.M.S., 110
 St. Pierre le Montier, 224, 226
 St. Vincent, Earl, 90, 164
 Sugden, Lord St. Leonards' description of, 266
 Sujah Dowlah, 26, 27
 Surat, 30, 35
 Susa, 256
 Swift, Dean, his Yahoos, 185
- T
- Talma, 139, 230
 Tarare Mount, 227
 Taylor, Bernard Frederick, marries Frances Duke, 63; mouldered bones of, 114
Téméraire, H.M.S., Turner's, 109
Terrible, H.M.S., 100
 Thomson, Captain William, 24
 Thorverton, Luke Coleridge buried at, 54
 Tillicherry, 24, 44
 Tindal, Sir Nicholas, 306, 307
 Tippoo Sultan, 48; defeat at Seringapatam, 50
Tonnant, H.M.S., 100, 101, 107, 108
Topaz, French vessel, 114
 Toplady, Rev. A. M., 15
 Torbay, William III. lands in, 79, 105, 113, 202
 Toronto, founded by Lieut.-General Simcoe, 163
 Tortona, 256
 Touche, De la, 230
 Townsend, Chauncey Hare, his sonnet to Ada, 142
 Trafalgar, battle of, 113
 Tramezani, Signor, 204
 Travel, cost of then and now, 268
 Trewman's shop at Exeter, 97
 Trinidad, slavery in, 145
 Turin, 256
 Turner, J. M. W., R.A., 110
- U
- Uniformity, Act of, 1662, 76
 Upton Pyne, birthplace of John Coleridge, 23
 Ushant, 104

Index

V

Vallorbes, 236
 Varennes, 224, 226
Venerable, H.M.S., 106, 107
 Venice, 249
 Verona, 248, 253
 Vernon, 221
 Vernon, Captain Harris, 183
 Vestris, Mdme., 204
 Vicenza, 249
Ville de Paris, H.M.S., 107, 110, 113
 Villeneuve, Admiral, 90, 110
 Vimiera, battle of, 167
 Virgil, compared with Homer, 143, 158, 217, 248, 249
 Voghera, 256
 Voltaire, 233

W

Wallon, owned by Humphrey Coleridge, 1
 Walpole, Horace, 157
 Walpole, Sir Robert, 138
 Warden House, the, bought by Rev. George Coleridge, 178, 206
 Warren, Rev. Dr., schoolmaster at King's School, 84
 Washington, 223
 Waterloo, 264
 Waterloo Bridge, opening of, 269
 Watherstone, Mr., friend of John Coleridge, 31
 Wedgwood, Josiah, junr., 57
 Wellesley, Marquis of, 201
 Wellington, Duke of, at Encænna, 213, 227, 243; and Southey, 268, 270, 305; speech of, 309

Welsh, Captain, friend of John Coleridge, 32
 Wetherell, Sir Charles, 306; speech of, 309
 Weymouth, 311
 Whimble, 81
 Whitby, Dr., 131
 White, Rev. Blanco, meets Edward Coleridge, 86
 Whitmore, owned by Richard Coleridge, 1
 Wightman, Mr. Justice, 307
 Wilberforce, Right Hon. William, speech of, 145
 Wilde, Thomas, Lord Truro, 289, 290, 307, 308
 William III. visits Ottery St. Mary, 79
 Wills, Mary, marries John Coleridge, 12
 Wincanton, 313
Windsor Castle, H.M.S., 109, 110
 Winscott, 175
 Wolfe, General, 164
 Wolford Lodge, 163, 164, 195
 Woodmansterne, 265, 276
 Wordsworth, W., 138; Henry Nelson Coleridge's praise of, 142; on Henry Nelson Coleridge, 148, 189, 215; hears John Taylor Coleridge examined, 199, 203; sees Kean, 260

Y

Yonge, Rev. Duke, 115
 Yonge, Elizabeth, Lady Seaton, 188
 Yonge, Frank, 200
 Yonge, Sir George, Bart., 15
 Yonge, James, 200
 Yverdon, 233

